THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

An Illustrated Weekly
[illegible]nded A° D[illegible] [illegible]Benj. Franklin

JUNE 1, 1918

5c. THE COPY

At the Front of the Front—By Irvin S. Cobb

MICHELIN

Twelve Tire Tests No. 6

This series of twelve tire tests is designed to take the uncertainty out of tire-buying by helping the motorist to determine beforehand what mileage he may expect from the various tires he is considering. The next advertisement in this series will appear in an early issue of "The Saturday Evening Post."

Tube-Shape

Perhaps you have noticed that some inner tubes become creased or cut or otherwise injured without any seeming cause.

Such troubles are due nearly always to the fact that ordinary inner tubes do *not* fit properly when inflated inside their casings.

Look at the photographs reproduced below. The tube on the right is a Michelin, the only tube made circular on a ring-shaped mandrel to fit the casing perfectly and naturally. The tube on the left was made on a straight mandrel. Both are inflated to the same pressure. Compare the two:

1—The tube on the left is simply a piece of straight tubing cemented at the ends.

When deflated, the outer and inner circumferences of this tube are of the same length, although the outer circumference should obviously be much the longer if the tube is to fit the inside of the casing.

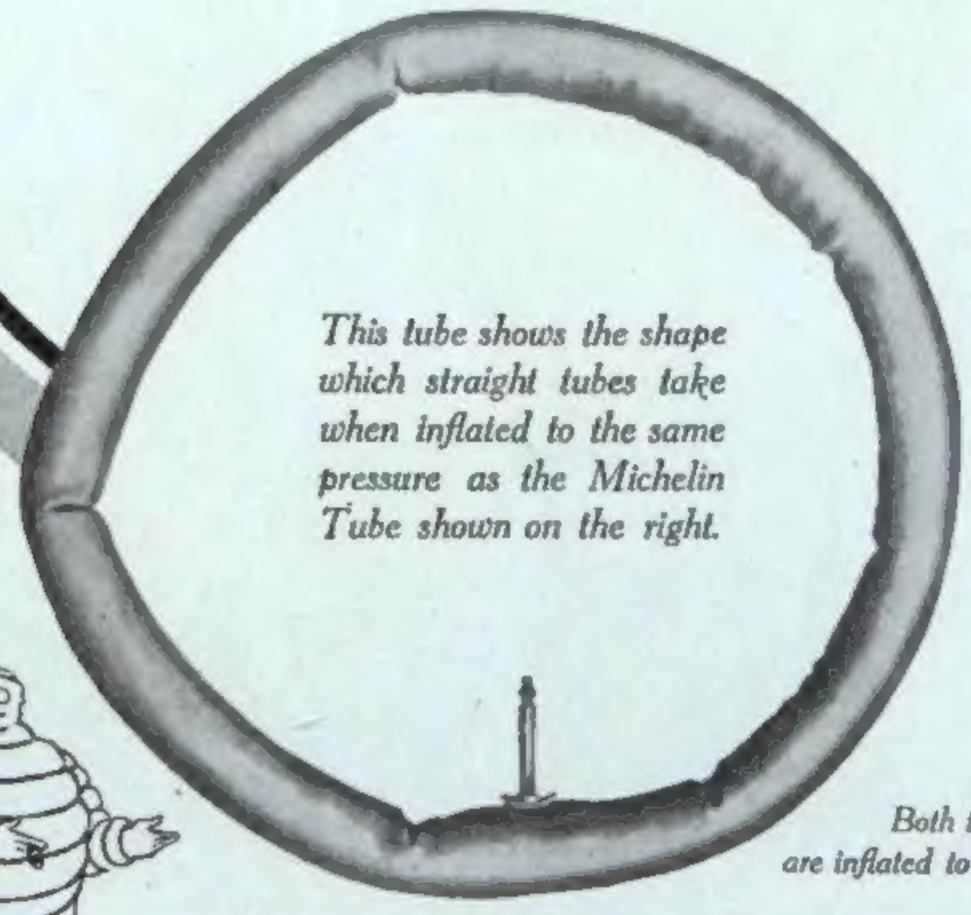
If such a tube is made so that its outer circumference is long enough to fit, then the inner circumference must be *too* long, and when the tube is inflated folds form as shown, causing breaks in the rubber under the pressure of inflation.

Or else, if the inner circumference is made short enough to fit, then the outer circumference is too short, and is stretched by inflation, with the result that it is weakened and often rendered porous.

In either event, straight tubes are easily pinched between the casing and the rim in fitting the tire.

2—Now notice the Michelin Tube on the right. It is made by a patented process on a ring-shaped mandrel and hence is naturally ring-shaped. Its outer and inner circumferences both fit perfectly.

Michelin Tubes are used by most motorists and endorsed by practically every tire dealer. They are unsurpassed in quality and yet are reasonable in price.



This tube shows the shape which straight tubes take when inflated to the same pressure as the Michelin Tube shown on the right.

This tube is a Michelin—the only tube made ring-shaped like the casing, thus insuring perfect fit, without destructive folds, wrinkles or thin spots.

Both these tubes are inflated to the same pressure

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY **MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY**

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Limited, 782 St. Catherine Street, West, Montreal, Canada

Welch's

THE NATIONAL DRINK

A GLASS of Welch's brightens the day. It is the drink of hale and hearty Americanism.

After exercise, after shopping or after work, when your energy begins to flag, drink Welch's. Nothing like it to chirk you up. It goes right down to the roots of a thirst and really satisfies.

And the bracing effect lasts. No reaction. Welch's is a natural energizer that gives you solid benefit as well as pleasure.

Welch's is a drink that uplifts the nation. It was founded on a principle of human betterment and it is doing the work. Clear heads and steady nerves are the national fashion nowadays.

Welch's has always been the quality grape juice. Pure juice of Premium Concord Grapes, extra care in the making and bottling—no wonder it's so good.

Try Welch's as a fruit course for breakfast. It starts the morning right.

Do you like variety? Then write today for the handsomely illustrated book of Welch Recipes. All of 99 ways to serve this golden purple juice and all good. The Book is free.

Buy Welch's in bottles, 10c and up, from your grocer, druggist or confectioner. Say "Welch's" at the soda fountain.

Look for the store where Welch's is displayed.

Canadian Plant: St. Catharines, Ontario.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

Save-

We want no person in the United States to eat less than is required for good health and full strength, for in this emergency America requires every atom of the productive power of our people. While many can eat less, all of our population can substitute other food stuffs for the few that are vitally needed for export.
—Herbert Hoover.

THE shield of the National Food Administration in over ten million American homes is the seal of a sacred covenant made with their country by patriotic housewives, pledged to help win the war by the conservation of food.

Use other cereal flours and save wheat. Give corn meal and oat meal a larger place in your menus. Use no butter in cooking. Use vegetable fats. Use less sugar.

CRISCO
For Frying-For Shortening
For Cake Making

Economy and conservation both result from the use of Crisco. It gives the best results for the least expenditure. It is so rich, less is required.

Crisco is the solid cream of wholesome, edible oil. It is always of the same dependable quality. It has no taste, no odor, and gives only richness to foods.

All war-time recipes are made richer by the use of Crisco. Its delicacy improves these additions to your menus. Crisco easily blends with barley, graham, rye and other flours necessary to save wheat. It successfully takes the place of butter. Experience with Crisco has taught millions that to use butter in cooking is both unnecessary and wasteful.

The next time you buy a cooking fat, try Crisco. You can get it in one pound, air tight, sanitary tins, free from all the impurities to which fats sold in bulk are exposed.

A Cook Book for Today

Have you ever seen "Balanced Daily Diet"? Every progressive housewife should own a copy. In this book, illustrated in color, Janet McKenzie Hill, of the Boston Cooking School, tells how to prepare over 150 new and palatable foods for physical strength and mental activity. Your hot weather problems of serving will be solved by the suggestions for well balanced summer meals. Contains the interesting Story of Crisco. Published to sell for 25 cents, we will send a copy for 10 cents in stamps. Address Department K-7, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Food Will Win the War Don't Waste It

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AT THE FRONT OF THE FRONT

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British Tommies Going Forward, Bound for the Trenches Where the World's Greatest Battle is Raging

By IRVIN S. COBB

WHEN the last preceding article of this series ended I had reached a point in the narrative where our little party of four, traveling in our own little tin flivverette, were just leaving Blérincourt to the west of Soissons, being bound still farther west and aiming, if our abiding luck held out, to reach the front of the Front—which, I may add, we did.

To be exact we were leaving not one Blérincourt but three. First, Blérincourt, the town, with its huddle of villagers' homes, housing at this moment only French troopers and exhausted refugees; second, Blérincourt, the castle, a moldering relic of a great house, testifying by its massive empty walls and its tottering ruin of a gateway to the fury which laid hold on the peasants of these parts in the days of the Terror; and, third, Blérincourt, the model colony of model cottages, which for us held the most personal interest, since it was here the American women of the American Fund for French Wounded had during the previous nine months centered their activities relating to the repopulating of districts in the Aisne country, now for the second time evacuated and given over again to the savage malice of the boche.

Behind us as we swung into the main highway lay this grouped composition of the wrecked château, the tiny old houses of weathered gray stone and the little frame domiciles, smart and glistening with fresh paint and fresh varnishing. Before us, within a space of time and distance to be spanned by not more than half an hour of steady riding, was somewhere the problematical doorway through which we hoped to pass into the forward lines of that battle which the historians of the future, I dare say, will call merely the Great Battle, knowing their readers require no added phraseology to distinguish it from the lesser engagements of this war—or in fact of any war.

We did not ask our way of any whom we met, either of those going ahead of us or those coming back in counter streams. To begin with, we deemed it inexpedient to halt long enough to give to any person in authority a chance for questioning the validity of our present mission, since, as I already have explained, we carried no passes qualifying us to traverse this area; and besides there was no need to ask. The route was marked for us by signs and sounds without number, plainer than any mileposts could have been: By the columns of Frenchmen hurrying up to reënforce the decimated British who until now, at odds of one to five, had borne the buffets of the tremendous German onslaught; by the never-ending, never-slackening roar of the heavy guns; by the cloud of dust and powder, forming a wall against two sides of the horizon, which mounted upward to mingle its hazes with the hazes of the soft spring afternoon; by the thin trickling lines of light casualty cases, "walking wounded," in the vernacular of the Medical Corps—meaning by that men who, having had first-aid bandages applied to their hurts at forward casualty stations, were tramping rearward to find accommodations for themselves at field hospitals miles away.

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Heavily Armored Trains are Being Used by the French and Have Proved Their Worth in Battle

At once we were in a maze of traffic to be likened to the conditions commonly prevalent on lower Fifth Avenue in the height of the Christmas-shopping season, but with two distinctions: Here on this chalk-white highroad the movement, nearly all of it, was in one direction; and instead of omnibuses, delivering vans, carriages and private automobiles, this vast caravansary was made up of soldiers afoot, soldiers mounted and soldiers riding; of batteries, horse drawn and motor drawn; of pontoon bridges in segments; of wagon trains, baggage trains, provision trains and provender trains; of field telephone, field telegraph and field wireless outfits upon wheels; of all the transportable impedimenta and all the myriad items of movable machinery pertaining to the largest army that has crossed a corner of France since the days of the first great invasion more than three and a half years ago.

There were ambulances past counting; there were big covered camions in numbers sufficient to fit out a thousand circuses; there were horses and donkeys and mules of all the known sizes and colors; there were so many human shapes in uniforms of horizon blue that

the eye grew weary and the brain rebelled at the task of trying, even approximately, to compute estimates of the total strength of the man power here focused.

Through all this, weaving in and out, our impudent little black bug of a car scuttled along, with its puny horn honking a constant and insolent demand for clear passage. At a faster gait than anything in sight except the cruising aëroplanes above, we progressed upon our way, with none to halt us and none to turn us back. Where the dust hung especially thick at a crossroads set in the midst of the wide plain we almost struck three pedestrians who seemingly did not heed our hooted warning or take notice of it until we were right upon them. As they jumped nimbly for the ditch we could see that all these had staff markings at their throats, and that one, the eldest of the three, a stoutish gentleman with a short grizzled beard, wore three stars in a triangle upon his collar. Tin Lizzie had almost achieved the distinction for herself of having run down a major general of France.

We did not stop, though, to offer apologies or explanations. With rare sagacity our driver threw her wide open and darted into the fog, to take temporary shelter behind a huge supply wagon, which vehicle we followed for a while after the fashion of a new-foaled colt trailing its dam.

Proofs began to multiply that we were nearing the zone of live combat. Until now the only British soldiers we had seen were slightly wounded men bound afoot for the rear. All at once we found ourselves passing half a company of khaki-clad Britishers who traveled across a field over a course parallel to the one we were taking and who disappeared in a hazel copse beyond. Rifle firing could be heard somewhere on the far side of the thicket. At a barked command from an officer who clattered up on horseback a battery of those doughty little seventy-fives, which the French cherish so highly, and with such just cause, was leaving the road and taking station in a green meadow where the timid little wild flowers of a mild March showed purple and yellow in the rutted and trampled grass.

At the Bull's-Eye of the Front

WITH marvelous haste the thing was accomplished almost instantly. The first gun of the five squatted in the field with its nozzle slanting toward the northwest, and behind it its four companions stood, all with their short noses pointing at precisely the same angle, like bird dogs on a back stand. Suddenly they did what well-broken bird dogs never do—they barked, one after the other. Almost before the whining whistle of the shells had died away the gunners were moving their pieces to a point closer up behind a screen of poplars and sending a second yelping salvo of shots toward an unseen target.

We became aware that the component units of the army were now quitting the roadway to take positions in the back lines. Indeed those back lines formed themselves while we watched. One battery after another swung off to the right or to the left and came into alignment, so that soon we rode between double rows of halted guns. With our canes we could have touched the artillerymen piling heaps of projectiles in convenient hollows in the earth close up to the edges of the road. Big covered wains discharged dusty infantrymen, who, pausing only long enough to unbuckle their packs from their shoulders and throw them under the hoods of the wagons, went at a shambling half-trot through the meadow. Cavalrymen, not dismounted, as they had mainly been during these dragging winter months of warfare that was stationary and static, but with their booted feet once more in their stirrups, cantered off, bound presumably for the thin woodlands which rimmed the plateau where the terrain broke away at the banks of the River Oise. Here again at last was war in the open, as different from battle in the trenches as football is from trap shooting. The action of it was spread out before one's eyes, not masked in mud ambuscades. Each instant our eyes beheld some new and stirring picture, standing out by reason of its swift vigor from the vaster panorama of which it was a part. What I had seen of battle formations in the preceding three weeks had made me think mainly of subway diggin's or of construction work for a new railroad or of engineering operations in connection with a dam, say, or a dike. What I saw now most vividly suggested old-time battle pictures by Meissonier or Detaille. War, for the moment at least, had gone back to the aspect which marked it before both sides dug themselves in to play the game of counter-blasting with artillery and nibbling the foe's toes with raids and small forays.

Of another thing we were likewise aware, and the realization of the fact cheered us mightily. Among the blue uniforms of the French the greenish buff of the British showed in patches of contrasting color that steadily increased in size and frequency. By rare good luck we had entered the advanced positions at the identical place for which, blindly, we had been seeking—the place where the most westerly sector of the French left wing touched the most easterly sector of the British right wing; and better than that, the place where the French strength hurrying up to reënforce and if need be replace decimated divisions of their allies was joined on to and fused in with the retiring British Army, which, during the preceding three days, had sustained the main force of the German offensive. It was here if anywhere that we could count with the best prospects of success upon boring straight through to the Front, the reason being that the French might assume the British had given us passage and the British might assume the French had let us by.

There were perhaps three more miles of brisk traveling for us, during which I am sure that I saw more than ever I have seen in any three miles that ever I traversed in my life; and at the end of that stretch we could tell that we had well-nigh outrun the forward crest of the French ground swell and had come into the narrower backwash of the British retreat. A retreat of sorts it may have been, but a rout it most assuredly was not. We saw companies reduced to the strength of ten or twelve or twenty men under command of noncommissioned officers or possibly of a single lieutenant. We saw individual privates and we saw privates in squads of two or three or half a dozen men, who in the terrific fighting had become separated from command, which possibly had been scattered but which it was more likely had been practically wiped out. Such men were not stragglers, nor were they malingerers; they were survivors, atoms flung backward out of the raging inferno which had swallowed up whole regiments and whole brigades.

And we took note that every single man of these broken and decimated detachments was in good humor, though dog tired; and that every single one of them had kept his accouterments and his rifle; and that every single one of them, whether moving under orders or acting upon his own initiative, was intent upon just one thing and one thing only—to get back into the maelstrom from which temporarily he had been spewed forth, to pump more lead into the living tidal wave of gray coats. Some that we overtook were singing, and singing lustily too. Than this no man could ask to see a finer spectacle of fortitude, of pluck and of discipline, and I am sure that in his heart each one of us, while having no doubt of the outcome of the fiery test, prayed that our own soldiers, when their time of trial by battle came, might under reverses and under punishment acquit themselves as well as had these British veterans, Yorkshire and Bedfordshire and Canada, who came trudging along behind us, swallowing our dust. What impressed us as most significant of all was that only once that day did we see a scrap of personal equipment that had been cast aside. This was a cartridge belt of English make, with its pouches empty and its tough leather torn almost in two, lying like a broken-backed brown snake in a ditch.

Already from wounded English soldiers and from exhausted English hospital workers whom we had seen back in Soissons we comprehended a measure of appreciation of what these battered fragments of the forces had been called upon to endure during four days and five nights. We knew as surely as though we had stopped to take down the story of each one of the wearied, cheerful, resolute chaps, that they had their fill of killing the enemy and of seeing their mates about them blown to bits by high explosives or mowed down by rifle fire. I recalled what a bedraggled young surgeon, a Highlander by his accent, had said the night before:

"I crave never to pass through this experience again. I have seen so much of death since this battle started that I have in me now contempt not only for death but for life too. I thought last year on the Somme I saw real fighting. Man, it was but child's play to what I saw the day before yesterday!

"From the casualty dressing post where I was on duty I could see the fighting spread out before me like a cinema show. For our shelter—we were in a concrete dugout—was in the side of a hill with a wide sweep of lowland below and beyond us, and it was here in this valley that the Germans came at our people. Between jobs in the operating theater—and God knows we had enough of them—I would slip out for a breath of air, and then I could watch through my glasses what went on."

Sights the Highland Surgeon Saw

"IN WAVE after wave the Germans came on, marching close together in numbers incredible. They were like ants; they were like flies; like swarming grasshoppers. At first they tried a frontal attack against our trenches, but even the Germans, driven on as they must have been like cattle to the slaughter, couldn't stand what they got there. Within two hours they charged three times! Each time they fell back again, and each time they left their dead lying so thickly behind that finally the ground seemed as though it were covered with a gray carpet.

"That happened in the first day of their drive against our part of the line, which was the third line back, the two front lines having already been taken by them. So on the next day, which was the day before yesterday, they worked their way round to the south a bit and tried a flanking advance. Then it was I saw this, just as I'm telling it to you. I saw them caught by our machine-gun fire and piled up, heap on heap, until there was a windrow of them before the British trenches that must have been six feet high.

"They went back, but they came again and again, and they kept on coming. They climbed right over that wall of their own dead—I myself watched them scrambling up among the bodies—and they slid down on the other side and ran right into the wire entanglements, where those of them that were killed hung in the wires like garments drying on a line. They died there in such numbers that they fairly clogged the wires. And still they kept on coming.

"When our line began to bend in, farther away to the west, we got orders to evacuate the station; and the men in the trenches where I had seen the fighting got orders—what were left of them—to fall back too. They were Scotchmen, these laddies, and they were fairly mad with the fighting. They didn't want to go, and they refused to go. I'm told by reliable witnesses that their officers had almost to use force against them—not to make them keep on fighting but to make them quit fighting."

He looked into the coals of the wood fire and shivered.

"Man, it's not war any more; it's just plain slaughter. Mark my word—there'll never be another war such as this one has been or another battle such as the one that still goes on yonder. 'Tis not in flesh and blood to endure its repetition once the hate has been cooled by a taste of peace."

(Continued on Page 44)

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Tommies Marching Along a Road Which is Still Under Bombardment by Heavy Enemy Guns

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British Engineers are at Work Repairing a Bridge Destroyed by the Retreating Germans

LADIES ENLIST

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

I WASN'T going to make no statement about this here affair; and I wouldn't even yet, only for our publicity man. The day the story leaked he called me up in the A. M., which is the B. C. of the daytime, and woke me out of the first perfectly good sleep I'd had since Jim pulled that stunt and floored me so.

First off, I wouldn't answer the phone; but Musette stood by me with it in her hand and just made me.

"For my sake, mademoiselle!" says she, just like she used to in our act on the big time, which we played before I got into the dancing game. "For my sake, mademoiselle," she says, "do not refuse to talk with the publicity man!"

Well, when I heard who it was I seen some sense in what she says; so I set up amid my black-and-white-check bed, which—believe you me—is as up to date as my latest drawing-room dance. And I grabbed off the phone.

"Yes," says I in a fainting voice; "this is Miss La Tour. What is it, please? I'm far from well."

"Cut out that stuff, Mary!" says a male voice. "This is Roscoe. I want you to give out a statement about you and Jim splitting up."

"I won't!" says I, very sharp. "Whatter yer think I am?" I says. "That's nobody's business but our own!"

"Oh, ain't it, though?" says Roscoe, very sarcastic. "The biggest parlor-dancing outfit in America busts up and you can't be seen, even, for two whole days! The stage at the Royal ain't notified that your piece is called off; the De-Luxe Hotel don't get no notice that you ain't going to appear; and all the info' I could get when I called up your flat is that you was gone out!"

"And so I was!" says I, indignant.

"Then I call up Jim's hotel and they say he's gone!" shouted Roscoe. "Hell!" says he, forgetting that me and the telephone operator both was ladies. "Hell! What kind of way is that to treat a guy you're paying three thou. a year to for getting your picture in the paper every time you sneeze?"

I didn't have any comeback about that, for there was certainly some truth in what he says. But I wasn't to be put down so easy.

"I guess I know my business, Ros," I says, sharp, "or I wouldn't be living in a swell flat on the Drive, all fixed up like a furniture shop, with a limousine and two fool dogs, and earned every cent of it myself, and no one can say a word against me, if I didn't know my own business. So there!"

"Looka here, Mary," says Roscoe. "There's going to be a lot of talk up and down the Rialto if you don't come across with some explanation. I'm comin' right up and get it."

"No, you don't," I says, for I hadn't had my facial massage in three days, and, after all, Roscoe is a man, even if press agents ain't exactly human. "No, you don't, Ros!" I says. "If I gotter make some statement I'll write the dope myself and you can fix it up after—see? It's a big story, but delicate, and I'm going to have no misunderstanding over it."

"All right, Mary," says Ros. "But you get the stuff ready for the morning papers. I'll be up for it."

Then he hung up and I knew I had to come across. Besides, ma come in just then; and while I may boss my press agent, and even sometimes my partner and Musette and the two dogs, ma sorter gets my goat. Ma had on a elegant rose-silk negligée I give her; and, as usual, she had it ruined by tying a big gingham apron over it, which made her look the size of a house, but sort of comforting. She stopped by the bed and set both her hands on her hips—the way she does when she don't mean to be answered back.

Ma is a Fine Trainer—Believe You Me

"Now, Mary Gilligan, you get right up and wash your teeth," says ma, "and do your three handsprings and other exercises, decent and proper; and then eat the breakfast I got cooked for you."

Funny thing, but ma ain't got a mite of dramatic sense. I just can't understand it, after her having been with the circus so long on the trapeze, until she got too heavy after I come; and since then in the wardrobe end of the theater, and all. I ain't never been able to break her in to none of the refinements of life, either, and she will go into the kitchen for all I say; and some day I just know she'll call me Gilligan in public. And a nice laugh that'll get!

But, anyhow, I usually do what she says, because ma is a fine trainer; and—believe you me—I wouldn't be able to hold on to Jim's neck and swing out straight twenty times round, like I do—or did—only for her and her keeping me on the job like she's done. The only other trouble with ma is, she can't seem to properly understand that it's my artistic temperament which has brought in the cash—that and some good looks, and me realizing that this refined parlor-dancing stuff would go over big. Of course Jim's being able to wear a dress suit like he'd been born in it has helped some, even aside from him being such a fine partner; which brings me back, as they say, to the tale.

Well, I done my exercise, and so forth, and then I had Musette bring up the sofa, a elegant gilt one—for we got what ma calls Looie-the-Head-Waiter stuff in our parlor—to the window, so's I could lay and look dreamily out over the autos on the Drive to the ships in the river; you know—the Dutch ships which have been taking out their naturalization papers, or something. And, as I lay there thinking, I come to the conclusion that if I told about the split I better tell all, including my own enlistment.

Oh, how well I can now understand why many men enlist, having been through it all myself! And how then they long to get out, and can't, and realize that they was boobs! And how they learn that they weren't boobs after all, once they get used to it! Do you get me?

Well, anyway, I decided to tell the whole story, which, of course, begun at Ruby Roselle's party.

I think I don't hardly need to state that I don't generally go with that Roselle crowd. No acrobatic dancer could and keep her health. And—believe you me—every drawing-room dance act that is worth a thousand dollars a week has acrobatics, and good sound acrobatics, as its base. Well! As far as Ruby Roselle and her crowd is concerned, far be it from me to pass any remarks. But anyone in the theatrical line will tell you that a girl which has made a reputation only on the color of her hair and is not averse to tights don't have to lead the rigid life of a first-class A1 dancer, leaving out all judgments as to character, which are usually wrong anyway.

But, having said that much, I will only add that I have never gone out a lot, and seldom without ma. And while champagne is not exactly a stranger to me, owing to Jim and me always having to have it served with our dinner at the Ritz each night—which anyone with sense knows is all publicity stuff and we never drink it—still, I'm not in favor of champagne parties, which they generally end in trouble; and this one of Ruby's was no exception.

Indeed, I wouldn't of gone in the first place only for us unfortunately being on the same bill at the opening of the Superba Roof, which, of course, being the big midnight show of the year, and the rest of the leads all having accepted, and Ruby being in so strong with the management, it would of been bad business policy to refuse.

When I pointed this out to Jim he couldn't see it at first, owing to me never having gone on such parties; and nobody can say any different, with truth. But the Superba contract was the biggest thing we had got yet. And, coming on top of the twenty minutes in Give Us a Kiss, the twenty minutes at the De-Luxe Hotel, the net profs. was pretty fair; and it looked like the two of us was going to do even better on the Third Liberty Loan than we done on the first two. So, for once, we accepted an invite to one of Ruby's famous blow-outs.

Ruby Roselle's house was something wonderful, but not to my taste, there being too much in it, besides smelling of cologne and incense, which, from her singing Overseas in red-white-and-blue tights, was more or less to be expected. Also, the clothes on her and the other girls was too elaborate. My simple little real lace, and my hair, which Musette always does so it looks like I done it myself, made them seem like a Hippodrome production alongside of a play by this foreigner, Ibsen—do you get me? I was proud of this; for—believe you me—getting refinement means work, just like any other achievement, and I had modeled myself on Mrs. Pieter van Norden for years, than whom there is surely no one more refined by reputation, though I had never seen her. I could see Jim felt the same about all this, and we exchanged a look on it; for, besides being engaged to be married we was the best of friends when we come in—when we come in! Remember that!

After we said "How do ye do?" to Ruby, I whispered to Jim not to celebrate too much. He ain't a drinking man if for no other reasons but those of my own; but just oncet in a while he'd get a little more than he should, and this opening night the show had gone awful big. Had he but heeded me better! Alas! Nothing doing; it was all in vain!

For description of party see any motion-picture film on Vice. Why waste words on what is so well known? And—believe you me—this was just like a film; and, as I have said, nothing like that for mine usually. But, even so, we might of got off stage and home without no trouble—only for Von Hoffman and the baby alligator.

It seems like this here Von Hoffman was stuck on Ruby; in fact, it was him that suggested her singing Overseas in that fierce costume. Also, he gave her the alligator, she having tried to pick on a present he couldn't possibly get when he wanted to buy her something. But, being German by descent, he had the efficiency to get it, anyways; and there was the alligator at the party, about fifteen inches long, with a gold collar and diamonds in the collar—and we at war!

Well, it seems this alligator hadn't eat since it come; and after Ruby had a double Bronx and two glasses of champagne the memory of his hunger begun to worry her—do you get me? So she had him brought in and set in the middle of the supper table on the orchids at two dollars per each, which he sat on without moving while the crowd tried everything on him, from olives to wine, with no success. The alligator seemed a awful boob, for he just lay there like a stuffed one, which we knew he wasn't on account of his not having eaten.

Well, Jim hadn't heeded me. I guess the truth must be told, though, honest, he had took but very little; still, being unused to it, the effect was greater—do you get me? And pretty soon he and this Von Hoffman was kidding each other and that alligator something fierce.

Now Jim took a hate on this Von Hoffman bird the minute he laid eyes on him, partly on account of the costume of Ruby, and also on general principles, because of the bird's accent. But, the alligator not moving or nothing, Jim asks if the alligator understands only German.

"In all probability," says Von Hoffman; "he is a high-class alligator."

"Then he ought to understand American," says Jim. "He'll have to eventually; why not now?"

"There's nothing to prove that," says the German bird with a sneer. "He will probably get along very well as he is, with German only."

Jim looked mad as a hatter; but instead of taking it out on this Von Hoffman, as he had ought to have, he turned on that poor dumb beast.

"Well," says Jim to the alligator, "here's where you learn some patriotism."

And he leaned 'way across the table until his face was only a inch or two away from the alligator's. Jim looked that animal straight in the eye and spoke very severe.

"To hell with Germany!" says Jim.

And with that the alligator snapped—snapped right onto the end of Jim's nose! Oh, my Gawd, but I yelled! So did Jim—believe you me! And then we all tried to get that fiend of a pro-German alligator off Jim's face. When they succeeded in making him let go you had ought to of seen Jim's nose! It had four holes in it and was bleeding something fierce.

Oh, may I never live to see such a sight again, let alone having to go through what followed! For once I forgot my refinement completely, and I remember yelling at Jim to kill that German. For if he didn't sick his alligator on to Jim, who did? And there he stood laughing at Jim for all he was worth; and Jim never even offered to fight him!

Believe you me, all my sympathy for Jim melted right away when I seen he wasn't doing nothing but stand there holding on to his nose and moaning.

"I know alligator bites is deadly poison!" He kept saying it over and over again, while Von Hoffman was laughing himself sick.

"I hope it is poison!" he says. "I hope it is, you jackanapes of an American dancer!"

At this I walked right up to that Von Hoffman bird.

"I'll get you for this!" I says. "Somehow I know you're a wrong one, and *I'll* get you, even if Jim don't want to! I'd enlist to-morrow if I was a man and get your old Kaiser as well!"

Then, the next thing I knew, me and Jim was in the limousine, on the way to the hospital; and Jim was still moaning over being poisoned by the alligator and getting blood all over the place, and the car just relined and everything! I didn't say a word just then, because, of course, you must stick to a pal in time of immediate trouble—do you get me? But I was boiling mad inside, though worried a little about the poison. Still, Jim's not hitting that bird, Von Hoffman, was worse to me than death itself.

At the hospital the chauffeur and me got Jim inside somehow and to a desk in the hall. There was a snappy-looking nurse sitting there with a book, and our coming in at that hour no more worried her than a fly in cold weather. She just looked up quiet and spoke—sort of inhospitable.

"Name of ailment?" she inquired.

"Alligator bite!" I told her, brief; and I will say this got her goat a little, because she made me say it twice more before she would believe me.

Then she directed us down a long hall, and a young guy in a summer suit of white duck stopped reading the newspaper long enough to give Jim's nose the once over.

"No cause for alarm," says this bird. "The nose will be about twice its normal size for a day—that's all!" All! And, as if that wasn't enough, he painted the nose and all round it with some brown stuff, which stopped the bleeding but made Jim look like he was made up for some sort of comedy act. Jim was perfectly sober by then and quit talking about poison, and etc., and when we was back in the limousine I just let myself go and bawled him out good and plenty.

That Bandage Had a Will of Its Own, and the Only Way to Make It Mind Would of Been to Step on It and Kill It

"Now see here, Jim," I says, "I've stuck by you to-night long enough to make sure you ain't goin' to die or nothin'; and now I'm through!"

"You been just fine, Mary," says Jim, trying to take my hand. I took it away quick.

"You don't get me!" I says. "I mean I'm through for keeps. The engagement is broken, and everything!"

"Whatter yer mean—broken?" says Jim, sort of dazed.

"Just that!" I snapped. "Here you get tight and take a insult from a German; and, as if that weren't enough, you go farther and get bit by a pro-German alligator! And you don't even offer to fight the German that owns the alligator, either! And, what's furthermore, you've got your face swoll up so's you won't be able to dance to-morrow night; and that iodine won't wash off; and the act is crabbed in the bud—do you get me? Crabbed! And I'm through—that's all! So don't never come near me again!"

Believe you me, Jim tried to make me listen to reason; but I couldn't hear no reason to listen to, and so wouldn't let him say much. Then Jim got mad and bawled me out for breaking my rule and going on the party, and by the time we got to my place we wasn't speaking at all—not even good night or good-by forever!

For hours and hours after ma got me to bed I just lay there thinking and aching and feeling all hot and ashamed and terribly lonesome, and with my career all ruined because of the Germans—to say nothing of having been obliged to become disengaged to Jim.

And then, just as I was nearly crazy wondering how I was to get my self-respect back, I got a swell idea. I would enlist! Ladies could. I remembered reading a piece in a newspaper some place about yeowomen or something. And as soon as I realized that I could serve Uncle Sam and help get even with that bird, Von Hoffman, and the Kaiser and the alligator, and lose my personal feelings in public service, I got the most wonderfully easy feeling round my heart and dropped right off to sleep. But when I woke up in the morning it was something fierce, the way I felt. Believe you me, it was just like I had ate Welsh rabbit the night before, or something—the weight that was on my chest. At first I couldn't make out just what it was. Then I remembered. I had lost Jim! Of course I hadn't lost him so much as shook him; but it was all the same, or looked that way in the cold gray dawn of ten A. M.

Honest to Gawd, I never knew how fond I was of Jim until I woke up that day and realized he was gone forever! But I wouldn't of phoned him and say I'd changed my mind—not on a bet I wouldn't. And, anyways, I hadn't changed my mind. The evidences begun to pile up against him. I commenced to remember how he had been away on some mysterious trips so many afternoons for the last four or five months; and maybe with some blonde, for all I knew. And then his going to pieces like that over a mere alligator bite, the way he done; and, worst of all, not hitting that German, even though in pain, and crabbing our act by getting bit on the nose.

The more I thought about it, the worser I felt, laying there in retrospect and negligée. And I couldn't see no way of us ever getting together again—even when he called up and apologized; which, of course, I expected he would do any minute. But he didn't; and by the time ma came in and routed me out of bed I had myself worked up so's I was crying something terrible, and hating Jim as hard as I could, which would of been enough to kill him—only for the pain in my heart for loving him.

While I ate only a light repast of ham and eggs, and a little marmalade, and etc., ma made me tell her all; which I done the best way I could with crying in between. And then I told her about me having made up my mind to enlist. She was some surprised at that, though not much. Ma, having lived through two circuses and a trapeze act, it is sort of hard to surprise her very much—do you get me? So all ma says was:

"Well, Mary Gilligan!" says she. "Can ladies enlist? I had a idea," she says, "only gentlemen was permitted."

"No," says I. "I see a piece in the paper where ladies can go in the navy—yeowomen they call them; a fancy name for a stenographer!"

"A whole lot too fancy!" says ma, very prompt. "And no daughter of mine, and a decent, respectable girl, is going sailing off on no battleship with a lot of sailors—not to mention submarines; not if I know it!" says ma. "So, Mary Gilligan, you may as well put that idea out of your head, let alone you ain't a stenographer and couldn't learn it in a month."

"Well, ma," I says, "maybe you're right; and I do get seasick awful quick. But—oh, ma! I got to enlist some place. Can't you see the way I feel?"

Ma could.

"I know!" she says, very sympathetic. "I was the same when your pa missed both the third trapeze and the life net. I would of enlisted when he died if there had been a war. And, of course, you feel like Jim was dead. How about the Red Cross?"

"Won't do for me," I says, prompt. "I don't see myself sitting round in no shop, with a dust cloth tied over my

head, selling tickets. I got to do something active or I'll go bugs!"

Then ma had a real idea.

"How about this here Woman's Automobile Service?" says she. "The one I read you the piece about? You're a woman and you got a auto."

"Ma, you're a wonder!" I says. "Look up the address while I get my hat on! Tell Musette to call for the limousine; and watch me make a trial for my new job."

So they done like I asked, and I kissed ma and Musette good-by; also, the two fool dogs, for I had a sort of feeling like I was going into battle already.

"When Jim calls up tell him it's no good—he can't see me," says I, the last thing. And then I set off in the limousine.

Well, I'd put on a very simple imported model and a small hat, and only my diamond earrings, and a brooch Jim had give me, when we was first engaged, over my aching heart. I wanted, above all things, to look refined; for, even if the U. S. Army isn't always quite that, still, this was a ladies' branch of it. And you know what women can be—especially in organizations; though I admit I hadn't had much previous experience with them, except the White Kittens, which ma insisted on me keeping up with and contributing to their annual ball, because of she having always belonged. And—believe you me—the scraps I seen at some of their Execution Committee meetings would make the Battle of the Marne look like a pinochle *post-mortem!*

Well, as I was saying, I took no chances on appearances of refinement in this case, not knowing exactly what class of ladies would be running the Woman's Automobile Service. And, even when I got to their office, it took me several minutes before I got the right dope on them and their line—do you get me?

In the first place, it wasn't at all like the White Kittens' Headquarters, in the Palatial Hotel ballroom. Instead, it was a shop on a swell side street, with two very plain capable-looking dark-green ambulances standing outside. My limousine had to stop next door on account of them.

Well, I got out and walked across and into that shop. And—believe you me—it was the plainest place you ever saw; not even so much as a flower or a rug to give it a womanly touch. But neat! My Gawd! And there was three young ladies there, all in the snappiest-looking uniforms you ever want to see—dark green, like the ambulances, with gold on the collar, and caps like the National Army, and the cutest leggings! My!

Maybe you think they looked like a chorus? They did not! They was as businesslike as English officers. Over in one corner a frowzy-looking little dame was sitting, reading a book. There wasn't no unnecessary furniture in the place, and 'way at the back was a door marked Captain Worth—Private, which seemed funny.

You Ought to of Seen the Elevator Boys Get Out of the Way

The minute I come in one of the girls jumped up and says what could she do for me?

I seen at once she was a perfect lady.

"I am Marie La Tour," I says in a very quiet low-pitched voice, like a drawing-room act.

"Yes?" says she. "And what can I do for you, Miss—er ——"

"La Tour!" I says again, as patient as possible.

But it was plain she didn't get me, even the second time, though it's a cinch she heard me all right, all right. But the name simply didn't mean nothing in her young life. Was I surprised? I was! Of course if I had said "I am Mrs. Vernon Castle," and she didn't know who it was, I wouldn't of got such a jolt. But Marie La Tour! Well, there's ignorance even among the educated, and I realized this and didn't try to wise her up any. After all, I was not out for publicity, but for serving my country. Besides, I had heard right along that the army was full of democracy; and, of course, this was some of it.

"Well," I says, "I would like to enlist. My heart is broken, but full of patriotism, and this seemed a good place to come."

"Good!" says this young lady, which I had noticed by this time she had a lieutenant's uniform on her, but not by any means intending she was glad my heart was broken. "Good!" she says. "Sit down and let me tell you about our organization."

"Is it the regular army?" I asked.

"Not yet," says she; "but we hope we will eventually get official recognition. We are already used by the Government for dispatch and ambulance service, and as escorts and drivers for officers and members of the various departments; also, as government inspectors. So you see it is a very live work."

"And it's a awfully pretty costume," I says; "so snappy."

"The uniform is only the outward sign of what we are doing," says Miss Lieutenant. "You have a car?"

"Outside," I says; "eight-thousand dollars, and all paid for. You can have it if it's any good to you. Ma always prefers the street cars, anyway."

"Thank you; that is splendid!" says the lady officer, very pleasant, but not exactly excited over my offer—which was some offer, at that.

She took out a slip of paper and begun filling in some blanks on it.

First, the make of the car, and then the answers to the questions she shot at me.

"Can we have it at a moment's notice?" she said. "Yes? Good! Is it new? In good condition? Do you loan or give it?"

"Give!" I says, brief. "I am not going to be a piker to Uncle Sam."

At this the lady lieutenant actually come out of her shell enough to give me a smile.

"That's the spirit!" she says. "We sometimes have as many as twenty offers of cars in a day. But, as a rule, they are half-time loans. Can you drive?"

"Drive a horse?" says I.

"No, no," says the kid, serious again; "a car, of course!"

"Why, no," says I, feeling sort of cheap. "Isn't there anything else I can do?"

"Plenty," she says cheerfully; "but you will have to learn to drive, first of all. You must have a chauffeur's license, a doctor's certificate of health, two letters of recommendation from prominent citizens as to your loyalty and general character, and a graduate's certificate from a technical automobile school."

"Anything else?" I says, sort of faint.

"Well, of course, you will have to take the nursing and first-aid course at St. Timothy's Hospital," she says, "and the regular U. S. Infantry drill. But that's about all."

"Do I have to learn all that stuff before I can come in?" I asked, feeling about as small as when I had my first try-out on the big time circuit.

"Oh, no," says Miss Lieutenant; "you can sign your application right away if you like. Then you can come in immediately and start rookie drill and the first-aid work with the service while you are getting your technical training."

Believe you me, my breath was about taken away by all this stuff. I don't really know now just what I did expect when I first come into that shop, but I guess I had a sort of idea they'd give me a big welcome and I'd get a costume of some sort; and, after that—well, I don't really know. I certainly never expected what they handed me. But I was game.

"When can I commence all this?" I says.

"When do you want to?" says Miss Lieutenant.

"To-day," I says firmly. At this Miss Lieutenant actually smiled again.

"Good!" says she. "The minute you bring me that health certificate and those letters of recommendation I'll sign you up and you can start in at the Automobile Training School. To-morrow morning is the time at St. Timothy's Hospital and to-morrow afternoon is rookie drill."

"And when is the auto school?" I says.

"Every afternoon," she says.

"Then," says I, "I'll get them letters and the certificate here by noon. And if you O. K. them I'll just start in this P. M.—if it's all the same to you."

"Good!" says Miss Lieutenant, evidently not displeased, yet determined to show no emotion.

Then she got up, indicating that our business was over, clicked her heels together like a regular officer, and made a stiff little bow. Oh, wasn't she professional, just!

"Well, I'll be back," I says, and started to go. "I'm sure I can get everything but the technical stuff; and I'll get that if I die of it!"

And—believe you me—I had no idea how near true them words was when I uttered them. I was almost at the door when the frowzy little dame in the corner, which I had forgotten she was there, come over and touched me on the arm.

(Continued on Page 37)

The Officer Hollered Something at Me

Well, I Never Stopped to Think or Salute, or Ask Nothing of Nobody

Where Do We Go From Here?

European Importations—Old Style

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DRAWINGS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WE ARE numerously, voluminously and solemnly informed, especially by our "advanced" thinkers, as well as by some who are a few paces to the rear, that when this war is over the old order will be changed, destroyed in the welter that has whelmed the world, and that much that is new will follow, socially, politically and economically. It is as trite to say that as it is to say the war itself is terrible.

Here and there have been predicated various idealisms that the new order will install, as each particular predicator thinks or writes or talks; and these stand out rather forlornly at present for two reasons: The first is that in a large way what will follow after the war depends on how the war ends, and the second is that the war itself has reduced this loose-thinking, easy-going, potentially idealistic America of ours to the hardest sort of practicality and nonidealistic regulation. Political, social or economic idealism may be defined as a pleasant hope focused on an imagined set of conditions and circumstances. The conditions and circumstances that now confront us are not imaginary. They are real and commanding.

The Supreme Paradox of the War

WE, AS free and democratic Americans, laughed at the *Verboten* signs that speckled Germany in the days before the war and at the restrictions those signs typified in laws and mandates—laughed and commiserated the Germans over their universal and drastic regulation by their rulers. Are we laughing now? We are not. The laugh is with the Germans, for we are having our "forbiddens" impressed on us, and instead of the gradual imposition of them we are getting them in overwhelming and precipitate mass.

It is the supreme paradox of this war that we, the so-called democratic peoples of the world—American, British, French—fighting for the preservation of our democracy, have been compelled to exert all the latent autocratic powers of our governments to save our democracies, and to invent, establish and adapt autocratical inhibitions on freedom of movement, purpose, mode of life, expression, habit, as well as property. No man's time is his own; no man's money is his own; no man's will is his own—if the state demands the use of that time, the service of that money, the exertion of that will for state purposes. It has taken less than four years to bring about this revolutionary shift in conditions. We speak now of "the old days" as if they were centuries aback, and we mean only an elapsed period of forty-odd months.

Those were the comfortable days—those days before the war. That was the Golden Age. In the regulated years to come those of us who lived in them, who had our full experiences of them, will look back to them and be glad that our time was that time, and sympathize with the burden bearers of the new day. We lived in a wonderful country, and in the fullness and enjoyment of all its wonders. We came and went as we pleased. Our time was our own time, our property our own property, our enjoyments our own enjoyments. We had a freedom of action, a negligible sense of being governed, a lack of responsibility that gave to us a certain wideness and nonrestraint that brought to each one a full measure of the joy of life. Cares of state did not oppress us. Our prosperity was great. Our creature comforts were easily obtainable. Our governmental obligations were lightly borne. We paid small taxes or none at all. We traveled or stayed at home, as it suited us; ate and drank what we pleased, and when; sought and obtained our pleasures without thought of any phase of the seeking save the result.

The numerous delights of the country were ours to do with as we would. They were fat, lush days; and though the ascetics among us warned, and the Puritans among us protested and the reformers pointed out the numerous errors of our ways, and sought to force us to do as they wanted us to do, not as we wanted to do ourselves, we were a happy people, and a prosperous, and life was pleasant and the dour forebodings of the kill-joys were laughed away.

Then came the war, and eventually our participation in it. Then, too, came the increased responsibilities, the necessary regulations and the inevitable restrictions. Then came the time when the state assumed the paramount power over the destinies, conduct, customs and manners of the individual. Then came the truth forced home that the only way a democracy can win a war is to transform it to an autocracy. Then came the crushing realization that no person—not one—has any right as an entity as against the supreme right of the nation. Then came for the first time the bringing home of nationality, the putting up of the *Verboten* signs—all for the public welfare. Then we began to comprehend what a nation is—an instrument for the common good rather than a medium for personal aggrandizement.

And now? Take toll of it for yourself. Recall the time before the war and consider your changed situation and the changed situation of the nation. The Government has exerted itself, has asserted its paramountcy under the spur of war. Every phase of living is being regulated to meet the demand for national solidarity in this enterprise. Our goings and our comings are regulated. There is no place one can visit without the country unless the need is imperative; and the time is not far off when movement within the country will be rigidly restricted. Our food is set forth for us, and our heat and our light. Our exports and our imports, our production and our transportation, our trade and commerce, our every untrammeled aspect has been trammeled, or will be, inevitably.

Our money is no longer our own, but must be devoted to the needs of the Government. Our railroads are under government control. Our young men are in camp. Our every manufacturing process is being devoted to but one end—winning the war. We are told what we must do, what we may do, and when.

New regulations are constantly being approved and set forth. Closer adherences to governmental rote are being required. The American is learning that the individual has no place in our processes as an individual, but has his important and imperative place as a part—one of a whole, operating, thinking, functioning merely as a cog in a vast and paternalistic machine. This new condition is so contrary to our accepted manner of life that the change, however willing the average Americans may be, is not to be accomplished without a considerable disorder and lack of understanding, or without considerable prediction of various fulfillments and amplifications of some of the acts and theories of it after the war is over.

Steps Not to be Retraced

WE ARE an amenable people. We accept situations. We adapt ourselves to new conditions. We are naturally of an orderly disposition. We looked on government as something necessary, but held it must not be onerous, and gave ourselves little concern with it in the mass so long as it was not onerous. We had our fervid politics, but when the result came we abided by it. We lived easily, mostly along lines of least resistance. Now, having been put to the test of regulation that in most cases is revolutionary when set beside our former functionings, we are falling into line.

I have recently been at some pains to make inquiries throughout the country, from coast to coast, as to present conditions and future concepts. Two things are apparent as the result of those inquiries. The first is that the American people as a whole, and notwithstanding certain elements of protest here and there, have cheerfully taken up their new estate of regulated living and doing, of largely increased paying of governmental obligations and demands—cheerfully and intelligently, for the most part, taken up that new estate. The second is that such consideration as there has been of what will happen after the war has been based to a great extent on an expressed conception of what it is hoped may happen, or may be caused to happen, rather than on what is most likely to be the case, taking into consideration the political, social and economic aspects of this country as they will exist, and with whatever changes the war may bring they will continue fundamentally to exist.

It is probably true that governmentally the United States has taken steps since this war began that will not be retraced—steps in the direction of nationalizing the country, in the direction of supervising the use and distribution of its resources, in the direction of a closer and

more regulatory government of the people. These things of course must abide the event, but the chances are that many changes that have been effected will not be repealed. The one dominating thing that will not be repealed is human nature. War will change many aspects of our life, and has already changed many, but war will not change or repeal or revoke the preeminent factor of self-interest in the individual.

Intelligent selfishness will continue to be the mainspring of endeavor, and idealisms that are based on mass advantage as opposed to advantage secured and retained by individual power and opportunity will continue as idealisms, however joyous their perfected practice might be. The trouble with most theories of perfect democracy is that they are based on a Utopian conception of human nature rather than on the realities of it. They deal with the lives and fortunes of all on the basis of the ideas and idealisms of the few, passing over human nature and its ingrained manifestations as something that need not be considered, or that may be talked or written or theorized out of existence.

As a concrete example let us take the railroads, now in the hands of the Government. As I go about the country I hear numerous assertions that the railroads will never return to private control. That may be true, for there were a great many features of private control of the railroads—their banking direction, their financing, their inefficient and profiteering operation—that should have been eliminated long ago and may be eliminated under government supervision. The point is here: If the railroads do not go back to private ownership at the end of the period stipulated in the bill putting them into the hands of the Government, it will not be because the theory of government ownership is agreeable or advanced but because of the hard, practical, intelligently selfish fact that government operation is advantageous to the people.

The Impenetrable Future

THE Government must prove up on the railroads, must show that better service in all ways is possible under the present scheme of control—or the future actual government ownership of the roads—than was formerly obtainable, or the Government will be forced to return the railroads to their owners. There will be no idealism, no new-order conceptions, no paternalism about it. Either the Government can run the railroads more efficiently than the private owners, or it cannot. If it can it will be folly to turn the roads back. If it cannot it not only will be folly but it will be impossible for the Government to continue in their operation, for the people will not suffer worse service than they have had for the mere exploitation of an advanced theory of men who never bought a hundred shares of stock in a railroad or invested in a bond or shipped a ton of freight over a railroad.

The problems advanced by this war so far as this country is concerned are now formulated, in the large way. We know pretty well what we have to do, the size of the task. We can do it. We shall do it. Detail will differ, of course, and new circumstances arise, but in the big perspective the thing is reasonably well laid before us, demonstrated and set. The basic job, I mean, not the changes in the day-to-day aspects of it. Any set of men in charge of our governmental affairs can figure with reasonable faith that their conclusions are justified on what must be done during one, two, three or more years of war; but considerations of what can be and must be done after the war are entirely speculative, and beyond the facts that the task will be tremendous and the difficulties new difficulties and the reflexes unaccustomed reflexes there is little concrete to tie to or work upon. It will be a new situation subject to none of the old conditions, precedents or assumptions.

Unless we are to concede that the democracy we are fighting to make the world safe for is an entirely new and hypothetical democracy, the value of the democracy we uphold and maintain by our processes in this war must be established by proven works. These present innovations and regulations must show their efficiencies, must demonstrate their values. It would be absurd if we find that food regulation and coal regulation and railroad regulation and any other regulations or conservations imposed upon us or to be imposed upon us are beneficial and economical and making for greater national effectiveness, to throw them aside after the war is over. If they prove up we shall retain them; but it is entirely too early for any man or set of men to assert they will be retained if he speaks from the basis of the present status of the experimentation.

Right there will come a danger that is not based on idealism at all, but is based on that phase of human nature to which I have referred. The danger is that our lawmakers and our executives, having found what they deem good—whether it is real good or not—and having obtained added power, will not abandon that power unless forced to do so by the people. Rather our lawmakers and our executives will seek to increase that power and multiply our regulations. The danger is that our Government, formerly foster father in many of its relations to our people, will seek to advance to real paternalism, whether the children object or not; and the problem that will face the people will be to see to it that the advance is made in accord with new conditions that may exist and not merely for the purpose of exercising paternalism because that is an agreeable and powerful aspect of government for the governors. The democracy we are fighting for is by no means a perfect democracy, and the democracy that is to be continued after the war must be a new democracy, not a brummagem political democracy based on idealisms that are not susceptible of practical application.

Except in a few places there is not much thinking yet in the United States over this post-war situation, and most of the thinking that is in process is not thinking at all but generalizing on postulated conditions that no man can say will exist, for this war is not susceptible of day-by-day interpretation, and it is far less susceptible of long-distance prediction either in its close or following effects. Numerous publicists, capitalists who see the light or the glimmer of it, plutocrats who are forward-looking because they fear they may lose what they have if they stay in the rear, politicians who seek to make ready to travel with the current instead of against it, and various similars have set forth their ideas of after-the-war conditions and necessities. These coincide in the bromidic conclusion that there is to be a new deal, but there isn't much in any of them to show what sort of hands will be dealt. The old order is to change, has already changed, but the new thinking that should come with a new order is not yet beyond its juvenile state.

It is a safe and sane enough conclusion that there is to be some growth of radicalism in this country and a consolidation of conservatism. It is already apparent that our next great political battle will be the preliminary struggle between the idea of strongly centralized and paternalistic government, regulatory in many new ways and especially as to property, and the idea of government as it has existed for some twenty years or more—that is, the new against the old. It is also apparent that the merits of this struggle will be obscured somewhat by the opportunism of the politicians, who on the one hand in seeking for votes will accept any radicalism if it appears to have any vote-getting power, and who on the other hand will assume a radicalism they have not, for the same purpose.

As it stands the Democratic Party is likely to be the more radical of the two great parties, and the Republicans to be only as radical as the leaders think they must be.

The British Labor Program

RECENTLY the Labor Party of England put forth what it called its "program for reconstruction after the war." That program, which has had some publicity in this country, is by far the most radical pronouncement yet made by any political party whatsoever. Viewed in the lights of the United States it contains much dynamite and much that cannot be tortured or theorized into domestic application; but it is an advanced platform, and as radicalism is international in its broad aspects, and not national, it is being applied here by many American radicals, principally of the writing class.

The British Labor Party, in stating its objects, says: "If we in Britain are to escape from the decay of civilization itself we must insure that what is presently to be built up is a new social order based not on fighting but on fraternity—not on competitive struggle for the means for bare life but on a deliberately planned coöperation in the production and distribution for the benefit of all who participate by hand or brain; not on the utmost possible inequality of riches but on a systematic approach toward a healthy equality of material circumstances for every person born into the world . . . that widest possible participation in power, both economic and political, which is characteristic of democracy."

The four basic principles of the British program are: The universal enforcement of the minimum national wage; the democratic control of industry; the revolution in national finance; and the surplus wealth for the common good. In these are some phases that are applicable to the United States, and some that are not. For example, the minimum wage demanded is thirty shillings a week, or, in round numbers, seven dollars and fifty cents. That sum does not apply to our wage situation, nor is it likely to; and many of the other purely labor problems are not on all fours with our labor problems.

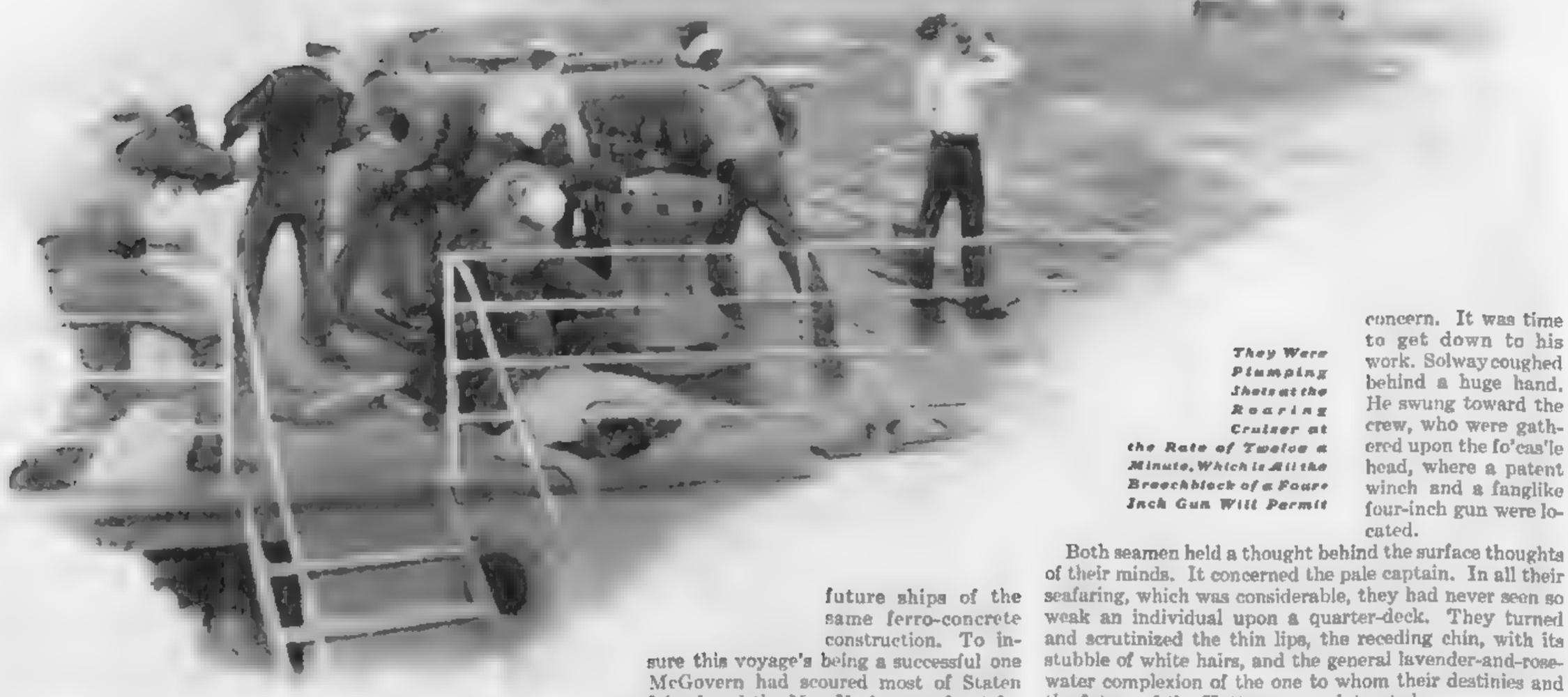
(Continued on Page 109)

European Importations—the Latest Models

CAPTAIN PERCIVAL

By Henry Leverage

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



They Were Plumping Shots at the Roaring Cruiser at the Rate of Twelve a Minute, Which Is All the Breechblock of a Four-Inch Gun Will Permit

HER nationality was American. She had been built in three months during the fourth year of the great war. Her launching at Staten Island was a closely guarded secret. However, the wine that dripped down her cutwater was regulation in color and in foaming bubbles, and seemed to wish the Hatteras many prosperous voyages.

She was bunkered, cargoed and equipped just five months and five days after her plans had been drawn. She lay off Tompkinsville, differing in these respects from the other ships of the Atlantic chain—her hull, cellular bulkheads and futtocks, or crossribs extending from the keel, were of concrete construction. She had been poured into a mold, crossbraced and stayed with steel straps, and was known as the first of the ferro-concrete boats, which were most inexpensive to build and were expected to break for all time the Diesel-Fisch's blockade.

No marine underwriter would insure the Hatteras. She was new. She was an experiment. She seemed very low in the water and somewhat clumsy in her camouflage of dirt gray, which merged to sky blue on the crown of her squat after funnel.

Ships, however, like some men, are not easily determined in the casual glance. Old McGovern, of McGovern & Sterne, who built the Hatteras and who was already bidding on thirty more like her, had made the statement to navigation sharps, who came from Washington to see the launching, that the ferro-concrete construction, taking in the added features of a highly developed and very modern turbine and a patented gear reduction, would revolutionize Western Ocean packet service.

He went further and gave figures to show—ton for ton and knot for knot—that the Hatteras was a better ship than steel or composite construction. Her coal economy would delight the heart of a Tyneside engineer. Her cargo capacity was all of seven thousand tons. She could not burn. She was a rock when it came to strength. She had answered a modern Delphian Oracle, and was built and fashioned to save democracy with stone walls instead of the wooden walls of Athens.

Her first voyage was to be the test upon which McGovern and the Shipping Board would base their figures for future ships of the same ferro-concrete construction. To insure this voyage's being a successful one McGovern had scoured most of Staten Island and the New York water front for exactly the men he wanted. It would never do to intrust an untried ship to green hands.

Her captain, picked by deduction and elimination, allowed the builder to exercise considerable latitude in the manner of men with whom he would intrust the turbine engine and the last word in reduction gearing between a rapidly revolving drum of tiny vanes and a slow-moving thrasher propeller whose four blades lazed along at two hundred and twelve revolutions a minute when the Hatteras was extended to her full speed of twelve knots.

The second engineer had followed the turbine engine through the shops. He became a fixture at McGovern's suggestion. Under him a third engineer and a group of oilers, coal passers, water tenders and stokers worked at an American wage, with American accommodations in their quarters and at their mess.

The Hatteras was ready to cat her anchor and clear the net at Quarantine for the first long leg of her voyage to France, when a dinghy approached from the general direction of St. George. In this dinghy, which was not concrete, two men lolled who had been signed on by McGovern that morning. One disgraced the simian race by the alias of Mike Monkey. He was half Scotch and half Rotherhithe in upbringing—or, as Darwin said, "in descent." His companion in the Hatteras' dinghy was Solway, a lean Scot with a close-reefed tongue and an itching desire to land enough cannon and steel rails in France to pave the way to Berlin and the brute who ruled there.

The two seamen went over the low rail of the Hatteras at the waist like two quick cats. They turned and ordered their dunnage brought aboard. They strode aft and mounted the quarter-deck, where a pale figure sat at the breechblock of a four-inch gun knitting a gray sock with an overhand swing, like a sailmaker patching a sail.

Captain Percival did not rise. He did not even stop knitting. He glanced up, however, between stitches and blinked a pair of lashless eyelids at his first engineer and first mate. He had been notified by McGovern what manner of men to expect.

Mike Monkey turned from his scrutiny of the pale captain and studied the after engine-room companion with concern. It was time to get down to his work. Solway coughed behind a huge hand. He swung toward the crew, who were gathered upon the fo'cas'le head, where a patent winch and a fanglike four-inch gun were located.

Both seamen held a thought behind the surface thoughts of their minds. It concerned the pale captain. In all their seafaring, which was considerable, they had never seen so weak an individual upon a quarter-deck. They turned and scrutinized the thin lips, the receding chin, with its stubble of white hairs, and the general lavender-and-rose-water complexion of the one to whom their destinies and the future of the Hatteras were intrusted.

"McGovern's daft!" whispered Solway into Mike Monkey's grimy ear.

Captain Percival paused in his knitting, fluttered his sallow eyelids twice; then opened to the world a pair of pink optics that matched the freckles of his scrawny jowls.

"You two gentlemen will kindly keep your remarks to yourself," he suggested in soft voice. "You, Mr. Solway, step forrad and cat the anchor. You, Mr. Monkey"—Captain Percival blinked at Mike's oily dungarees before he recalled the name—"you, Mr. Monkey, drop below and get one hundred and thirty pounds of steam on the boilers. We're going out as soon as I finish this sock."

Mike Monkey gulped hard. It was as if the ball of gray at the end of the captain's yarn had popped into his mouth en route to his stomach. He followed Solway off the quarter-deck, then swung down the companionway and was heard telling the new crew and the anxious second engineer just what he expected from them, in accents too thick to crowd through any speaking tube.

Solway tested the two-way cock, edged steam on the patent winch till the cock was halfway open; then leaned over the rail and watched the bright chain walk up from out of the murky waters of the bay until one fluke of the mudhook showed above the surface.

"All clear here!" he shouted up to the bridge, where a second mate towered, with one hand on the engine-room telegraph.

The second mate took a light from a pilot, hitched his pipe into the corner of his mouth; then turned and studied the figure of the pale captain on the quarter-deck, below the breech of the gun.

The knitting was finished finally. The captain rose and blinked, first at the telltale at the mainmast top, and then over the taffrail to where an arching sky of fleece-white clouds billowed before the pressure of a west wind.

"All clear forrad?" struck over the many hatches of the plank deck and rolled to Solway; the captain's voice, though thin, was penetrating.

"All clear, an' ye should be thankful," said Solway.

The second mate rang for quarter speed. The wheel went over. The Hatteras moved, gained slow speed, and

swung on a long safe arc that just missed the monitor at the net. Five flags were raised to her signal halyards. The pilot took his position at the weather rail of the bridge. A tug shrieked hoarsely at the vision of a concrete ship setting forth upon her maiden voyage. The Hatteras answered with a bull-like bellow from her siren. She took the first of the Ambrose Channel and plowed down through the line of buoys like a sow between two fences. She wore to sea at a safe nine knots until the land and the Western World were a line of black, into which she merged her funnel smoke as an added color.

Night found the freighter with the eye of Fire Island rising and falling over her low taffrail. The pilot had been dropped. The pink-eyed captain had gone below. Mike Monkey, finding little to do, with an inclosed turbine and triple-door Scotch boilers of the very latest construction, reached the bridge in time to hold Solway from going off watch.

"'Alf a mo' with you," said the engineer.

Solway fished out a small plug of tobacco and passed it to Mike Monkey in anticipation. The little engineer was the very soul of thrift.

"Weil?" asked the Scot.

"Weil, yourself. I'm done! I resign! Wot with a music box for an engine an' a stokehold crew who waste oil an' coal somethin' awful—to soiy nothin' of th' 'ard look th' pink-an'-white skipper gave me, I'm done. I 'ave my rights—I 'ave!"

Solway cocked one ear. He heard the whine of the turbine. Aft of this sound was a low roar like an auto in first speed. This was the gear-reducing mechanism between the turbine and the tail shaft.

"She's new, mon," he commented.

"New! She's a 'oly 'orror! She's a patented coffeepot, with a grinder. I minds 'er like—th' Lady ov Charlotte, wot is rustin' at Birkenhead. They tried to drive 'er direct with turbines. She thrashed th' sea into bubbles. Th' propellers wouldn't bite. She's an experiment—so's this hooker."

Solway smiled with cold warmth.

"We're a-hittin' it up, mon," he said dryly. "Nine-point-seven all th' watch. A doot if many c'uld do better."

Mike Monkey strode to the bridge-rail log for confirmation. He came back with a pucker between his brows. He worked his nose into a button of suspicion. Between clamps of his yellow teeth on the borrowed tobacco he studied the deck of the Hatteras. Her two four-inch guns were elevated in the manner of latter-day tankers and carriers. They could sweep the sea. They were manned by the pick of the American marine. They were a match for anything under seven-inch caliber upon a Diesel-Fisch. A high platform and a steady aim had accounted for most of the recent success over U-boats.

The little engineer's eyes were riveted upon the hatches of the freighter, which seemed for all the world like scales on some marine monster. He counted them till he had reached twenty-four. He spat a yellow stream to leeward and thrust a squared, unshaved jaw up toward the Scotch mate.

"Wot's this?" he queried. "Wot's th' bloomin' stuff this hooker's made of? Composition?"

"A doot it. It's concrete, with a metal lath. 'Poured into shape,' th' auld mon told me. McGovern's a lang head."

"'E's crazy—like th' rest ov 'em. Wot with concrete, an' music-box engines, an' double return tubular boilers, an' a 'Sister Susie knittin' socks for th' soldiers' for a captain—anything is liable to happen. A stone ship, wot?"

"That's what she is. She's loaded with metals an' sixteen-inch guns from Bethlehem. A've no doot she'll sink too fast for us to let go when her hour comes."

"Gol-blyme, yes!" blurted Mike Monkey. "She's a chambered 'orror! But wot ov th' pink skipper?"

Solway squinted under the peak of his cap. He touched his nose to the glass over the shaded binnacle. He stiffened and glanced at the wheelman, who leaned over the spokes of the wheel.

"Twa north!" he ordered.

"Two north!" repeated the quartermaster.

"Th' skipper, man?" asked Mike Monkey. "Wot ov 'im?"

"Dangerous! A lad to avoid."

"'Im? That ain't possible! 'E's got 'ousemaid's knee, 'e 'as. 'E's afraid to talk. 'E's no skipper for a stone boat with two four-inchers, an' a lot of Fritzes waitin' for th' chance. Wot we ought to 'ave is a Drake, like we 'ad in th' Princess Castle. Drake's dead; but 'e put up an awful fight, 'e did!"

"The big Yorkshire squire?"

"Yes. 'E was th' proper figure ov a man. Six-feet-three, with a voice like a Mersey siren."

"A've nae doot this mon is bad. McGovern knows."

"McGovern's got concrete on th' brain."

Solway brought forth a second plug of tobacco and handed it over to Mike Monkey. This was one way of silencing the Rotherhithe engineer, who had learned frugality in a Thames-side shipyard. The mate turned and paced the arching bridge from lee rail to weather canvas before he brought up standing before the Londoner, who had taken a second clamp at the plug.

"A'll trouble ye for it," he said cuttingly. "A dinna think we take th' southern route—this time. Last course from th' skipper was th' auld northern passage. We go ta th' ice side of th' Orkneys."

"Wot! For France?"

"'Tis better, mon. Th' channel is guarded. Th' southern route is paved with th' ruins o' ships. It's weepin' ta think o' it.'

Mike Monkey studied the dark velvet ahead of the plowing freighter. He lifted his unshaved chin till his eyes were fixed upon the slow-swaying cap of the foremast. The yellow stars were there in baleful glory. He blinked at them; then swung on one heel. Aft, by the taffrail, the alert gun upon its platform, with its coiled crew about the breech, marked the waiting answer to the Diesel-Fisch, out of Wilhelmshaven and Helgoland Bight.

The frugal engineer, who was getting no bonus upon his coal in the eastern passage, decided that they could use another knot of speed. He had an idea that the turbine and gear reduction had not as yet been tested. He examined the bridge-rail log at the lee side; then dropped below the engine-room companionway. The freighter picked up from nine-point-seven to a full ten-point-five.

Captain Percival and his knitting were more in evidence as the voyage progressed until the day they sighted the first of the far-flung network of destroyers and drifters about the coast of Ireland. The captain had instructed Mike Monkey in a drawling whisper to compile a series of observations having to do with the coal consumption and the oil used aboard the Hatteras. To Solway was left the duty of figuring the currents, winds and progress to a tenth of a knot in each day's passage.

These figures were for McGovern and the American Shipping Board.

The second mate had made the rounds of the ship between its skin and plank sheathing. He had tested the futtock ribs as well as the hold beams and main-deck beams. Her knees, half steel and half concrete where they joined, had been designed from bridge specifications. They held. The mate rubbed his hands after sounding the midship well. The Hatteras was as dry as a tankard in a temperance town. She had not even sweated on her inner skin; which was remarkable, but which was due to a patented preparation mixed with the concrete and smoothed upon her outboard run.

The skipper took the results with a quiet smile. He mounted the bridge on the tenth day at two bells, laid his knitting in the chart rack and studied the horizon line ahead with a pair of twelve-diameter glasses. Solway, under the lee of the wheelhouse, found the opportunity to analyze and vivisect the frail captain with eyes that missed nothing.

He saw a black-clad seaman, whose hands and short boots were more feminine than masculine. The hairless lips and lashless lids, the sunken nose, with its thin nostrils and the freckles and splotches upon the drawn dry skin, were disquieting. He seemed too weak and listless to command a seven-thousand freighter like the Hatteras. He reminded the Scot of a babe going into a den of wolves—the wolves being U-boats.

A diversion occurred at three bells that for the first time broke the serenity of the Hatteras' passage. Mike Monkey appeared above the engine-room companion aft the midship ventilators with his fingers hooked in the straining collar of a stoker, whose red face bore every evidence of a struggle and a swiping blow from a slice bar across his cheek.

(Continued on Page 66)

Well to the North of Ireland a Sea Snake in the Leaping Shape of a Forty-Knot Destroyer Drove Down Upon the Hatteras. "Mines!" Shouted a Stuttering Lieutenant Commander Through a Battered Trumpet

THE NAVY TAKES CHARGE

By a Naval Officer

WITH not a light showing the transports plowed the Atlantic, bringing American soldiers to France. Lookouts high and low, under navy discipline, searched the seas for hostile periscopes. The convoy, the apex of which was a big cruiser, was invisible in the black night. The vigilance of navy training protected the soldiers, sleeping with their life belts on.

Suddenly out shot a bright light on the leading transport; a merchant sailor, one Jesus Fernandez Mendoza, a Spanish fireman, flashed an electric torch, fumbling about the deck. The light could be seen for miles. Instantly a navy lookout reported the occurrence to the naval officer in charge of the ship. A sharp command, a shuffle on deck, a bluejacket kicking the torch overboard stayed the Spaniard's desire to fondle an electric flashlight in the submarine zone. Five days' solitary confinement ended the lesson. Showing a light on a man-o'-war at night in time of war is a court-martial offense; even lighting a cigarette or having matches. The navy commander, in absolute charge, enforced military discipline on a merchant vessel carrying troops and punished the guilty.

Because of the navy, criminal carelessness and conduct involving the safety of thousands of men came to nought and a possible catastrophe was averted. The navy was in command.

This war is of two kinds—the war in the trenches and the submarine war at sea. In the war in the trenches it is now the man power of the Allies standing up against the Teuton hordes in their drive for Amiens and Calais. The war at sea is the destructive underwater power of the German submarine against the shipbuilding power of the Allies plus our own. It is nip and tuck. Quite recently the submarine was ahead. Twelve million tons of allied and neutral shipping has been sunk. The burden of shipbuilding to renew lost tonnage falls on us.

Responsibilities of Merchant Crews

SO THAT our soldiers in the trenches can lick the Germans our ships carrying these soldiers overseas must first lick the German submarines. Licking the U-boat means driving it away, and on the run. It can be done. Canada has sent hundreds of thousands of troops across without the loss of a single man. We, too, have done well. So far we have succeeded in landing a goodly number of troops; this was possible only because the navy assumed the higher control of the transports. An experienced naval officer commands each one. Its crew is of the navy; so is the discipline.

Oversea war depends upon shipping, and in this war ships are military resources. Sending transports across the ocean is a military job on the success of which hangs victory or defeat. Ships are vital. The number of ships which we can operate efficiently will control the number of soldiers we can land in France. The battle front is in France, with three thousand miles of sea over which every man and every ton must be moved; and our success is not measured by what we create here but by what we can get across the Atlantic and place in the war zone.

The greater the ship efficiency and the larger the supplies behind the line, the better our soldiers will be fed, the better they will fight. An army still travels on its belly. The number of troops that we can support in France depends entirely upon the amount of shipping we can send. Delay, reduction in speed, slowness in unloading, amount to the same as having less tonnage. When a liner good for nineteen knots from port to port averages but sixteen knots because her firemen are too lazy, too drunk, or not willing to work overtime, the risk of that ship's being sunk by submarines is doubly increased.

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

Headed for France

The job is to secure the lines of communication. If the flow of shipping and transports is interrupted even for a few days a great disaster may occur. Paris was saved by reënforcements sent in taxicabs. To-day the cargo ship and the transport become our most valuable resources. Ships cannot be jeopardized by careless and inefficient handling. Ships cannot be put in the hands of men not accustomed to discipline and working for pay only. They cannot be manned by civilians not familiar with submarine warfare and who, by the very laxity of our shipping laws, cannot be compelled to obey orders to save their vessel even at the expense of their own lives. Not all merchant crews are unreliable or will act as cowards in time of danger; many have behaved nobly, but instances during the past prove that not all are amenable to strict military discipline. It is as ridiculous to allow the fate of our Allies to rest in the hands of a few thousand illiterate foreigners as it would be to have the Quartermaster's Department of the army composed of foreigners who on the eve of battle would strike for higher wages.

Every ship carrying a national cargo has a vital part in the winning of the war. No condonation can be extended to a captain who loses his ship and cargo without having put forth every effort possible to avoid it. Being part of the national resources ships carrying cargo in time of war cannot be considered as the private property of any company or individual.

The Shortage of Officers

WE SHALL have gone on record in holding the view that citizens shall be required to risk their lives in the prosecution of the war, and at a nominal wage. In war a merchant ship at sea is as large a military resource as an ammunition train. And in this war the efficiency of the American merchant marine is of even greater importance than the efficiency of the fleet itself. An American merchant sailor, though exposed to a percentage of risk, does not experience a mortality in any degree comparable to that of an enlisted man fighting on shore or to the merchant sailor of our Allies. This is due to the readiness of some of our merchant seamen to take to the boats at the first sign of danger and leave their ships to destruction. Time and time again British merchant ships when called upon to stop have put on speed and escaped, even though under heavy gunfire. The other week nineteen British ships beat off or escaped U-boat attacks.

Being also a vital part of the nation all merchant ships must be controlled by the Federal Government. Ships must be controlled by the military forces of the nation, because only the army and navy have authority to compel men to risk their lives. The control of the merchant marine in time of war should naturally fall to the navy.

One thousand and ten ships are to be built by the Shipping Board. The making of these ships is an absolute certainty, but their manning is not. For this some ten thousand trained officers and thirty-two thousand men are needed—altogether 42,137 men. Increase in material has been provided for, but the only step for getting the personnel is the lowering of the standards already required.

Only those who are physically fit and intelligent can become soldiers of the nation; but the illiterate foreigner, unable to speak English—anarchist, socialist, disloyal, ill-disciplined or rumhound—can be intrusted with the ship which is to bring the supplies to the American fighter in France. Furthermore, at the outbreak of war about five thousand Germans were sailing under the American flag in various capacities. It is estimated that sixty per cent of the members of the Seamen's Union are foreigners.

The American merchant marine, that once was, is no more. As we have not ships sufficient to our present needs we naturally have not enough merchant officers or sailors. The rub is not so much officers

(Continued on Page 49)

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS. COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY RECRUITING BUREAU

These Men Have Passed the Examinations and are Leaving the Officers' Material School. They Will be Sworn In as Ensigns in the U. S. Naval Auxiliary Reserve, Later to Take Positions as Junior Deck Officers of Our Great Merchant Fleet

THE LAST LAUGH—By Ray Giles

F
I Have Photographed Parts of the Wrecked

■
City About Which I Will Give You the Information

NEW YORK, 25th May, 1918.

MY DEAR OTTO: Since many weeks I have wanted to write you, but I have been so busy sending anonymous death reports to parents of Yankee soldiers that there has been but little time to spare. Besides, a problem was: How should I get to you a letter along with several genuine, original photographs?

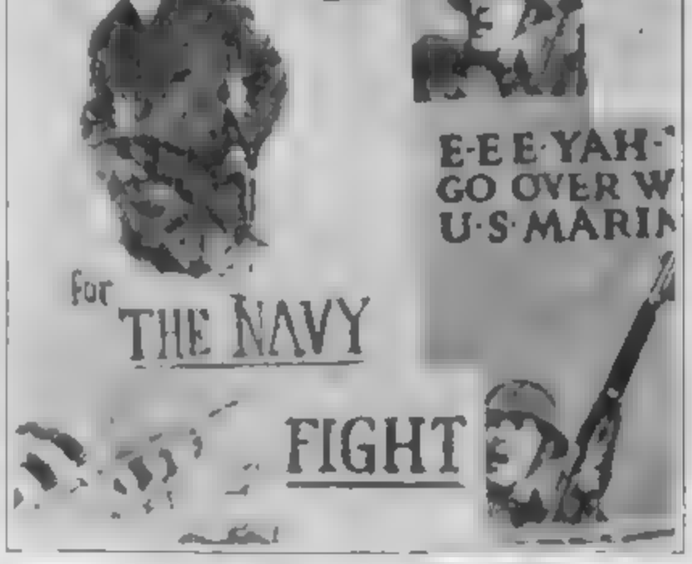
But at last the *Herr Gott* provides me with a safe messenger who will remail to you from a neutral country the absolutely true story of the horrible destruction which the Zeppelins of the Fatherland, sailing like avenging angels in the sky, have worked upon the city of New York.

This mighty disaster has been kept back from all the world by the censors, but now at last I give it to you from first-hand observation.

Everything which I write here, Otto, is absolute truth; and so that you will see that no one must dare to question anything which I tell you I have photographed different parts of the wrecked city about which I will give you the information. The camera cannot lie. You will know how horribly these impetuous barricades of Yankees have suffered when you see with your own eyes the shell craters, the ruined streets and the wrecked buildings, in photographs!

No one can doubt the absolute truth of photographs, so when you show these prints to the neighbors do not fail to remind them that what the camera makes a record of is only that which has been actually seen by the human eye.

First, when did the Zeppelins come? They made terror for these Indians of America on the first of May, 1918,



E—*Upper Picture* G—*Lower Picture*
Do Not Forget to Impress Upon All That Photographs Never Imagine But Always Tell the Truth—Absolutely!

and now the city is full of bomb holes and wreckage, just as you will see plainly for yourself in the photographs. Up with the Cherubim and Seraphim of Deutschland the beautiful Zeppelins flew, plain and clear to the naked eye. The place where they came from I must keep a secret, for these snooping nastinesses of Yankee pigs may lay their inquisitive hands on this letter by chance, and no doubt the officers of the Zeppelins are soon preparing to make mincemeat of the other cities as well, so I will not give the name of their base, lest some spying interferer should see it.

But do not let anyone fool you, Otto. Here are the photographs, and everyone knows that what is in a photograph must be so; *nicht wahr?*

So. Now take the photographs, which everyone can see are real, and I will relate to you all the facts.

First, the water front is a total wreck. Of this I cannot send you photographs because no one is allowed—not even a reservist of the Fatherland—to approach the ruins without a pass. The authorities are frightened through and through lest the people should see what a terrible loss has occurred. The Brooklyn Navy Yard is stuffed full of wounded sailors and I have spread round that story to the best of my ability, but there are still a few New Yorkers who do not believe it.

I went Sunday afternoon on a Staten Island ferryboat. Going down the bay one sees tugboat after tugboat towing barges full of ashes and wreckage of all kinds. These barges are taken out to Sandy Hook, where the cargoes are shoveled off secretly into the ocean.

Now, Otto, look one minute at the photograph which I have marked "A." Remember well that this is a real picture taken by a real camera—and the camera is a big simpleton that has not even the intelligence to lie. Everyone knows that.

Very well then; did you ever see such a throwing-up of dirt from bombs at the Front as this pile shown here—by actual photograph? No! I hear you say. And you are right. But what is the building? I hear you ask. This terrible damage was done by the bombs which the Zeppelin dropped for the Municipal Building. You can see a part of the Municipal Building—what is left of it—at the right of the dirt pile in front of the crater. The high building in

(Continued on Page 32)

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Now Remember, Otto, You Have Seen With Your Own Eyes the Actual Photographs of the Wreckage Caused by the Zeppelins to the City of New York

Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl

By Everett Rhoades Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

LOOKING back from the clarifying perspective of two months Miss Adele Glaub wondered with bitter wondering how she could ever, ever in this wide, wide world have been such an awful sentimental boob. Adjectives and noun were both supplied by the lady herself as she trailed across the waist department of the Mammoth Department Store on her way to answer to the august summons of that august gentleman of department store power, Mr. Harvey Bibker, merchandise manager. With hands slightly nervous she removed the jet black earrings behind the sheltering lee of a mirrored column. This simple act was an ominous sign that clearly showed that the lady feared the impending discussion pertained to a subject not only disagreeable in the extreme but one before which the dainty bits of feminine adornment were better discarded. With no roseate obstacle of profits to block his vision Mr. Bibker had a disconcerting habit of staring intently at a large lace collar or a string of beads, as if to say: "You find plenty of time to—er—adorn yourself. Why not devote a portion of it to making some profits for your department?"

As the long pearlike portions of jet detached themselves from the Glaub shell-pink ears the lady herself, catching the bitter glare of the image in the mirror, grimaced with undignified vehemence.

"You poor little it!" she hissed with sibilant scorn. "You see what you get for fallin' for all this patriotic bunk." And then, as the other sneered only in return, "You poor little fish—gettin' stuck for six thousand dollars just because you fell for all this war hokum an' everything!" With a bitter laugh she finished: "Doin' your bit, ha!"

Then, like a small child that hopes it will only be a severe lecture but fears the worst, Miss Glaub patted a stray wisp of the dark hair into demure businesslike order and undulated slowly to the elevator.

And only two months before she would have answered that summons with all the languid unconcern of one who knows—absolutely—that no amount of lace or jet or jade can hide the keen businesslike air of one who is making a handsome profit! Only two short months!

But during those months there had appeared, in all the glory of carefully brushed khaki serge and mahogany polished boots, plus gleaming spurs, the slender figure of Lieut. Bertram Finkle. Not that the appearance of Mr. Finkle was in itself a surprise, inasmuch as Mr. Finkle had appeared eight times a year for several years as the traveling representative of the Mode Blouse Company, but that he should appear in regalia such as these.

The siren of the waist department was busy checking waist invoices when the door of her little office framed the martial picture of olive drab and the single glistening insigne of rank.

"O-o-oh—Mr. Finkle!" she thrilled. "Ain't you wonderful!"

"Lieutenant," he corrected, smiling with his best commercial smile.

The smile sobered the glow in the dark eyes. After all, if he was out sellin' waists there wasn't any sense in bein' too cordial. But her "Won't you come right in an' sit down Mr.—Lieutenant?" was cordial enough.

But the glow returned with his next words. "I am just goin' round sayin' good-by to all my friends—an' customers."

Miss Glaub caught the full meaning of the pause. "I'm sorry," she murmured softly, "if I couldn't always be as big a customer as you thought I should be, but that ain't any reason why we ain't—can't be personal friends, is it?"

"Indeed it ain't! An' now that I am goin' ——"

The erstwhile representative of the Mode Blouse Company paused uncertainly as the sinuous form slowly rose and thrust out a graceful languid hand, indicative of womanly prophecy as supplied by that splendid seven-reel feature, The Seeress.

With half-closed eyes she continued for him:

"Goin' to do what every real he-man will havta do—battle for us poor weak defenseless women an' children. Make the country safe for dem—for everybody; even if it costs you your life." Warming to her work Miss Glaub let the dark dangerous eyes close still further and reviewed the stirring things she had read. "Leadin' our gallant boys forward until they can see the whites of those German eyes! To sacrifice everything to get that big German stiff. Not to fear anything, even death, in order to do your bit!" The eyes opened slowly and they were moist and brilliant with the glory and bigness of it all. "O-o-oh! It is too wonderful for words." Then almost in a whisper: "I am so-o sorry."

"Sorry?"

"Yes."

"But I don't get—I don't understand."

"I'm sorry that in the past I ain't been as appreciative of my friends as I should have been—the ones—though even what they were sellin' was a little higher than competition—were underneath the real men—I'm sorry that we didn't do more business together."

Lieutenant Finkle breathed deeply, and the result was a most military chest. The Glaub business was a tasty twenty-thousand-dollar affair, that made Mr. Nathan Rosewater, the possessor of the majority of it, a most envied and maligned man.

"Oh!" he said; and being a salesman of the first order wisely stopped there.

Miss Glaub shuddered reminiscently as the elevator ascended. If she had only let the whole affair rest at that! If that sudden, foolish, irresponsible, unbusinesslike feeling had not come over her that she had in some way been unpatriotic—a sort of business slacker! With tragic calm she remembered how guilty she had felt as she recollected the times, almost without number, she had said "Nothing doing! I don't need a single, solitary waist!" when he had called. And all the rest of them were still calling—while he —— It was then that all the damage had been done.

"O-o-oh, I feel so guilty! An' besides ——"

"Miss Glaub, I beg you don't say another word about it."

But she had insisted on going on—on being a poor boob.

"I—I could use some stuff for a late-spring sale—something at a price."

"But you ——"

"I know." The dark eyes grew tremulous. "But I'd like to give you a little order anyway before you—you ——"

"Go away, maybe never to return," he finished softly.

Miss Glaub nodded violently.

"In that case those Twenty-Nine-O-Nines of ours, those peachblow crêpe de Chines with the vestees and cuffs to ——"

But there is such a thing as letting even patriotism go too far; for instance, buying merchandise at regular prices to be put into a sale. Miss Glaub interrupted gently but firmly.

"What I said," she explained, "was that I wanted some stuff for a late-spring sale, at a price." Slowly she repeated the last three words again: "At—a—price."

"But those peachblows at thirty-one-fifty a dozen are what you might call a price, considering what the market is an' ——"

In vain did Lieutenant Finkle straighten his shoulders and look pleasantly military.

Miss Glaub shook her head sadly but firmly.

"Of course we are friends; an' of course now that you are goin' I want to show you that I appreciate what a big thing you are doin' an' what a real hero I think you are in comparison with a lotta these blouse hounds that are always after you—but honest, Mr.—Lieutenant, when you start to talk about stuff at thirty-one dollars a dozen bein' at a price—why, honest—as much as I'd liketa—I gotta remember that after all I am a workin' girl—an' that after all my job depends on how much money I can make for the house. Ain't I right?"

Lieutenant Finkle nodded. "Sure you're right!" he agreed heartily. "But honest I can't see why those wouldn't make as much profit as any "

"They ain't no use talkin' along that line. Besides, I got enough of that stuff to make this town so sick of peaches that they wouldn't take another for a gift."

Then the catastrophe happened! For it was then that the glorious Mr. Finkle had slapped his shiny left putty and shouted quite gleefully—just as if the crook didn't know that what he was goin' to try to do might put a poor girl out into the world without a position. Miss Glaub sniffled at the memory as she stepped from the elevator. "By George!" was his exclamation. "I got it, Miss Glaub! I got something for you that will make you one of the best customers the Mode ever had after I get back—that is, if—I—get—back. An' it will make not only the best kind of a late-spring sale—but pretty near any profit you name."

This was a different matter. Miss Glaub's eyes said so plainly, so warm and bright were they. "Go on!" she urged.

"You know how much white crêpe de Chine is a yard now, Miss Glaub?"

Miss Glaub did—and named it for the best grade.

Once more Lieutenant Finkle nodded. "Just exactly!" he agreed. "They ain't no chance to put anything over on anyone that watches even the raw-stuff market, like you do."

Miss Glaub admitted this with a shrug of svelte shoulder, very suggestive of The Golden Hope.

"What would you say if I was to tell you that I—because it is you—would sell you white Georgette with twelve-inch square collars at twenty-one dollars a dozen net?"

Only by a sudden lowering of dark lashes did Miss Glaub betray her eagerness. Her voice was calm.

"Where," she inquired impersonally, "is the joker?"

But there was none, Mr. Finkle assured her vehemently. "There's only two reasons that I would sell them waists to you at a price like that—a price that means that we take a loss on every waist. The first an' most important is that I want you for a customer now that you yourself have said that you was sorry because we hadn't done more business in the past, an' the other is that the collars of all the waists have a two-inch band of blue Georgette about them that for some reason didn't take well down East. Not that they ain't smart waists—every one of them—but you know yourself, Miss Glaub, the unaccountable way the women in some localities won't buy a certain kind of waist?"

"Stickers?"—wearily.

"No! Indeed no! You can't call any waist that—even if it has a little touch of style about it like a blue-edged collar—that can be sold at two-eighty-nine, an' made of the best Georgette—an' sold at such a profit."

This was certainly true. The best Georgette called for a much higher-price ticket, and the Mammoth customers knew it. "Georgette Waists—the best Georgette in the

Oh, If She Only Had Had Sense Enough to Remember That a Salesman Is a Salesman Even If He Is a Soldier

world—$2.89." The line floated across the Glaub mind as it would be emblazoned in the daily papers. Unquestionably it would make a wonderful—pos-i-tive-lee wonderful sale; and a wonderful profit too—but those blue collars—Miss Glaub hesitated. Under different circumstances she would have thought well and long, but the sight of that martial figure and the thought of how she had treated it brought an immediate decision. Oh, if she had only waited—only taken time to think—to remember that just because a man wears a uniform isn't any reason for forgetting that he was formerly a salesman—and doubly eager to sell "stickers"! Instead she had spoken softly.

"Maybe," she agreed; "but that ain't why I am considering them. It ain't just a case of business—it's just that I want to show my appreciation of the brave an' manly thing you did. That's why I am willing to take those waists off your hands at twenty dollars a dozen."

Thrilled by such patriotism Lieutenant Finkle hesitated only for a moment to make a slight correction. "Twenty-one," he said.

"Twenty," cooed Miss Glaub.

"Honest, Miss Glaub, I couldn't."

"Twenty?"—playfully.

And underneath the prankish tone Lieutenant Finkle recognized an underlying vein of firmness. But have we said that the lieutenant was a good waist salesman before he became a very military figure?

"Twenty-fifty," he suggested; "pos-i-tive-lee, Miss Glaub, that is the best I could do for my own ——"

"Twenty"—sweet and low.

Lieutenant Finkle admitted the trench had been taken with a rueful laugh.

"All right!" he agreed rather bitterly. "But honest, Miss Glaub, I don't see how you have the heart to squeeze the blood out of a turnip."

With partially closed eyes she answered him. "It ain't a question of any vegetables," she explained; "it's only a question of patriotism—of my doin' my bit—by helping a soldier"—more softly—"a officer—even indirectly."

As she hesitated outside the great man's door Miss Glaub wondered if it wasn't a tiny gloat of triumph. The crook! When he knew all the time they wouldn't go. To take advantage—such a low, mean, crooked advantage of a poor defenseless woman—a patriotic woman temporarily blinded by her patriotism to the deep menace of that blue edged collar. To take the bread an' butter out of the mouth of a girl whose bread an' butter depended—ab-so-lute-lee on selling waists at a profit. With a large engulfing sigh that was almost a sob and a series of hectic little shudders Miss Glaub wondered what the large man behind the glazed glass door was going to say. Would it be a warning—or would it be ——? Oh, if she had only stopped to think, but —— With a sudden rigidity of muscle, like a person entering a dentist's office, Miss Glaub turned the bronze knob and passed in.

The gentle reproachful look on the face of the merchandise manager as he bowed was an ominous sign. Mr. Harvey Bibker was a gentle man and kindly, and smiled out on a pleasant world on nearly all occasions; but there was nothing pleasant about losing money, especially when lost by some subordinate who could usually be counted upon for the exact opposite. It was a knife turning in the wound, to his gentle nature, to be reproachful; but he did not hesitate to do his duty.

He began in the usual Bibker fashion, which is to say that the body tilted back in the swivel chair, the hands formed a Gothic roof over the gentle rotundity of stomach, the eyes sought a strip of molding that ran across the ceiling above. "It really—er—seems too lovely a morning to talk about disagreeable things, but—er—sometimes we must. Now, this item of six thousand dollars for white Georgette waists—why doesn't it turn over more readily?"

Choosing quickly between injured innocence and tearful pleading, Miss Glaub used the former. "The reason they don't sell readily," she retorted, "is sim-plee because the women ain't buying them."

Mr. Bibker frowned. "We can take that for granted," he admonished heavily; "but as the responsibility is yours I—er—think that an explanation of the reasons both for their purchase and for their nonselling is due me."

Miss Glaub sensed the danger, but held to her original tone. "Sure there is!" she agreed. "I bought them sim-plee an' on-lee because at twenty dollars a dozen for that quality of material it was actually below the cost of the present wholesale market. Every one of those waists, Mr. Bibker, because of the quality an' workmanship, should retail at not less than four-eighty-five—not a penny less."

"But why then ——"

"At three-fifteen, the first price I marked them at, they were sim-plee marvelous values, an' at two-eighty-five, the price we next marked them at—why, Mr. Bibker, they were the most mar-ve-lous-ly tree-mendous bargains that the women of this town will ever get!"

"But—er—why, if this is all true, didn't they sell?"

Miss Glaub cast her dark eyes dramatically upward and let her two hands gracefully follow. Of course it was because of the deadly monotony of that blue-edged collar, but what people don't know don't hurt them—or other people.

"You got me!" she confessed finally.

For several minutes Mr. Bibker digested this admission in silence. Then with a quick jerk the large Bibker head came down to a normal level and Miss Glaub noticed with a sudden clutching of breath that the eyes that were turned directly toward her were coldly glazed—another ominous sign.

"Have I?" questioned the great man bluntly.

Quickly abandoning an attitude that was not bringing results, the siren of the waist department sniffled audibly. "O-o-oh, Mr. Bibker," she sobbed, "how can you say such a thing—to a poor working girl whose every thought is for the house an' business!"

Mr. Bibker coughed uneasily and his voice when he spoke was soft enough to indicate that tearful pleading should have been the mode of defense in the first place. "Er—don't get excited, Miss Glaub. I didn't—er—mean that as any insinuation against your loyalty, only ——"

"Only you thought that I ain't—wasn't"—another sniffle—"wide-awake as I might have been. That buyin' the best kind of waists at less than wholesale wasn't good judgment."

The Bibker head tilted back and the eyes sought the molding.

"No matter how cheap a thing is," he commented, "it isn't cheap if you cannot sell it again."

"But, Mr. Bibker, I am goin' to sell them!" Determination through glistening eyes.

But the picture of a charming lady in distress—painful distress—did not seem to affect the great man as it would Mr. Uthas Garbey, Mr. Nathan Rosewater or any of the other men she knew.

"How?" he demanded.

Fighting for time Miss Glaub raised a languid hand to snow-white brow and indicated thereby the shock this sudden lack of confidence had engendered in a naturally sensitive nature. Finally:

"Have I ever fallen down on the job, Mr. Bibker?"

"Er—no, but I ——"

"Have I ever asked the house to take any more than the usual end of the season mark-downs? Have I now, Mr. Bibker?"

"No, I can't say that; though several times it looked as though the house was going to lose on ——"

Miss Glaub leaned back with dignified calm: "You can't always tell from where you sit how your picture is goin' to look," she commented.

The great man was gracious enough to smile slightly at this. "So," he questioned the molding, "you've had a plan all along?"

With the fear of the cold glaze that would surely return to the now pleasant blue eyes if the answer was negative Miss Glaub lied promptly and bravely.

"I have," she said.

The great man was frankly beaming now. Once more the world was a kind place, where one could have confidence in the judgment of subordinates. "Fine!" he applauded. "Great! I might have known that you wouldn't squander the money of the house—that there must be some good sound business reason for buying merchandise—even if it was low priced—that apparently did not sell readily."

Wincing under the unconscious sting of that last sentence Miss Glaub quickly covered the outward signs of it with an elaborate yawn.

"Sure!" she said; but how the ears of a certain military waist salesman must have burned—yea, seared!—as the terrible things she thought flew through space.

Mr. Bibker was continuing to the molding. "It must be a splendid idea," he chuckled, "because, from what Morris in the advertising office said, the deadly monotony of those piles upon piles of waists with blue-edged collars was enough to drive any customer insane—not alone keep them from buying."

With a fair imitation of an amused little laugh she agreed, but mentally the humorous Morris was consigned to that special place of torture where those who play mean, dirty, little, peanut-office politics are confined. A sudden thought interrupted this pleasant consignment.

"Mr. Bibker, what—what if I hadn't had an idea?"

The head of the great man twisted as if the subject was disagreeable.

"We won't discuss that—now," he said.

"But, Mr. Bibker, I'd like to know; an' besides ——"

The Gothic arch parted and a hand went up in silent command. "Tell me the plan!"

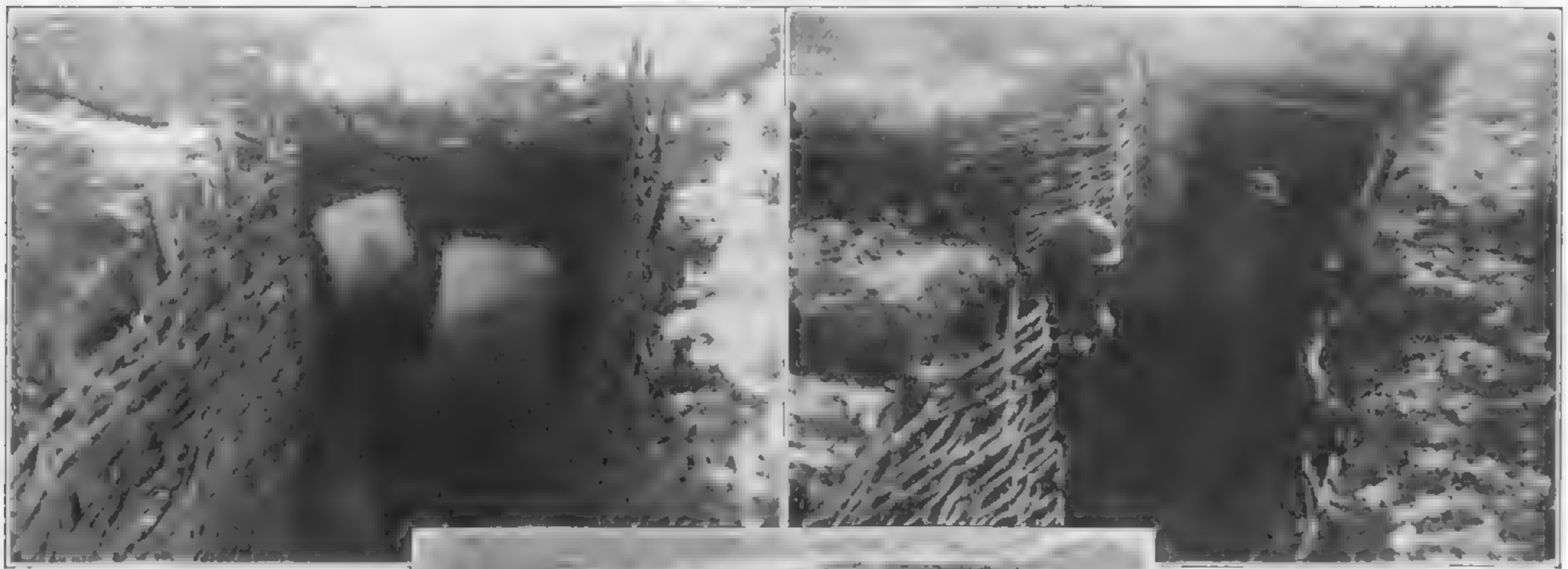
Once more the languid hand fought for time. "It ain't—that is, all the details ain't ready yet; an' furthermore ——"

(Continued on Page 85)

"Say, Mister," Said Miss Tupper—With Frank Suspicion—"Is This a Joke, or are You Merely Tryin' to Show Me a Good Time?"

GASSED—By MAJOR S. J. M. AULD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERMISSION OF THE GAS DEFENSE SERVICE



After the Gas Attack Trenches are Cleared of Gas by Means of Large Canvas Fans

The Blanket Protection of Gas-Proof Dugouts is Adjusted as Soon as the Alarm is Given

A Carrying Party in a Communication Trench Halts on Hearing the Gas Alarm. Respirators are Adjusted and the Party Moves On

THE final object in the training of men in defense against gas is that troops shall be able to protect themselves completely and as quickly as possible in all the multitudinous circumstances in which they may encounter the poisonous gas in the field. To attain this it is necessary to inspire confidence by letting them in as far as possible on the principles underlying the use of gas and the tactics which are adopted by the enemy; and, secondly, to bring their practical proficiency and discipline up to such a standard that they make the very best use of the apparatus that is given to them.

It must be remembered that one of the greatest difficulties in talking to people about gas is the mystery of it. Even educated people hardly understand the word "gas" in connection with war and are apt to think of coal gas and dentists' gas in consequence. The result is that the gas of the Germans was sometimes credited with all sorts of impossible qualities of movement and deadliness, and it can hardly be realized what alarm and distrust may exist in the raw recruit with regard to gas until he has been given some instruction. This is even as great a danger as the overconfidence of the veteran soldier, who may know just as little about it.

An Army of Specialists

MERE drilling and assertion are not sufficient to inspire confidence and acquire proportion, and it was realized very early that personal experience was needed. To gain this arrangements were made for every man to see and smell gas in concentrations that would at any rate produce severe discomfort if dwelt in for any length of time, and for each soldier subsequently to be exposed to gas while wearing a gas helmet in such a concentration that negligence in obeying orders or in using the smoke helmet correctly would lead to real danger to life. By this means confidence could be inspired in everybody, though there is always a certain danger due to recklessness among the more adventurous types.

Besides this it was necessary to give as many men as possible some idea of the common sense of the operations in which the army was being drilled. This could only be done by giving a clear idea of how the gas is used; how gas travels; where it accumulates; how it can be removed, and so on; and under what conditions a respirator or smoke helmet protects or ceases to protect its wearer. It was on these lines that instruction was built up; and to do it thoroughly it was found that a large number of instructors were required in order to train the officers and noncommissioned officers and to get them to treat their respirator with as great a respect as their rifle and to learn to carry it through a gas-defense drill in just as smart a manner as the ordinary arms.

For this purpose special schools of instruction were started at each army headquarters, and as many regimental officers and noncommissioned officers as possible were given a four or five days' course of gas training, so that they in their turn could go back to their regiments and spread the gospel, as the responsibility for getting things done must eventually fall upon them. Not only was it found impossible to provide specialist officers for each regiment or battalion, but it was recognized that such a procedure would have a bad effect on the gas-defense measures.

Gas defense was a matter which affected everybody and was in no way to be regarded as a specialist's job; battalions were already full of specialists. Indeed the colonels were apt to complain that they had nobody but specialists to command. There were bombers, snipers, signalers, machine gunners and sanitary men; and at that time the trench-mortar personnel was also a part of the infantry battalion. With all of these things the feeling was that if a job could be looked on as being a specialty it should be put on the specialist officer concerned, and nobody else worried about it much. Now if gas defense was to become Lieutenant Snook's job, it meant that it was going to be nobody else's job, and it was essential that the idea should grow up in the army that gas defense was a purely military matter and affected everybody.

What was said then is just as true to-day—that the defensive appliance is a certain protection if it is used properly and in time. Defense against gas is thus on an entirely different footing from defense against shells and bullets, where protection cannot be assured; and, to quote instructions on the subject: "For destructive effects gas must depend on surprise, on poor discipline or on defective appliances. Consequently gas casualties are preventable if the soldier is trained continually to exercise vigilance and is well drilled in the use and care of his respirator."

The basis of the whole thing, therefore, was that every officer should see that the men under his command were properly instructed in defensive measures against gas attacks, and that all orders on the subject were thoroughly understood. It was then up to the officers to see that their men could get their helmets on properly in the minimum time, and this involved considerable amount of drill practice. It was pointed out to the officers that since protection had been provided, those battalions which had been carefully instructed had come through practically unharmed, while those battalions in which instructions had been neglected suffered severely.

It was also up to the officers to explain to their men as much as they themselves had learned about gas clouds, and to impress on them, for example, that by moving to the rear they would move with the gas, and that if they got flurried they would breathe more deeply and would run much more risk of being gassed.

Besides these questions of instruction and drilling a lot of other arrangements had to be made, so that warning of German gas attacks should be spread in the quickest possible time. Arrangements were made to install alarms of various kinds in the trenches. Of course no reliance could be placed on any method of communication which involved the use of the lungs. A man cannot blow a bugle or a whistle while he has a helmet on, and if he waited to give a signal by such a method before protecting himself he would be almost certain to be gassed. What was done was to place bells and gongs made from shell cases up and down the trenches.

The Various Gas Alarms

AT FIRST these were rather futile things, the bells generally being much too small—some of them merely cow bells. The shell cases were a bit better and are still used for local alarms; but the arrangements for giving warning were not really very good at that time. The best devices were a number of motor horns, which were obtained locally, but the supply was insufficient and there was no general issue. Later on the alarm arrangements were tremendously improved. In some cases signal lights were used, but so many different kinds of rockets were already employed for signaling to the rear that there was great difficulty in finding a light sufficiently distinctive. There was also the danger that it could be quickly copied by the boche, who would thus amuse himself by giving us all kinds of shocks from false alarms.

Quite as important as the provision of signals was the making of observations to see when the wind was in a dangerous quarter. This was done partly at the meteorological stations at headquarters and partly on the front line itself. The latter was regarded at the time as the most important, and orders were given that each unit in the front line should rig up some kind of wind vane and learn to ascertain the strength of the wind, so that they should be immediately prepared for an attack whenever the wind was in a dangerous quarter.

Wind vanes in the trenches were of the simplest types and a great deal of ingenuity was displayed in fitting up weathercocks that would be capable of turning in really low wind—say, one with a speed of only two miles an hour. The bearings for the central rod were the greatest difficulty, but it was found that by boring out a rifle bullet a sharp pointed stick or a thick piece of wire could be got to revolve in the hollow bullet quite easily, what remained of the lead core acting as a kind of lubrication.

The greatest nuisance of these wind vanes at first was that they were made so generally obtrusive that they could be seen from the enemy's lines, and they nearly always drew fire from snipers, and sometimes actually from the artillery. Presumably the enemy thought that where the wind vanes were installed company headquarters were probably situated. The position of the wind vanes consequently had to be chosen so that the direction and speed of the wind would be measured several feet above the ground without the apparatus being too obvious. One of the simplest types of vane adopted, and one which could hardly be seen from any distance, was a bit of a stick to the end of which was tied ten to twelve inches of thin thread with a tiny bit of cotton wool at the end. When the wind is blowing the direction taken by the thread shows the line of the wind fairly exactly, and the behavior of the cotton wool in rising and falling indicates the strength of the wind. The latter, however, was supposed to be measured by reference to Beaufort's scale, which depends on the movement in wind of natural objects. Beaufort's scale, which was devised long ago by an English admiral of that name, is as follows:

Smoke moves straight up, speed of wind is *nil;* smoke slants, speed is two miles an hour; the wind is felt on the face, speed is five miles; paper, etc., move about, speed is ten miles; bushes are seen to sway, speed is fifteen miles; tree tops sway and wavelets are formed on water, speed is twenty miles; tree tops sway and whistle, speed is thirty miles.

All of these arrangements for training and equipment of the troops were hurried on as quickly as possible, but at the same time sight was not lost of the probability of the Germans' using gases different from the chlorine which had originally formed their stand-by. It was felt that a good all-round protection should be capable of keeping out not only chlorine and similar gases but also others which were quite likely to come into use.

Rumors of New Terrors

DURING the whole of this time we were getting a lot of information from the intelligence branch as to materials which the Germans were making for use against us in their next gas attacks. Some of this information was really farcical, but on the other hand some of it was very good and helped to confirm the conclusions to which our own scientists were coming as to the likelihood or unlikelihood of particular gases. In the former category may be classed one story which came to us containing a very circumstantial description of some experiments which were stated to have been carried out in Berlin. These trials were stated to have been made in what we considered a very proper place, namely, Hagenbeck's menagerie, where, in the presence of a large number of military representatives, a new gas was tried out.

A noncommissioned officer appeared with a tank of the gas on his back, the spraying nozzle coming out under his arm. A camel and an elephant were brought out. The noncommissioned officer advanced toward them, and at twenty paces' distance he pressed down the lever on the tank and out came some small black bubbles of gas, which floated down the wind toward the fated animals. The bubbles burst, giving off a yellow vapor, and the minute this vapor came in contact with the camel and the elephant the beasts dropped down dead!

This sounded very terrible, but even in the conditions we were at the time it was not taken too seriously, and of course nothing of this kind has ever made its appearance.

Another story which commenced to make its appearance at that time and which we have heard a great deal about ever since was that the Germans were busy making prussic acid in enormous quantities for a huge offensive which was to finish the war. It was stated that the Kaiser had at last been persuaded to use this terrible weapon in order by its use to finish the war at once and prevent needless suffering.

When they first made their appearance stories with regard to prussic acid had to be taken a great deal more seriously than those like the "little black bubbles." For one thing we were unprotected against prussic acid, and for another it was known of course to be an extremely deadly poison. Indeed before the war it was regarded as the most poisonous vapor known, so a great deal of weight was attached to these statements, and experiments were at once put on foot to find protection against prussic acid and to see exactly how poisonous it was compared with other gases.

As a matter of fact prussic acid has not been used by the Germans simply because it is not poisonous enough. It is not so poisonous, for example, as phosgene, and a lot of captured German documents showing the relative toxicity of different vapors always put it on a rather low basis. It was this and not a desire to avoid utter barbarity which decided the Germans not to use it. The ordinary German soldiers, just like ourselves, still consider prussic acid as the most dangerous possible material, and whenever they have a story to tell of a new gas being invented or being got ready to use against us they will tell you in awestruck tones that it is prussic acid.

The most valuable piece of information which we got was a complete set of notes of some very secret lectures given to specially selected senior officers at a conference in Germany. We gathered that this conference was held behind closed doors and triple lines of sentries, and all that kind of thing, and I cannot of course indicate how the information came into our hands, but there it was. It described a lot of new gases which had been considered, and stated among other things that they intended to make a big gas attack against either the French or ourselves in Flanders in December, 1915, sometime before Christmas when the wind was favorable. For this purpose they were going to use a mixture of chlorine with another gas, phosgene—the amount of phosgene to be twenty per cent of the whole.

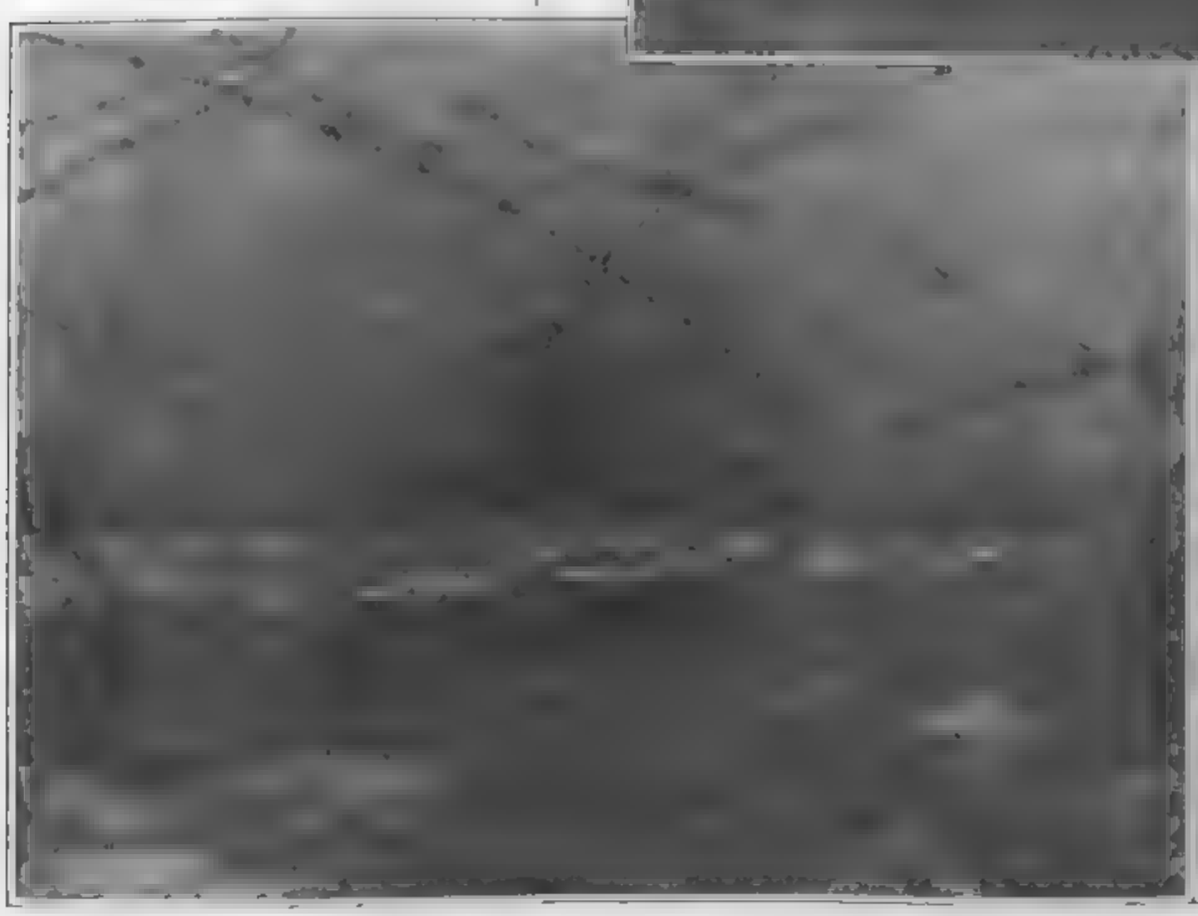
Protection Against Phosgene

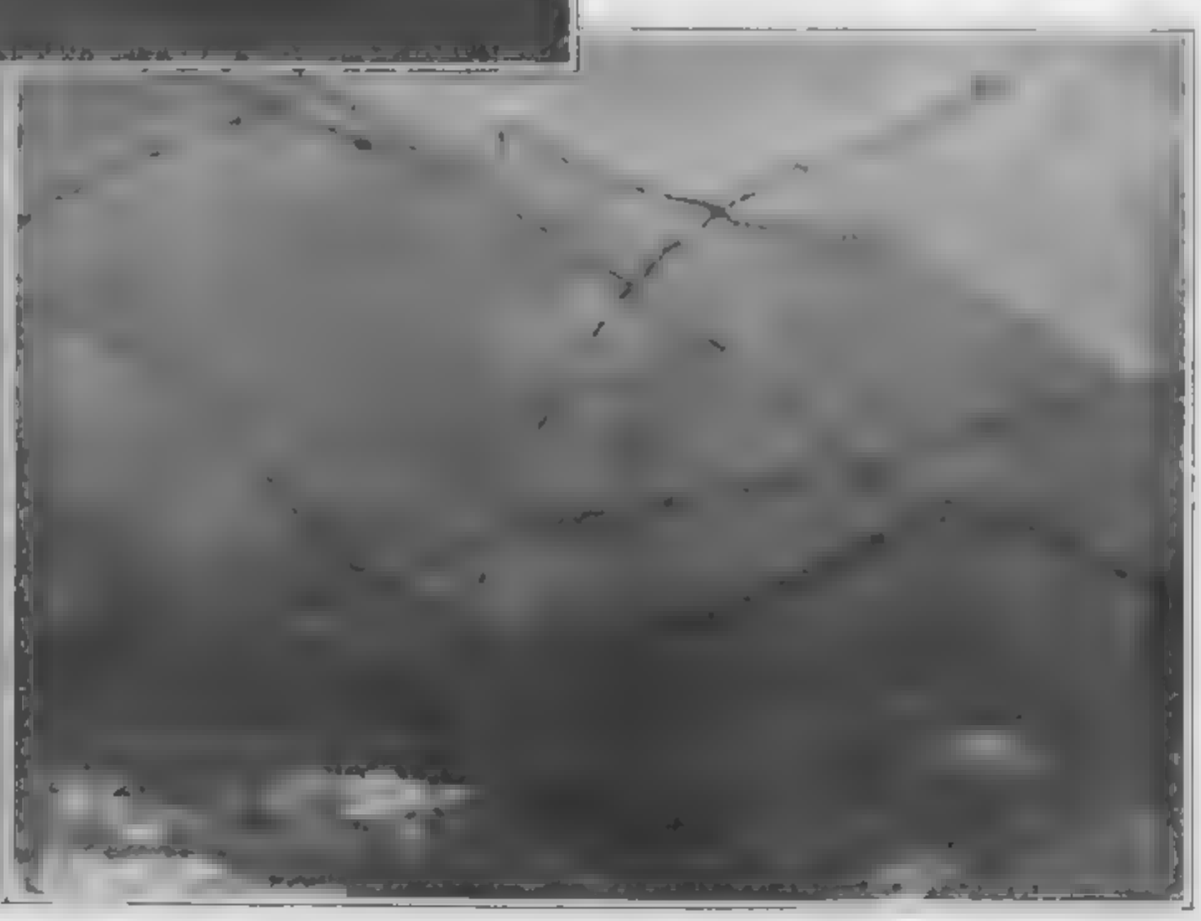
NOW phosgene had been realized by our own chemists as a very likely gas to be used. I cannot say that it is more poisonous than chlorine, but it is infinitely more deadly because it is much more difficult to protect against and is more insidious in its nature. For one thing, though it is an asphyxiant like chlorine it is possible for a man to be only slightly gassed and think he is all right, and then, especially if he takes any exercise in between, to fall dead several hours later from heart failure.

The information was so complete that our arrangements to provide a helmet which would protect against phosgene were hastened as much as possible; and it was as well that they were, for the attack actually did come off just about the time and place mentioned, in the Ypres salient.

It was realized of course that any change in protection would have to include both prussic acid and phosgene; and this is not nearly so easy as it sounds. Phosgene is peculiarly chemically inert for such an active poison, and it was some time before a reasonable protection was found which could be incorporated in a smoke helmet. The substance actually decided upon was a solution of sodium phenate—that is, carbolic acid dissolved in caustic soda, the mixture containing an excess of caustic. This solution is quite capable of dealing with reasonable concentrations of phosgene and would successfully protect against three parts of phosgene to ten thousand of the air, which in the circumstances was quite good enough. The French also altered their protection at the same time and used sodium sulphanilate as the basis of protection against phosgene. The objections against the sodium phenate were that it could not be absorbed into a flannel helmet owing to its

(Continued on Page 101)





A German Gas Cloud Approaching Over No Man's Land About Three Seconds After the Attack Started

A View of the Same Attack Five Seconds Later. This Photograph Was Taken Actually in the Gas Cloud

Above—A Working Party Calmly Waiting, During the Passage of the Gas Cloud, to Resume Work

TOWARD MORNING

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XI

IT WAS the *Grossbauer's* son, Veit Thomas, who told them. He had been elected *Stubenälteste*, and thanks to the arrival of fat hampers from the *Hof* above Titisee there existed between him and the *Herr Feldwebel* a subtle understanding highly agreeable to both parties. Whoever else suffered injustice in the platoon, it was not the big peasant. Nor, for that matter, did he escape justice, for even the *Feldwebel* could not stop the inflexible working of the machine—and therein lay its strength. But petty persecution, the additional burdens which were in the *Unteroffizier's* power to bestow, never fell to Veit Thomas' lot. Moreover, he was the sure channel for all the rumors and scandals of the regiment.

"Yes," he said as he leaned against the lintel of the dormitory window and watched the *Oberbahnwärter's* son polish his boots for him with moody discontent; "fifty miles is what they're going to squeeze out of us. And if we don't play up it will cost our little officers fifty bottles of fizz a bottle for every mile. You'll see how they'll hound us along."

The *Oberbahnwärter's* son lifted a white face from his task.

"Fifty miles! Why, I've never done twenty. Fifteen knocked me all to bits."

"And there are to be no stragglers either." Thomas nodded maliciously. "Each straggler means a pint less for the winners. Don't you worry—when your legs fail they'll kick you along!"

There was a moment's heavy silence.

"They say that General von Dering is to act as referee," the *Gefreiter* began, not to be outdone in superior knowledge; "and the Emperor himself is interested. Of course it's all unofficial, but you know what that means. If we win, the *Herr Oberst* can begin thinking about himself as brigadier; if we don't he'll wake up one morning with a top hat on. There's no room in this world for people who don't pull a thing off."

"And what do we get out of it either way?" someone asked.

"Sore feet!" An exasperated murmur assented.

"What the devil do they mean by it? Just because they get drunk at a mess dinner—and brag—and gamble. Let them gamble with their dirty money—not with us!"

The Mannheimer sprang up violently from his berth, where he had been crouching with his thin burnt-out face hidden in his hands.

"And if you were half men you wouldn't stand it!" he shouted at them. "If I had some of my comrades here we'd soon put a stop to it. We'd strike. We'd have some of these fine fellows up against a wall."

Veit Thomas raised himself. He came across the room heavily, menacingly.

"'You stop that!" he said. "I'll not have that sort of talk here. I'm a Kaiser's man. Besides it's all gas! When the time comes your bandy legs will step out like the rest."

They laughed irritably. The Mannheimer glared round the circle of angry, contemptuous faces. He shook his fist futilely.

"You wait!" he said between his teeth. "'You wait!"

So it came to the knowledge of the Twelfth Platoon that the Grenadier Regiment stationed at Karlstadt had backed themselves to reach a certain village midway between the two garrisons an hour sooner than the Forty-fifth, and that the officers of the Forty-fifth had sworn to have their men quartered before the dust of the Grenadiers showed on the highroad.

There was no official announcement. The reason for the forced march concerned the men as little as its destination concerns the engines of a ship. Nevertheless the whole temper of the regiment changed. The exasperating monotony was gone like mist before a strong wind. The brooding, peevish faces of the officers lit up with purpose. They moved with quick firm steps. The men grumbled—but now for the first time beneath the unfeeling character of their training there showed the stealthily forged chain which linked man to man—officers to men. Willing or unwilling, hating or indifferent—they were a whole. The herd instinct, deliberately fostered, blazed up, consuming the individual with his indolence and cowardice to ashes.

The colonel harangued the whole regiment on parade. The staccato sentences warned them that there was to be no straggling—no falling out.

In the chill drizzle of a winter's morning they swung, four deep, through the barrack gates. Each man carried his full campaigning kit—overcoat, loaded haversack and rifle. The captains on horseback at the head of their companies, the subalterns on foot with drawn swords saluted the grim watching figure of their colonel.

The villagers standing sleepily in their doorways waved to them. The band played them out merrily.

They marched on, singing. The first ten miles was nothing to the rawest recruit. The rain, soddening their heavy overcoats and trickling from the rims of their helmets, was an old enemy, worse hated than the sun, but as yet their blood was warm and their muscles supple. Nor was the pace set sharper than usual. It was not speed that was to bring them victory.

They sang. When one company wearied another caught up the refrain. To the curious marked rhythm of their songs they rolled the miles behind them.

They looked for the midday rest. It did not come. At two o'clock they knew that there was to be no halt. They ate their rations as they marched. And now for the first time there dawned on their stolid faces an almost animal look of fear and trouble.

The drizzle had become a downpour. The soaked overcoats slopped heavily against their knees. The course of their blood, slackening in weariness, could not stand against the penetrating cold that crept up their limbs. Songs gave place to uneasy mutterings; mutterings to silence.

The gray afternoon faded into twilight—night itself. Like a black serpent the regiment wound its way down into a narrow valley flooded with swollen mountain streams. The first company churned the slush to a sticky paste in which those who followed slipped and staggered drunkenly. Underofficers stumbled up and down the line flashing their electric torches into the dripping dead-white faces, cursing with voices broken with fatigue. Blows fell in the darkness—passively received by bodies almost dead to feeling.

The officers marched on immovably. They carried themselves erect, with expressionless, insolent faces, as though they stood above the reach of hunger and exhaustion. Now and then a word of command slashed through the soaking obscurity like the cut of a whip.

At first Helmut had marched willingly, almost thankfully. These long marches were a strange relief to him. Then his loneliness seemed less poignant. One could not be happy or unhappy. One could not even think. One was just a body that marched and marched. And afterward one slept without a dream.

But now a dull anger smoldered in him. With every leaden mile it gathered fierceness. It was as though it fed on his wretchedness, blazing higher and higher. He hated the men who for an idle boast born of their own boredom had doomed them to this torture. He hated the stupid, will-less bodies that lurched against him, throwing him from his stride. He could have murdered them. It gave him pleasure to thrust them brutally back into their places. His inflamed fancy conjured up delicious visions of a machine gun mowing them down in swaths.

A light flashed. It was the little lieutenant, Müller. Weariness had pinched his round boyish face into unfamiliar lines. There was a comic splash of mud on his cheek.

"*Kopf hoch, Kinder!* Only another mile or two!"

He had come back to say that; he had left his place just to encourage them—when every step counted. Helmut wondered at the strangeness of his own voice.

"*Jawohl—Herr Leutnant!*"

The lieutenant nodded and smiled.

"*Stramme Kerls!*"

He vanished, splashing into darkness.

The *Oberbahnwärter's* son marched at Helmut's side. While daylight lasted he had kept up a sullen silence, but now that the night hid them from each other he weakened. Perhaps he forgot who was his companion. But at heart he was a kindly, good-natured little fellow who ostracized Helmut only because it was the easiest thing to do.

His voice sounded faint and distant:

"Do you think it will ever come to an end, comrade?"

"Oh, yes—it can't be much farther. The *Herr Leutnant* said so. Is anything wrong?"

"I don't know. There's a pain under my ribs. If I stopped I should fall down."

"Give me your rifle. I am stronger than you."

"No—no, comrade."

"No one will see. Come, do as I say!"

The boy sighed.

"Thank you—thank you."

Suddenly an electric wave thrilled along the staggering line. They straightened up like men waking from a stupor. The ranks closed up. Somewhere ahead a light glimmered.

"The signal! They've not arrived yet!"

"In sight."

"Fifty miles; twenty-three hours."

"I've Had Enough. That's Why I'm Not Getting Up. I've Been Driven Like a Beast. In the Name of My Suffering Comrades Over the Whole World—I Protest!"

"The Grenadiers—they say—two miles off."

An underofficer ran down the column bellowing fiercely: "Sing! Sing, will you—or "

They sang. It was like a miracle. The faint, sickly light of morning showed in the east as they thundered into the village victorious, at parade step, caked in mud, with blank faces.

The general took their salute standing on the steps of the little inn. He greeted the officers who stood about him, stiffly erect, their hands to their helmets. Soaked and mud-splashed as they were, they retained an invincible immaculateness.

"*Ich gratuliere, meine Herren.* Magnificent record! The Emperor will be delighted."

It was fortunate that the *Oberbahnwärter's* son stood in the second rank. No one except the two men on either side of him saw him fall. He slid down quietly, rather comically—like a sawdust doll whose stuffing has run out.

They dared not move to help him. And it was not until five minutes later, when the general had finished his harangue, that they knew exactly what had happened.

From the inn across the way came music. The Grenadier band, which had come by train, was playing a song from Der Walzetraum:

Mädel fein—mädel mein,
Giebt sich drein, sagt nicht nein—

In the intervals they could hear voices, laughter. They imagined the click of glasses, the warm delicious flow of red wine from dusty bottles, the golden sparkle of native *Sekt*, the lights and glitter and warmth.

They lay there, seeing and hearing these things with their inflamed souls. There was no sleep. Their bodies were agony to them—a dull persistent agony that kept them tossing and twisting in the straw with the muffled sighs of exhausted cattle. Someone had tried to kindle a fire in the corner of the barn and they had huddled round the pitiful blaze, holding their stiff blue hands out to it in a kind of supplication. But the wood was wet and the flames shriveled and grew pale, throwing up a film of smoke through which the circle of faces showed dim and unreal. Now the light died out wholly and each man was alone.

"My feet—my feet!"

The sudden whimper stung them to fury. They were worn threadbare. Their outer defenses were gone. Their raw nerves quivered and twitched. They were ready to fall on each other for a word.

"Curse you! Shut your face! Do you think you're the only one?"

"I've got feet, too, haven't I? Bloody feet; stuck to my boots, they have. I heard the blood squelching."

"And that damned haversack. I can put my fingers in the grooves on my shoulders."

"Some people seem to think they've got all the trouble."

"Well, why don't they stick us where we could get dry? It's this cold—it bites into one—like a dog's tooth."

"Much they care! Dirty devils the whole lot. If there was a war I know whom I'd plug first."

"Animal torture—that's what it is."

"Bah! D'you think they'd let their horses rot in the wet and cold?"

"Hark at them over there, with their blasted music!" Someone giggled hysterically.

"That's out of the Walzetraum. I heard it last year at the summer theater. It's a fine song."

He began to sing in a cracked falsetto:

"'*Niemand kann tanzen wie meine Frau* ——.'"

They screamed at him, shaking their fists.

"Stop that noise! How is one to get to sleep?"

"Well, we're not sleeping anyhow. Might as well be jolly."

"To-morrow they'll march us back."

"Not me! Not on my bloody stumps! I'll see them damned."

"Listen: They're toasting someone now."

"It's the regiment." The speaker assumed a satirical, nasal intonation: "'*Meine Herren—das fünf und vierzigste Regiment Kaiserin Augusta—es lebe hoch!*' There, can't you hear 'em?

"That's the *Herr Major* speaking. I can see his turkey-cock face from here."

"*Herr Je!* The regiment!"

An awed silence fell upon them. The storm sank. They sat still, listening. The Grenadiers' trumpeter sent a deep thrilling fanfare into the night, and then a wave of subdued applause came across the street to the huddled listeners.

"Drinking our healths!"

"Don't you believe it!"

"Why not? We're the regiment, too, aren't we?"

"They may well! Fifty miles in twenty-three hours."

"An infantry regiment of the line whacking the Grenadiers! Ho, ho!"

"They've sent a telegram to the Emperor."

"Who cares? He hasn't got blisters as big as hen's eggs on his feet."

"I saw the Emperor once—at Wiesbaden—with his staff. *Herr Je!* How they shone. The Emperor rode down the line of troops. He said 'Good morning, soldiers!' and they shouted back 'Good morning, Your Majesty!' I thought I'd be glad when I was a soldier too."

"My grandfather talks about the old Emperor. He cries when he talks about him; he's very old now. The Emperor pinned the cross on his breast with his own hands.

"That was at Versailles in 1871. The cross hangs on the wall in our sitting room, but when grandfather goes to meet his old comrades in the Kriegerverein he wears it."

"Ah, yes—those were great days!"

Their voices were growing clearer. They seemed to be coming out of some thick muffling fog.

"These are great days too. People used to make fun of us Germans. They don't laugh now."

"No; they're afraid."

"The lieutenant says that one day we shall beat them all. God means us to—because we're stronger and braver and can suffer more."

"That's why they put 'God with us' on the coins. The Lord God loves brave men."

"My grandfather says it's a glorious thing to be a German soldier and to die for one's fatherland."

"When I go home on leave I shall wear my best uniform. In church people will look at me. They will nudge each other. 'There's young Brentfeld. He's in the Forty-fifth, the regiment that did fifty miles in twenty-three hours and was congratulated by the Emperor.' My girl will be so proud. My brother was rejected and his girl broke it off. She was ashamed."

They smiled in the darkness—each man with his own vision.

"*Ach ja*—it's a grand thing!"

A new voice broke in querulously:

"Soldiers are just cannon fodder. They, over there—I tell you they're not thinking about us."

"But it was we who did it!" he was answered fiercely. "We did it!"

"We damn well had to; they made us."

"Something made them, too. They're human—sort of. Besides, they couldn't have made us—not if we hadn't meant to."

"Yes; that's queer. Look here, I'll tell you something: I meant to drop out. I made up my mind. I didn't care—what's a few days' cells compared to this? But when it came to the point I had to stick it out—I had to. Something got hold of me."

"Yes, that's it. One can't stop; one can't get out."

They brooded for a while over the thing which had possessed them—which possessed them now in spite of all their misery. Then a voice broke out again:

"Little Schneider went all the way; and he'd never done twenty miles."

They stirred uneasily in their straw. They began to whisper, as though they were afraid of being overheard.

"He dropped, though, when it was all over."

"They—they say he's dead."

"Heart failure."

"He knew he couldn't do it. He told me."

"But he couldn't drop out, either."

A sigh rose out of the darkness.

"Well—that's life. We Germans have got to be strong. The weak chaps have got to be weeded out somehow."

"A good thing too. Up at the *Hof* we don't breed pigs off a rotten stock. We kill 'em off. Well, this'll be something to tell the old man. They didn't do fifty miles like that in his day."

"*Ach*, now you're beginning to brag! A minute ago you were ready to shoot 'em for what they've done to us. And what are you bragging about? Because you've stuck it out like a horse that goes till he drops, to please the beast that rides him? Because they've squeezed the life out of one of us? Is that why you're inflating yourself, Veit Thomas? You whipped hounds! You growl, but you like licking the boot that kicks you. You'd cheer a monkey so long as he wore a helmet and pranced to a military band. *Pfui!* You make me sick!"

They turned savagely toward the voice.

"Hold your tongue! We know all about you."

"You're a brave fellow when there's no one looking."

"Tell us about the proletariat and how you're going to make people walk on their heads."

"Why don't you do as you say?"

"Yes, spit in the *Herr Feldwebel's* face next time you see him."

"Then p'raps we'll listen."

They jeered hysterically; for he had laid hands on the thing that justified and glorified their misery. If it was not a holy, splendid thing then they were madmen. Their world would collapse about their ears. There would be nothing left but their bleeding feet and aching limbs.

(Continued on Page 23)

"Then in Your Opinion, Herr Kamerad, the Life of a Swine of a Socialist is Worth More Than the Honor of Your Regiment?"

SHOOTING STARS

By William A. Bishop
V. C., D. S. O., M. C.

ALL of June was marked by the most perfect weather. The prevailing strong west winds stopped and a light breeze blew constantly from the east. Some days there was hardly a stir in the air. From dawn until sundown there was rarely a cloud in the sky, and though the heat waves from the effect of the sun on the earth made flying very rough when near the ground the days were wonderful and we all felt like kings.

The mornings were very busy, as there were many calls to chase away hostile aircraft, but the afternoons we generally had to ourselves, and though it was necessary to stay right on the aërodrome we found many amusements there.

The mess was situated on the very edge of the aërodrome and about twenty yards from a farmhouse which possessed the most extraordinary farmyard I have ever seen. There were pigeons by the hundreds and all kinds of fowl possible to imagine. A small pond in the middle of the farmyard afforded exercise and amusement for a flock of ducks. The raising of pigs, however, seemed to be the farmer's great specialty, and to these pigs I owe many amusing hours.

Using a French boy to help us on one occasion we secured a large sow. Upon her we painted black crosses—a huge black cross on her nose, a little one on each ear and a large one on each side. Then on her back we painted the name of a German ace. So that the other pigs would recognize that she was indeed a leader we tied a leader's streamer on her tail. This trailed for some three feet behind her as she walked, and is exactly the same sort of thing that the leader of a patrol of aëroplanes uses so he can be identified.

When the sow returned to the farmyard everything else there immediately concentrated its attention upon the weird sight. Chickens, ducks, pigs and geese all followed the big sow as she walked round. It was certainly a successful circus for our porcine friend, and every time she moved round that farmyard she had a good following of admirers.

However, dogs were our special favorites as far as pets were concerned, and every stray dog we could find we would pick up and bring home. They were all good dogs, and I remember well when little Kate, whom we had raised from a puppy, was lost. We all felt very badly for days. She was reported in the squadron books as "missing," as she had gone out and had not returned.

By way of sports we played tennis a great deal and did considerable riding, two good horses having been lent to the squadron for that purpose. Then, too, as the place seemed to be infested with rats, we managed to get together some good ratting parties and with the help of some of the dogs had many successful hunts. Another sport, and a very good one, was to take a 22-caliber rifle and try to shoot individual pigeons on the wing. It was a very hard thing to do and required much practice. This sport was much encouraged, as it was the very best practice in the world for the eye of a man whose business it is to fight mechanical birds in the air.

The Joy Stick

BY THIS time I had learned nearly all of the fundamental principles of fighting in the air and had more or less decided upon exactly what tactics were best for me to use. I also realized the exact limit of my ability in carrying these various tactics out, and in fighting acted accordingly. I was more than ever firmly resolved now that having got so far in the game and past its most dangerous stages I would take no foolish risks but continue to wait for the best opportunities. It was very hard to restrain oneself at times, but from the middle of May until I left France, in August, I lost only one man out of my patrol killed, and he was shot down on an expedition when I was not with him.

When flying alone, on a day off or something like that, I took queer chances, it is true, but flying with the patrols, we often let opportunities slip by because they were not quite good enough; but when the right ones came we were quick to seize them and were nearly always successful.

I had learned that the most important thing in fighting was the shooting; next,

A Scout Aëroplane Being Prepared for a Moonlight Flight

the various tactics in coming into the fight; and last of all, flying ability itself. The shooting I practiced constantly and became more and more expert at it, with the result that finally I had great confidence in myself and knew for a certainty that if I only could get in a shot from one of two of my favorite positions I should be successful in downing my opponent.

To those who have never seen a war machine I would explain that to control one the pilot has to manipulate but a single lever, which we call the "joy stick." It is very much like the lever with which you shift gears on an automobile, but it moves in four directions. If you should want your machine to go down the instinctive move would be to lean the body forward. Therefore the fighting aëroplane is so rigged that when the pilot pushes the joy stick forward the nose of the machine points down. In the same way if he pulls the joy stick back the nose goes up and the machine climbs at any angle he wants it to. In turning it is necessary to bank the machine, otherwise it will skid outward. It is also just as necessary that the machine be not banked too much. This is one of the first things a pupil is taught when learning to fly.

The joy stick also controls the banking. By moving it to either side you can tilt up whichever wing is desired. At his feet the pilot has a rudder bar, which controls the horizontal direction of the machine. If he pushes his left foot forward and banks slightly the machine turns slowly to the left. To go to the right there are only necessary a push with the right foot and a slight bank. The pilot thus has both feet on the rudder bar, holds the joy stick with his right hand, and with his left controls the engine of the machine by holding the throttle in his hand. He is always able to do anything he wishes with either the engine or the machine itself. When firing the gun he simply moves his thumb slightly along the joy stick and presses the lever which pulls the trigger.

To be able to fight well a pilot must be able to have absolute control over his machine. He must know by the feel of it exactly how the machine is, what position it is in and how it is flying, so that he may maneuver rapidly and at the same time watch his opponent or opponents. He must be able to loop, turn his machine over on its back and do various other flying stunts; not that these are actually necessary during a combat, but from the fact that he has done these things several times he gets absolute confidence and when the fight comes along he is not worrying about how the machine will act. He can devote all his time to fighting the other fellow, the flying part of it coming instinctively.

Why Gunnery Comes First

THIS, the flying part, though perhaps the hardest to train a man for, is the least important factor in aërial fighting. A man's flying ability may be perfect. He may be able to control the machine and handle it like no one else on earth, but if he goes into a fight and risks his life many times to get into the right position for a good shot and then upon arriving there cannot hit the mark he is useless. Unable to shoot his opponent down he must risk his life still more in order to get out and away from the enemy. That is why I put aërial gunnery down as the most important factor in fighting in the air.

Tactics is next in importance because by the proper use of the best tactics it is so easy to help eliminate risks and also so easy to put the enemy at a great disadvantage. Surprise is always to be aimed for. Naturally if you can surprise the enemy and get into a proper position to shoot before he is aware of your presence it simplifies matters tremendously, and there should be no second part to the fight. But it is a very hard thing to do, as every fighting man in the air is constantly on the lookout for enemy machines. To surprise him requires a tremendous amount of patience and many failures before one is ever successful. A point to know is the fact that it is easier to surprise a formation of four or six than it is to surprise one or two. This is probably because the greater number feel more confidence in their ability to protect themselves, and also are probably counting upon each other to do a certain amount of the looking out.

When flying alone or with just one other it is always a case of constantly turning round in your seat, turning your machine to right or left, looking above and round or below you all the time. It is a very tiring piece of work, so it is but natural that when you have three or four other men behind you you spend more time looking in the direction where you hope the enemy machines are if you want to attack them, and to looking at any interesting sights on the ground.

In ordinary fight or duel we had tactics of course to suit the occasion. The great thing was never to let the enemy's machine get behind you, or on your tail. Once he reaches there it is very hard to get him off, as every turn and every move you make he makes with you. By the same token it is exactly the position into which you wish to get, and once there you must constantly strive for a shot as well as look out for attacks from other machines that may be near.

A Zeppelin Brought Down by the Royal Flying Corps

It is well if you are against odds never to stay long after one machine. If you concentrate on him for more than a fraction of a second some other Hun has a chance to get a steady shot at you, without taking any risks himself. To hit a machine when it is flying at right angles to you across your nose is very hard. It requires a good deal of judgment in knowing just how far ahead of him to aim. It is necessary to hit the pilot himself and not the machine to be successful, and also necessary to hit the pilot in the upper part of the body, where it will be more certain to put him completely out of action at once. When a machine goes into flames it is largely a matter of luck, as it means that several of your bullets have pierced the petrol tank and ignited the vapor escaping from it.

In our tactics we used this cross shot, as it is called, considerably; mainly when, after a combat had been broken off for some reason, guns having jammed or the engine running badly, it became necessary to escape. Upon turning to flee your opponent is able to get a direct shot at you from behind. This is decidedly dangerous; so watching carefully over your shoulder and judging the moment he will open fire you turn your machine quickly so as to fly at right angles to him; his bullets will generally pass behind you during the maneuver. The next thing to do is to turn facing him and open with your cross fire.

In fighting in company with other machines of your own squadron one must be very careful to avoid collisions, and it is also necessary to watch all of them carefully as well as the enemy, because it is a code of honor to help out any comrade who is in distress, and no matter how serious the consequences may seem there is only one thing to do—dash straight in and at least lend moral support to him. In one case I had a captain out of my own squadron, a New Zealander, come eight miles across the lines after both his guns had choked and he was entirely useless as a fighting unit, just to try and bluff away seven of the enemy who were attacking me. It was unnecessary in this case as I had the upper hand of the few machines that were really serious about the fight, but it was a tremendously brave act on his part as he ran great risks of being killed while absolutely unable to defend himself.

The Interrupted Tennis Match

ALL fights vary slightly in the tactics required, and it is necessary to think quickly and act instantly. When a large number of machines are engaged one great thing is always to be the upper man—that is to be slightly higher than your particular opponent. With this extra height it is quite easy to dive upon him and it makes maneuvering much easier. If, as is often the case, you are the under dog it is a very difficult position and requires great care to carry on the fight with any chance of success. Every time your opponent attempts to dive at you or attack you in any way the best thing to do is to turn on him, pull the nose of your machine up and fire.

Often while fighting it is necessary to attack a machine head-on until you seem to be just about to crash in midair. Neither machine wants to give way, and collisions have been known to occur while doing this. We prided ourselves that we hardly ever gave way and the German was usually the first to swerve. At the last moment one of you must dodge up and the other down, and there is great danger of your both doing the same thing, which of course is fatal. It is perhaps one of the most thrilling moments in fighting in the air when you are only one hundred yards apart and coming together at colossal speed, spouting bullets at each other as fast as you can.

Once you have passed you must turn instantly, to keep your opponent from getting a favorable position behind you, and then carry on the fight in the usual series of turns and maneuvers. An extraordinary feature of these fights which occupied any length of time and entailed such maneuvering was the fact that they were generally undecisive, one machine or the other finally deciding that for some reason or other it must quit and make good its escape. In nearly all cases where machines have been downed it was during a fight that had been very short, and the successful burst of fire had occurred within the space of a minute after the beginning of actual hostilities.

We were greatly excited over the fact that in a few weeks we expected to have a new type of machine—a much faster and better one all round. It also had two guns instead of one, which made a great difference—so night and day we dreamed and thought of these new machines and the time we should have when they arrived.

Returning at Sunset From a Photographic Reconnaissance

Reconnaissance on the French Front

The next week was a quiet one, only a few Huns being seen, and the engagements we had were short ones at long ranges. But on the evening of the tenth of July we had a most interesting time. The day had been very cloudy and there had been no flying. My patrol was detailed for a job at seven o'clock that evening, but when that time arrived the clouds were so low we decided it would not be worth while going up, so all roamed down to the tennis court. The weather became a bit clearer when we had just finished three or four games of a set. It was part of a tournament we were playing, and quite an interesting game was on when suddenly a messenger came down with the news that six machines were to leave the ground. We all ran to our machines. We were still in our white flannels, and dressed more for comfort than for a fight in the air. There was no time to change, however, so into the machines we crawled and started aloft. The major, deciding there must be some excitement in the air, otherwise we would not have been sent out, decided to follow us.

The Major Opens Fire

TWENTY minutes after we had been told on the tennis court that a job was on hand we sighted some Huns flying slightly above us. It was now a wonderful evening, everything clear as crystal, and one could not but feel that such a thing as a German should not be allowed in the sky to spoil the beauty of the dying day. So, regardless of position or tactics of any kind I led straight into the German formation. They were evidently a new squadron on that part of the Front. They were flying machines of a bright green—machines that I had never seen before. However, they were no more courageous than most of their comrades, and when they saw us coming though they had every advantage they turned to go the other way.

We cut them off and managed to come in partly underneath them. There were twelve of them and seven of us, counting the major, who had followed us into the fight, and a merry mix-up began at once. Several times I became entirely separated from the rest and was in a very dangerous position. Once after chasing one of the Huns for a moment I turned to find another one coming down directly at me, so I pulled up my nose to fire straight at him. The same moment a third Hun came diving at me from the side. He had an excellent shot, and knowing I could not shoot at him at the moment, on he came. I felt I was certainly in a very tight corner, when suddenly with a flash of silver above me and the rattle of a machine gun I saw my major's machine go dead at the German.

It was a wonderful sight. The Hun quickly turned away, and at the same time the other man who was attacking me turned also. I then lost sight of the major but continued in the whirlwind of the fight. Round and round each other the whole lot of us went, like a lot of sparrows in a great whirlwind. Suddenly one of the Germans appeared just in front of me and I opened fire dead at him. Down he went out of control, and I turned to engage some more, but after a few minutes they all dived away.

The people at home on the aërodrome were now having a most exciting time. A little more than half an hour after the patrol had left the ground they saw a silver Nieuport come streaking home. It landed and they could see by the number that it was the major's machine. They went up to him and he quietly crawled out and spoke to the people round him, saying that there was a big fight on over the lines and we were all in the middle of it. He then turned and walked to the office, where he telephoned to report that he had been in a fight. Then sending for the medical orderly he informed him he had a "scratch."

(Continued on Page 82)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

You Will Win the War

TWO great battles against Germany are being fought—one in France and one in America. We shall win on both fronts.

Mr. Hoover says that food will win the war.

Mr. Hurley says that ships will win the war.

Other men say that guns, shells, airplanes, Thrift Stamps or Liberty Bonds will win the war. A large number hope that the other fellow will win the war. They are all mistaken.

You will win the war.

Just how soon you will win depends solely on how long it will take you to get down to first principles, to cut out your nonsensical and nonessential ideas, to discard your pea-shooter and pop-gun notions of war and to concentrate yourself and everything you possess on a one-hundred-mile line in France.

Someone has pointed with pride to the fact that Great Britain is fighting on thirty-seven fronts. But this is at best a necessary evil, a defensive measure to safeguard the British Empire itself. The statement was made to lend force to an argument that the United States should divert men and money to Russia. We hope that this will not be done. Until Germany is whipped on the Western Front she is victorious everywhere. Once forced back over the Rhine she is beaten everywhere.

We must not chip away our resources on deuces and busted straights.

Before you can win in France Congress must get on a war basis. If this one will not you can elect one in the autumn that will. It is absolutely in your hands. There is no need to go into detail about this Congress. It contains many brilliant and devoted men; and then there are others. These members are self-muckraked in the Congressional Record. Look up your senator and representative in it. Read both the lines and between the lines.

Congress has passed some admirable legislation; and then there is the revenue bill—a war-profits measure that taxes everything except war profits; a put-the-burden-on-wealth bill that in the clause taxing professional earnings and salaries a final eight per cent exempts unearned incomes, including the salaries of a good many congressmen.

As a means to help you win the war the importance of the fall elections cannot be overemphasized. Look the candidates over with the same close scrutiny that you would give to a horse you were buying. Forget their politics and their speeches, but look to their characters and their records. There are just three things to ask about every candidate this year: Has he brains, honesty and patriotism? Every boy orator, every dunderhead, every well-meaning ass, every corner-grocery statesman, every cheap politician, every faint-heart returned to Congress next fall is going to slaughter the boys in your house, your street and your town. Pork and tariff are not the issues this year. There is only one issue—the war and the life of your boy.

Before you can win in France the Administration must take a larger dose—the whole bottle, in fact—of the medicine that it recommended to the Allies when General Foch was made the big boss of the armies. It has already gone a long way, but it must go the whole distance to centralized and coördinated, autocratic and responsible control of our war activities under go-getter and get-it-done executives. We want fewer press agents and more pressure in Washington.

Before you can win in France you must bury the hyphen in America, and along with it a few of the hyphenates who have been spreading sedition and plotting destruction. And in addition to these there is another breed of hyphenates that needs your attention—the near-Americans, born and bred here, often finished abroad, whose skulls are full of mush or headcheese. These are the gentry who, when we propose to deal promptly and properly with a Doctor Muck, oppose sentence with gas bombs of lachrymal stuff about there being no "nationality in art." The truth is that there is no art that is not primarily and fundamentally national; and even if that were not true, America would better endow Doctor Muck's art with nationality for the period of the war.

Again, when we try to suppress those centers of anti-Americanism and German propaganda, the German-language papers and the teaching of German in the schools, the near-American protests to our business men that we must continue to teach this favored language if we would do any business after the war; and to parents that the cultural value of German is so great that without it we should be a shockingly raw and uncouth people. But every American who thinks at all knows that Spanish, French and Italian are the business languages we shall need after the war. Again, of all European tongues, German probably has the least cultural value. If we really wish to teach a true cultural language the instructors in a good many of our schools would better begin with English.

Before you can win in France you must take Broadway and all the little Broadways of America in hand. You must do something to the swine soul of the crowd that leads the jazz life; that swills and guzzles as usual; that brags as if its fifty-dollar Liberty Bond were engraved in its heart's blood; that cheers everything, including the chorus that comes out in American-flag petticoats; and that proves its patriotism by its hoarseness and its alibi buttons.

Before you can win in France you must cure or quarantine the fellows who, at forty, are getting the children's diseases that most men contract in the early stages of their mental growth—those measles of the mind—half-baked and wholly impractical theories of life and living. The plight of Russia teaches these men nothing; nor does the accumulated human experience of the centuries. They start by ignoring Nature and human nature, and reach a Utopian conclusion that is like a Mohammedan's dream of heaven—plenty of wives and good things for themselves and hell for the dogs of unbelievers in their theories.

Before you can win in France you must put out of business in America those men who preach the brotherhood of man and practice hatred of all men—those apostles of peace and prosperity who would bring about the millennium by violence and destruction; and those drummers for discontent, disorder and disloyalty who sell Bolshevikism on a commission basis.

Before you can win the war in France you must put every idler in America to work. War is the world cure for idleness. There is a war job ready and waiting now for every piano-pounding girl, lounge lizard, tango queen, poolroom hobo, doll and he-doll, perfect lady and imperfect gentleman in the country—jobs that range from scrubbing to ditching, from clerking to haying, but all good jobs at useful work—jobs that will release better men and women to fill places for which their training qualifies them.

Lastly, before you win the war in France you must get right with yourself. We all have some taint of these things that are holding back America. We are, perhaps, half-hearted, pussy-footed, hoping that before our hour for sacrifice strikes the necessity for sacrifice will be over. But our time is now. We must be fired with the old American pioneer spirit, each shouldering his share of the burdens of the long trail. There can be no vicarious sacrifice. We must go to it with one big boss, one big people and one big punch. Then ——

YOU WILL WIN THE WAR.

Bohemians

THE war has produced no greater paradox than this: Unnaturalized Bohemians in the United States are technically enemy aliens, because they are subjects of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Bohemians are Slavs—not Teutons. Surrounded by conquering Teutons and Magyars, and brutally oppressed by both, their history for generations gives a record of the miseries and humiliations of a subjugated people. Their sympathy in this war is overwhelmingly with the Allies and against the Central Powers. Many Bohemian regiments, dragooned to war under the Hapsburg banner, have revolted and deserted. Other regiments have been decimated for mutiny. It is said that three hundred thousand Bohemian soldiers fought on the Russian side. Others went over to Serbia; and lately thousands of Bohemians have enrolled with Italy. Delegates who undoubtedly represented the will of a great part of the Bohemian people declared their country independent of Austria-Hungary. The Bohemians have done about all a people so situated could do to express their hope of Teuton defeat.

It has happened, however, that many Bohemians and other sincere friends of our cause have been annoyed and humiliated merely because they bore names which were neither Anglo-Saxon nor Latin. The loyal people of the United States have plenty of real enemies to fight. Let them take care that they do not fight friends.

A Guide to Peace Talk

THERE will be peace proposals inspired by Berlin. They will reiterate that the German Government has no predatory intentions—wants nothing but an honorable peace on such terms as will guarantee the future security of the empire. Read them with these few plain and simple facts in mind:

The German Government could have had an honorable peace on the Eastern Front, with ample guaranties for the future security of the empire. Russia offered such a peace. Russia was helpless. By simply reaching out its hand Berlin could have had exactly such a peace with Russia as it says it wants—a peace that fully secured its own independence and laid the basis for friendly self-respecting relations between the two nations in the future.

It got Russia into the council chamber by declaring that it intended to make such a peace. Then it stuck a gun against Russia's head and robbed her of all her western provinces—knowing well enough that the outrage would provoke Russia's hatred and make an implacable enemy of her, even more surely than the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine made an enemy of France; for Bismarck, at least, did not preface his seizure with a shameless lie. Security, honor, mutual respect, a basis for enduring peace—all these Germany could have had of Russia by simply reaching out its hand. It deliberately chose conquest, dishonor, hatred—the seed of a new war.

When the government which did that within the year prattles about wishing nothing except its own future security and just, honorable, enduring peace, only a hopeless blockhead will be deceived.

How long, in view of the Russian facts, is it going to be possible to deceive the mass of the German people about the intentions of their government?

TO THE REMOTEST ZONE

The Town of Mohammerah, Where the Karun River Flows Into the Shat-el-Arab—At the Left is the British Consulate

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

WHEN General Maude took Bagdad an announcement of the fact was flashed to the outer world with a certain degree of confidence that the importance of the event would be duly and universally appreciated. But the only echo of this message that ever got back to the Mesopotamian war zone was a cabled assurance that the Bagdad victory would "have a fine moral effect in England."

The same thing happened when the British Expeditionary Force in Palestine occupied Jerusalem. The occupiers were told that the occupation of Jerusalem by British troops would "have a fine moral effect!"

I was with some British officers in Bagdad when Jerusalem fell, and that kind of message was actually sent in to us; a solemn cablegram from headquarters giving us the news—which we had already received by wireless—along with the supposedly comforting comment that it was an event which was "bound to have a fine moral effect." The Mesopotamian officers didn't know whether to laugh or use a little rough language. They laughed—reserving their rough language for the easement of their own wounds. They had been through it, so it was rather amusing to see the other chaps getting it.

The Land of the Two Rivers

THEY had cleared Germany's only highway to the Eastern seas of Germans and German allies and had closed and double-barred the only entrance to that highway; they had done this after a fearful, long-drawn-out struggle, and against the bitterest odds, perhaps, that any British Army had ever encountered; and with nothing to comfort them in their banishment to a sidetrack of the war but a sure knowledge that that particular sidetrack was of first importance. It would have pleased them considerably if the people at home had realized the situation in the East and had said "Thank God, there's one door shut and held against the German beast!"

"But," they say, "few persons even know where we are fighting, to say nothing of what we are fighting for."

"I give you my word," said a major, who had just come out for the second time from England, "if I was asked by one person at home I was asked by a dozen, 'Just where is Mesopotamia?' A good many people seem to have an idea that the Mespot show is just a little Indian-border affair."

"Oh," I said, "but there aren't many persons as slack as all that on their geography! Not nowadays, surely!"

"Aren't there!" he replied. "Well, you just wait until you get home to the United States. Ask the first grown man you meet where Basra is, for instance. The youngsters probably know, but if the grown man doesn't dodge the question you send him up head of the class."

I wonder. In any case, I am going to proceed on the assumption that everybody else is as ignorant as I was when I began to get specially interested in this particular area. That was in 1915. I was in Constantinople—a suffering neutral—and the Turks were banishing Armenians by the thousands to the desert lands that lie along the middle reaches of the River Euphrates, while they turned loose great bands of Kurds and Arabs to harry and harass, to massacre and to plunder them. That was when I consulted maps of Turkey; that was when I got a definite conception of the Berlin-to-Bagdad-Railroad project and a realization of the carefully matured German plan of conquest in the East.

At that time lower Mesopotamia was occupied by a small British force and General Townshend was marching up the River Tigris toward Kut-el-Amara. The British until then had been consistently victorious in Mesopotamia; and looking back upon events in Constantinople I realize how carefully the news was censored for the benefit of the Constantinople population. Warsaw fell to the Germans, and the whole city burst forth in a riot of decoration; Kut-el-Amara was taken by the British along about the same time, and the Turkish Army was driven back to within forty miles of Bagdad—but not a whisper was breathed about this in Constantinople.

From a German viewpoint a British victory anywhere in Turkey would have anything but "a fine moral effect." A large part of the population of Constantinople was hoping just then that the British would break through at Gallipoli. This I know. So it was better from a German viewpoint that they should be kept informed as to what was going on at Gallipoli than that they should learn the encouraging truth about the British at the other end of the empire, in Mesopotamia.

Aside from its being a horrible war it is a queer kind of war—is it not? Its queerness is due largely to the fact that nowhere outside of Germany is Germany either liked or believed in. And so much for her visions of conquest!

Mesopotamia is frequently referred to as "The Land of the Two Rivers." Last year the American Y. M. C. A. boys got out a fine little booklet under that title, to be distributed among the British troops. The censor put his large phlegmatic foot on it and crushed everything out of it except a few Bible references and some more or less inoffensive exhortations, but the title in itself is a volume and would lead the thinking youth to inquiry. And inquiring he would learn that he was going to fight in the Garden of Eden, in "the cradle of the human race," in the land not only of Adam and Eve, of Cain and Abel, but the land, as well, of Noah and Father Abraham; the land of Babylonia, where Daniel dwelt in captivity with the children of Israel and was delivered from the den of lions because he served his God continually; the land where Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego were cast into the furnace heated "one seven times more than it was wont to be heated" and were delivered without hurt because they would "not serve nor worship any god, except their own God"; a land about which no book has ever been written that does not bristle with references to Genesis, to Ezra and the Chronicles and the Kings, to Samuel and Daniel and Jeremiah.

A Short Geography Lesson

I SHOULD like to remark in passing that being chaplain to troops serving in Mesopotamia is about the easiest billet that a man could possibly have. His sermons are all ready-made right there. There is a sermon in every glint of sunlight on the glittering desert; in every mound of sand that covers an ancient ruin; in every bend and ripple of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. These rivers, rising up in the hills of Armenia, inclose a great area of what is now complete desolation, and joining about one hundred miles above the head of the Persian Gulf flow down to salt water in the broad, low-banked bed of the Shat-el-Arab.

About sixty miles up the Shat-el-Arab lies Basra, the principal port of Mesopotamia; and Basra is eighteen hundred miles—or about six days—from Bombay. Bagdad is five hundred miles up the Tigris from Basra; and Hit, the British advanced position on the other side of the country, is between six and seven hundred miles up the Euphrates. This is counting distances by water, the only means of communication when the British occupied Mesopotamia, and embraces the fact that the Tigris and the Euphrates are the two crookedest rivers on earth.

A few more facts: The Persian Gulf is only five or six hundred miles in length and its waters merge with the waters of the Arabian Sea and wash down the west coast of India. From Muscat to Aden, at the lower end of the narrow Red Sea, it is twelve hundred miles; and from Aden to Suez, at the south end of the Suez Canal, it is sixteen hundred and ten miles. The Suez Canal is eighty-seven miles long; and then comes the Mediterranean Sea. On the other hand British East Africa is only sixteen hundred miles south from Aden, and about two thousand miles down across the Arabian Sea and the Indian Ocean from Bombay. And British East Africa is bounded on the northeast by Italian Somaliland and on the south by German East Africa, an area of three hundred and sixty-five thousand square miles, which the British have had the pleasure of conquering to its last square inch. All of which statistical and geographical boresomeness is merely preliminary to answering the familiar question: "Why Mesopotamia?"

Arab Boats in the Shat-el-Arab

There are a good many questions like that which become incidental to a broad general discussion of the war, and the answer to nearly every one of them is a lesson in geography and world-wide German intention. Such questions are summed up in the average mind thus: Why anything but the Western Front, where the war must be fought out and finished? Why anything that scatters Allied Forces and weakens Allied resistance to the main German drive?

But to appreciate England's performance in this war it is necessary to recognize that the Western Front is only just half of it, and not the more difficult half by any means.

Bombay is the central base of all the war zones of the East; every contribution that Australia has made to the empire's resources has been sent, up to a short time ago, round the coast of India and up through the Suez Canal; and the whole movement of troops and supplies between England and France and the East has depended on the maintenance of an open way through the Canal and the Eastern seas. The Germans depended on the Turks to establish a direct line down to the Persian Gulf. They had made excellent preparation for it and had even transported railway materials all the way down to Basra, where they had built a temporary railway pier on the bank of the Shat-el-Arab.

If the Turks had had nothing else to do they easily could have held Mesopotamia—for a while at any rate; but the British had a notion that they might take Constantinople by way of Gallipoli, so the main Turkish force was of necessity sent to defend that position and the British were left to face something less than a ten-to-one chance in a successful effort to secure and hold this valuable route to the seas. And if nothing else justifies Gallipoli, that in a measure does. Suppose the Germans now had their railway down to the Gulf and a shipbuilding yard at Basra turning out submarines? Well, if you will look at your map of the East you will find that the question mark in your mind covers the whole of it.

Troops and supplies from India? How? Troops and supplies from Australia? How? An open route across the Pacific and the Atlantic, perhaps, round the Horn or through the Panama Canal. Yes, maybe, but a very long route; and the Japanese Navy would have had something to do. As for the British East African campaign, it would have been quite another story, would it not? A million British troops have been operating in Africa.

The Palace of the Sheik of Mohammerah on the Shatel-Arab

A British River Gunboat on the Karun River

An Important Job

THE Germans and Turks have made some astounding attempts from Palestine and across the Sinai Peninsula to take the Suez Canal. They have not succeeded, fortunately; but it has cost tremendously to defeat their efforts. And they could have interfered most disastrously with the usefulness of the Canal if they had controlled the Persian Gulf and had been able to fill the Eastern seas with submarines. And that is why taking and holding the Gulf and Mesopotamia have been one of the most important operations in the war. There are a number of other reasons, but I cannot enumerate them all at once. Altogether it has been an amazing performance.

Friends of mine out here have said to me: "You surely will make a point of the fact, will you not, that you are the only person not connected in any way with the war services who has been allowed to go to Mesopotamia?"

"I may," I have answered; "but I'm afraid it sounds rather vainglorious, and as a matter of fact I feel quite meek about it."

"Well, you should not," said one whose influence helped considerably to make successful the combined effort to get for me the coveted permission. "If you are too humble and take it all as a matter of course we'll think you don't half appreciate what an unprecedented thing we have managed to do for you."

"Oh, very well," said I; "if you feel like that about it I shall inflate myself with vanity and boast about it until my best friends begin to avoid me."

The truth is that if my going to Mesopotamia had created a precedent the gentlemen in command of things never would have consented to it. They want no women in this uncomfortable zone, and they do not hesitate to say so. But there were no others of me to take into consideration. If just one of the thousand, let us say, Englishwomen in India who have been begging to go ever since Bagdad was taken should be permitted to go, the other nine hundred and ninety-nine, with equal rights, would have an unanswerable argument with which to support their requests.

But they may say as much as they like with regard to me: "You let her go!"

The answer is: "There was only one of her, and she was a long way from home."

My preliminary arrangements for making this trip may be neither interesting nor important to anyone but myself, but to me they were both of those things exceedingly. I was about to start entirely alone for regions which even in Bombay seem dismally remote; regions to which I was compelled to carry all kinds of equipment—a field kit of bed and bedding and such camp furniture as I was likely to need, and wherein I imagined I should be called upon quite frequently to provide my own accommodations. I had no idea really where or in whose hands I should land, though I will say that enough importance had been attached to my going to make me feel guilty of something or other I knew I had not done, and to give me a certain assurance that I should be taken care of. About the only advice I got from officer friends in Bombay who had served in Mesopotamia was "Take everything you can think of that you are in the least likely to need, because up there there is literally nothing."

Then they limited me to field kit, one small steamer trunk, my dressing bag and a typewriter. Men are like that.

My vision of where I was going was a curiously distorted one, yet not so altogether incorrect, either. I have found things in a way very much as I thought they would be. I saw a tumbled war area on the farthest horizon of a waste land—I had been in Bombay long enough and had heard enough to get that—in which Englishmen and Indians, camels, Arabs, guns, Persians, supplies, Armenians, mules and munitions were mixed up in a weird jumble against a background of bright yellow desert. An impressionistic picture.

A Modern British Monitor and an Ancient Arab Dhow at Basra

They Call it Mespot

IT WAS in Bombay that I learned to call it Mespot. Few persons ever take time to say Mesopotamia. Which is not to be wondered at, since the English have an inveterate habit of nicknaming everything—and everybody too. It is a lucky Englishman who can go through life under the full dignity of his real name. Yet I am not so sure about the luck, either. It would probably be an indication that he was very unpopular. When everything in Mesopotamia was confusion and defeat, during the awful period when General Townshend was besieged at Kut, Mespot was thought to be a curiously appropriate contraction. It is spoken now, however, without a shade of meaningful emphasis.

When the embarkation commandant at Bombay delivered my permit he told me I was to go up the Gulf on a troop ship that would be sailing in two days; and needless to say I was aboard betimes. I should not regard it as a calamity if I had to do all my traveling on British troop ships. When you wish to convey a general sum-up of the environment of an Englishman who is provided with every comfort and convenience that any reasonable man could reasonably require, you say "He does himself rather well."

And the Englishman does himself exceedingly well when he goes to war. Not that he is incapable of going to war unprovided and exposed to all the hardships there are—he has done that in Mesopotamia; but he can be trusted by his worrying wife or mother to eliminate the hardships as rapidly as possible; and he does not consider a fondness for comfortable surroundings a sign of weakness.

The trooper I traveled on was built for the trade routes in the Bay of Bengal and used to ply between Calcutta and Singapore, with stops at Rangoon and Penang on the way. So she is not very large. But she is seaworthy and has ample spaces between decks. These spaces were once used for cargo, but they have been made habitable now with rows upon rows of bunks and berths. Many baths have been built in, and there are large mess rooms for British troops. Indians do not require mess rooms.

Officers' quarters are amidships on the main deck and are the selfsame cabins that American tourists probably complained about in years gone by, when only tourists were catered to and when the armored-cruiser variety of cockroach was thought in Eastern seas to be among the necessary evils—along with unholy smells and the unrestricted

(Continued on Page 26)

"Mine is true friendship indeed —
I bring, at the moment of need,
This nourishing fare with its flavor so rare
And a quality none can exceed."

"A friend in need"

A food that makes "fretless" days

If ever a woman needed friendly assistance on a baffling problem, the American housewife needs it today. On every hand she hears the constant admonition to "Save this!" "Save that!" "Save the other"—foods that will help win the war—and at the same time she must provide her family with a nourishing, strength-giving diet, a diet that will keep them in vigorous condition.

She is doing it, too. She is a far better soldier than her husband, nine times in ten. And she finds one never-failing source of assistance in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It takes the place largely of foods you want to save. And it supplies vital nutritive elements which you need even more—strength-creating elements which are all too often lacking in the average diet.

In this nourishing combination we include choice premium-grade potatoes, baby lima beans, small peas, Country Gentleman corn, Dutch cabbage, tender carrots and sweet yellow turnips. Also juicy green okra, fine tomatoes, parsley, celery, a little leek and onion, a suggestion of sweet red peppers and macaroni "alphabets" beside plenty of rice and barley—all blended with an invigorating stock made from selected beef.

Here you have a dish both tempting and substantial—almost a meal in itself. It involves no cooking cost for you. No labor, no waste, no delay. It is always ready to serve on your table in three minutes.

Get a dozen or more at a time. And have it handy when you want it.

21 kinds 12c a can

Asparagus	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mock Turtle	Printanier
Beef	Clam Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Tomato
Bouillon	Clam Chowder	Mutton	Tomato-Okra
Celery	Consommé	Ox Tail	Vegetable
Chicken	Julienne	Pea	Vegetable-Beef
			Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

disorderliness of lower-deck passengers. There is nothing like that now; no insects of any kind, no unnecessary odors and no confusion at all. The well-being of the troops is the first consideration of the authorities, and on a troop ship one lives under military discipline and enjoys a consequent maximum of comfort.

After bestowing myself in the cabin reserved for me I climbed to the spotless upper deck to watch the men come aboard. There were more than a thousand of them—three hundred and fifty Tommies, and the others Indian troops. And it really seemed, as they came in unbroken line up the sloping gangway, like going off to the war. Everything was so methodical that there was not even a sound above the ordinary hum of quiet talk, and the embarkation proceedings were over and done with before one realized they had more than begun. We had only to wait for final inspection before casting off.

A Little British River Gunboat Going Up the Tigris

The embarkation officers in the port of Bombay all wear big red silk pompons on their helmets and are very smart in their get-up generally, the embarkation service being among the things to which the busy war-working population of the city likes to point with pride. Incidentally it is the hardest-worked service connected in any way with military operations. Every dock in the snug inner harbor—and they measure thousands of feet—was crowded with supply ships, hospital ships and transports, while in the wide outer harbor lay many more at anchor, waiting for vacated berths. But the men who are doing this work have achieved an admirable orderliness, and nobody ever seems to be in a hurry about anything. It is just that the movement never stops.

Life-Preserver Drill

ONE of the embarkation officers found me where I was sitting on the upper deck and, apologizing for being a nuisance, he told me it would be necessary for me to put on my life preserver and join the line on the main deck; the commandant would be aboard for inspection in a few minutes.

I had quite forgotten that we were going out of that peaceful inner harbor into a dangerous area where mines are regularly planted by somebody and as regularly swept up by the interesting fleet of little black boats one sees hovering about all the time. Every once in a while a mine escapes the net and gets an opportunity to do its deadly work, and you never know that your ship is not going to be the next unlucky one.

Going up for inspection with my cork belt strapped round me I noticed the piles of rafts—ample provision for every man aboard—lying loose on the upper decks. The lifeboats were all swinging free, and in each of them, with one end firmly attached to the deck rail, was a rope ladder. Everybody aboard—officers, troops, crew, servants—was lined up, some on the promenade deck, some on the main deck, others on the decks below; and as the commandant came along, followed by his staff, each individual was subjected to strict examination. And it was not a perfunctory procedure by any means. The general smiled and was very courteous about it, but many a man had to take his life belt off and learn how to adjust it properly. If you get the thing on wrong, you know, it is as likely as not to turn you head downward and drown you, and many a man has been known to sustain severe injury by jumping into the sea in a badly adjusted rigid cork belt.

My lifeboat was pointed out to me and I was told to keep my belt always at hand until we got out of the danger zone, and to jump into it with all haste and run to the rail next my boat the instant I heard an alarm. That was all right.

Everybody is used to that kind of thing nowadays. It is part of the regular routine on every ship that sails the seas, and I have been put through it during the past two years on practically all the seas there are. And I react to discipline fairly well. But on this occasion I was not prepared for any rehearsals, and a few hours later my nervous system suffered somewhat as it might do in a real disaster.

Two shots were suddenly fired, and every horn, whistle and bell on the ship began to clamor like a fiend let loose. I think I must have been standing by my boat all belted and ready to go over the side within one minute by the clock. I realized at once, of course, that it was a practice alarm, but not until afterward did it occur to me that I had met it with a disgraceful lack of collectedness and efficiency. I had left everything I owned, including money, passport and letter of credit, in my cabin. If it had been the real thing I should have been landed back in Bombay empty-handed and minus everything but the meager outfit of hot-weather clothing I stood up in. A very discreditable performance.

But I had also forgotten instructions with regard to my pith helmet, so I probably should have died of sunstroke anyhow; in which case my money and passport would not have been important. The officers and men all had their helmets on, but men under military discipline learn to remember instructions.

The sun in the Arabian Sea and the Persian Gulf is murderous. The air is not so hot after the beginning of October, but far into the cool season—and in some places the year round—whatever the sun touches it burns. One of the constant difficulties that officers have with British troops in this part of the world is to make them understand that they are in greater danger from the sun most of the time than from anything else. They have died in Mesopotamia from heat and sunstroke by the hundreds. Tommy, fresh from home and in perfect condition, does not like his sun helmet—to say nothing of his spine pad; but after he has heard some of the almost unbelievable sun stories he wears both these uncomfortable things. However, I shall come to that subject in another article.

A transport with a thousand troops aboard, as well as army officers, ship's officers, medical officers, coolie corps and crew, is a haven of peace. One would expect it to be a kind of bedlam. It is not. Hour by hour I sat on deck reading and hearing not a sound but the throb of the engines and the backward wash of the sea against the ship's sides. Yet wherever I looked there were uniformed figures. There were a great many junior officers—very junior, some of them—who behaved with a sedateness to be expected perhaps of early youth burdened with grave responsibilities. They stretched themselves out in cool corners and slept the hours away or they sat in groups flat on the deck playing cards.

A few senior officers more or less monopolized the little library and whiled away the time at bridge, the quietest of all quiet little games. Once in a while on the decks forward, where the British boys were located, a number of fresh young voices would be lifted in close harmony or a shout of infectious laughter would float up to the regions of the exalted where I dwelt, but not often.

The Indian troops were bestowed aft and between decks, and occasionally they gave the junior officers something to do. There were so many of them that they could not all be on deck at the same time, so they had to be exercised in squads. They did not like it and would have preferred to lie in their bunks the week through, but they boarded the ship in the pink of condition, and keeping them fit was a part of the day's work.

Catering for Mixed Forces

THEY got their food in large white-enameled pans; plenty of it, and with what looked to me like a superabundance of rice; and they squatted down wherever they happened to be and ate it after their own time-honored fashion—with their fingers. They were neater about it than any white man could be. There are foods which can be eaten with the fingers quite successfully, but boiled rice would hardly be considered one of them, especially when it is all mixed up with vegetables and sirup and oily sauces. It looks an awful mess. But neither the Indian nor the Arab knows the use of any kind of implement for conveying food to the mouth, even the Chinese coolie with his deftly handled chopsticks being able to regard them in this at least from a standpoint of superiority.

Our Indians belonged to what is known as a mixed regiment; in fact, most Indian regiments nowadays are mixed—part Mohammedan and part Hindu. And this complicates the business of the quartermaster's department in an extraordinary way. In order to avoid the defilement which a man of one faith would inflict upon a man of the other by touching his food they have to have separate commissariat arrangements all the way through from training camp to battlefield. They will train together and fight together, but that is the extent of their association.

So it happens that they have to have separate galleys on the troop ships. The galleys on our ship were very interesting. They were common kitchen ranges strung along the rails of the well deck aft, with ordinary stovepipe hung on wire and projecting rather grotesquely out over the sides just under the canvas awning.

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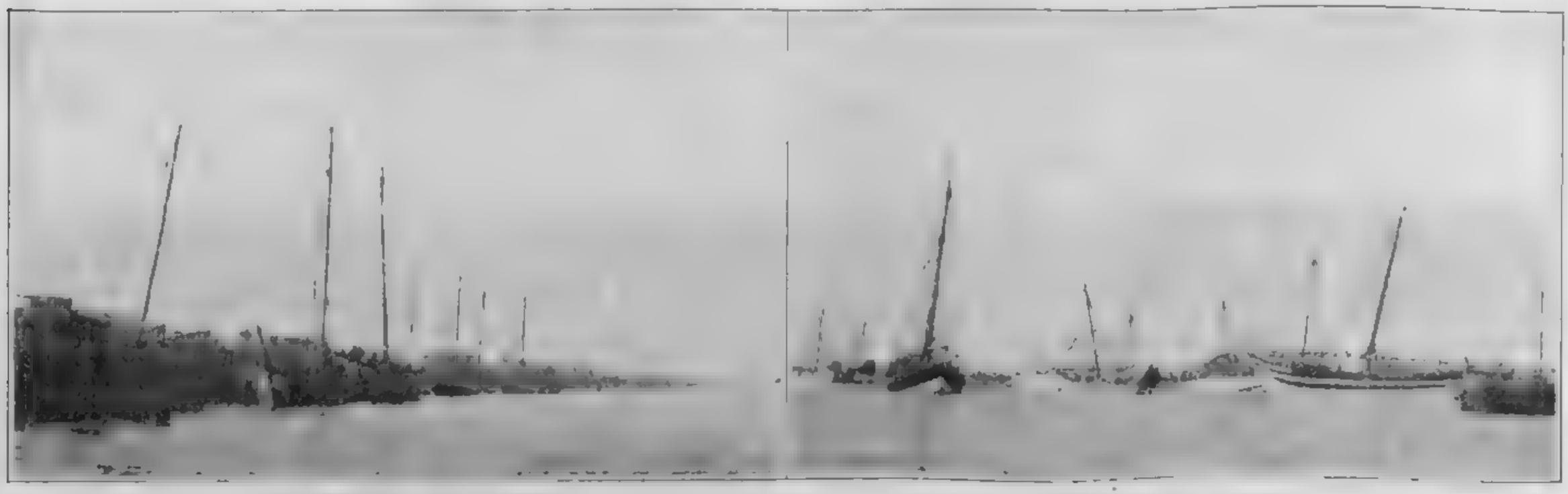

The Crowded River Front at Basra

Near Basra in the Shat-el-Arab

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(Continued from Page 26)

They imparted to the ship a kind of gypsy air wholly out of keeping with her serious business, and it seemed to me that throughout the livelong day there was never an hour when some tall, turbaned brown man—Mohammedans on one side, Hindus on the other—was not engaged in cooking up some kind of savory mess. And savory their messes are. There is one thing to be said for the Indian: There is nothing unpleasant about the odor of his food. If we had had nearly seven hundred Chinese aboard—nearer a thousand Indians we had, counting coolies and crew—life would have been insupportable. That peculiar Chinese smell, which really comes from a rancid oil with which the Chinese do their cooking, is slightly more unpleasant than any other odor I have ever encountered. And to get it at its very best it should be mixed with the odors of machine oil and bilge water on a ship in tropic seas.

We came at last into the Gulf of Oman, with the coasts of Sind and Baluchistan on one side and the Arabian Peninsula on the other. And it was like stealing silently through a great silence. The glassy, glaring surface of the sea was disturbed by nothing but occasional flying fishes leaping out of the ship's path and skimming away to safety. The distant shores, rugged, precipitous and forbidding, were like imagined abodes of the dead; and even the fishing junks were lifeless. They lay becalmed on every side, widely scattered over the sea; high prowed, brown hulled, of another age than this—with batwing sails hanging limp on slanting masts.

The Wealth of Ormuz and of Ind

Over to the westward, on the Arabian side, lay Muscat. We could not see it, but we knew it was there, a British naval station prickly with unpleasant memories. We knew all about the scorching, soul-withering dreadfulness of it and about the gaunt, jagged cliffs that ring its harbor. On the sheer outward wall of one of these is carved the name of every British fighting ship that ever sailed or steamed this way.

Motionless we seemed to lie in the midst of a world that had halted to the command: Peace! Be still! But we were moving slowly onward and eventually rounded a sharp headland on the Arabian coast and came into the Persian Gulf. They were storied waters we were steaming through; waters that have sent back crackling echoes to many a gun.

British occupation of Lower Mesopotamia and the country immediately round the Persian Gulf antedates the war by several centuries, and the story of it begins with the dislodgment of the Portuguese from the now deserted island of Ormuz. If I ever knew I have forgotten why the Portuguese had to be dislodged. But those were the days of uncharted seas and merchant adventurers who sailed them in search of adventure and who needed little excuse for warlike demonstration. The British East India Company had reached a trade agreement with the Shah of Persia and one naturally supposes that the Portuguese sought to interfere with the legitimate advance of British interests. The only easily remembrable item in connection with the first British engagement in the gulf is that one of the two Englishmen who lost their lives in it was William Baffin, the discoverer of Baffin Bay.

"Master Baffin went on shore with his geometrical instruments for the better levelling of his piece to make his shot," writes a contemporary correspondent, "but as he was about the same he received a small shot from the Castle into his belly, wherewith he gave three leapes, by report, and died immediately."

This dramatic small incident could hardly be improved upon as a beginning of England's dramatic record, and it might interest Master Baffin to know that the desolate coast of his last earthly vision is now landmarked for Englishmen by many tragic, mud-walled, small God's acres filled with white crosses and shafts of marble brought from over the seas he sailed. It is said that at many a point on the shores of the Persian Gulf "the dead alone guard the colors that are being borne afresh in Mesopotamia to-day."

For generations the favorite occupations of the coast Arabs in these regions have been piracy, slave trading and gun running. And it must be taken into consideration that Turkey's notoriety for iniquitous governmental methods is no new thing, and that Turkish overlordship in the Arabian Peninsula has never been a success. It has never been a success up along the Tigris and Euphrates, for that matter, but at Basra and at points above there have always been Turkish pashas representing the Sublime Porte as resident governors.

Below Basra the Arabs, divided into many tribes and tribal groups but allied in strong confederations to resist Turkish aggression, acknowledge no authority except that of their own sheiks. The most important of these great chieftains are the Sheik of Koweyt and the Sheik of Mohammerah; and if these two had not been lifelong friends of Britain, upholding a traditional friendship of their fathers before them, the occupation of Mesopotamia by British troops would have been much more difficult, if not altogether impossible.

The principality of the Sheik of Koweyt—extending one hundred and sixty miles in one direction and one hundred and ninety miles in another—lies on the Mesopotamian side of the upper gulf and has been ruled by the family of the patriarchal old Jabir ibn Mubarak, who rules it now, since the middle of the seventeenth century. The territories of the Sheik of Mohammerah are in Persian Arabistan just across on the other side. Together these two picturesque rulers can provide a force of fifty-odd thousand men armed with good serviceable rifles. They have provided no force to support the British, but they could have provided such a force to oppose them if they had been persuaded to ally themselves with the Turks.

But it is due almost entirely to England's friendly interference and assistance in the past that these sheiks are what they are and that they are able to exercise even a partial control over their numerous and turbulent tribes.

It was to the interest of the Sheik of Koweyt that piracy be suppressed in the Persian Gulf, as it was to the interest of everybody economically or commercially concerned in the regions round about. Pearling is one of the principal pursuits of the coast Arabs—there being the wonderful little islands of Bahrein and Mabarak just south of Koweyt, the pearl fisheries of which have netted their owners in a good year as much as half a million pounds sterling; and in the pearling season especially the upper gulf has always been a pirates' paradise.

Turkey could not patrol these waters, though considering her claim to sovereignty over them it was her business to do so. The Arab sheiks had no naval vessels of any kind, and Persia was helpless. Therefore it fell to England's lot to police the gulf, and this she has been engaged in doing for a dozen generations. In the process she has maintained a sufficient peace among the tribes and has kept their ports and waterways open to the commerce of the world.

The British Navy's Part

She has done her best, without conspicuous success, to stop gun running to the troublesome peoples on the northern borders of India; but if she has had any selfish motive in her operations it does not appear in the available evidence. That British influence among the people has been so long maintained is due undoubtedly to the facts that England never attempted or desired to impose upon them anything resembling dominion, and that with energy and enterprise and at great sacrifice to herself in lives and treasure she has continued without claim or complaint in the honorable discharge of tremendous responsibilities.

During the whole of the nineteenth century the British Army and Navy were used unsparingly in a never-ending effort to suppress the notorious slave trade with the east coast of Africa, but it is a notable fact that before mere British supremacy of influence gave way in 1914 to absolute British control the iniquitous traffic in human beings was by no means extinct. And to realize the extent of slavery in all parts of Arabia, Mesopotamia and Persia one has only to observe the evidence of African blood in vast numbers of the people, and the presence among the tribes of innumerable black human beasts of burden who, in their picturesque Arab costumes, look to an American like stray cotton pickers from the fields of Georgia dressed up for a masquerade ball. It is a positive shock to hear one of them speaking Arabic. One wants to say: "G'wan, niggeh! Stop yo' play-actin'!"

All the Arabs are Mohammedan, but they are divided into two main sects by irreconcilable differences of religious opinion; sects which have indulged in innumerable fearful contests for control, all of which have tended to sink the country further and further into moral ruin and material exhaustion. The two great Mohammedan divisions are the Sunnis and the Shiahs. The Sunnis acknowledge the succession of the first three caliphs and the right of the Sultan of Turkey to the spiritual and temporal supremacy bequeathed by the Prophet; and the greatest tribe of Sunnis in Mesopotamia and Eastern Arabia—the Muntafik—joined the Turks at the beginning of the war and have succeeded for a long time, by frequent raids and constant guerilla warfare, in making things very unpleasant for the British on the River Euphrates.

But the Shiahs deny the succession of the first three caliphs and recognize as the true heir of the Prophet the first imam, Ali, who married Mohammed's daughter, Fatima. The sons of Fatima, Hasan and Hussein, rebelled against the caliphate, and according to Shiah belief were treacherously slain. They became the martyrs of the Shiah sect, and the anniversary of their death became the principal Shiah Mohammedan holy day. It is celebrated throughout the Shiah world—which includes Mohammedan India—with processions of mourning, and in some localities with a frenzied fanaticism which expresses itself in self-flagellation and other forms of self-torture, and in murderous attacks on men of other faiths. The Shiahs, of course, do not acknowledge the Sultan of Turkey. Rather they abhor what they regard as his usurpation of a holy office; and practically all the Arabs behind the British lines in Mesopotamia are Shiahs, which relieves the British situation of at least one complication.

German-Turkish Intrigue

The holy cities of the Sunnis are Mecca and Medina, in Western Arabia; while the chief places of devout pilgrimage for the Shiahs are Kerbela and Nejef—just west of the Euphrates and near the ruins of ancient Babylon. At Kerbela the martyrdom of Hussein took place. Kerbela contains the tomb of the martyr, while the shrine of his father, Ali, is at Nejef. These two towns are now in the hands of the British, who are adepts from long practice in the gentle art of respecting other peoples' beliefs.

So much for the general situation; after which the German intention. I am not going into that subject, because it is far too extensive and complicated, and in any case it has been so widely discussed that most persons are familiar with its points of particular interest. It is known that for twenty-five years or more the Germans have been laying foundations and developing schemes for the colonization and eventual control of Mesopotamia and the lands round the Persian Gulf, and that these schemes carried with them a direct threat against British supremacy in the Indian Empire.

The Kaiser bought the concessions involved in the Berlin-to-Bagdad-Railroad project by condoning Abul-Hamid's fiendish Armenian atrocities in the Balkans. At that time every self-respecting nation on earth was aghast with horror at the unbelievable crimes of that monstrous Turk, but the Kaiser—who believes, as we now know, that certain considerations justify the massacre of innocents—entered into brotherly compact with him. And the first thing England knew, her influence in Constantinople and throughout Turkey began to be systematically undermined, while the results of successful German diplomacy began to be increasingly evident.

It is in a bright white light revealing many things that we now view the historic visit of the Kaiser to the Turkish Empire and the Sultan when, in Damascus, he grandiloquently proclaimed himself the "defender of Islam."

But no definite German-Turkish conspiracy or intrigue of special consequence came to light until 1903, when it was discovered that simultaneously with a German attempt to get a concession for a railway terminus at Koweyt the Turkish Government was bringing pressure of all kinds to bear upon the independent sheik to induce him to accept Turkish nationality and title along with Turkish sovereignty over his ancient hereditary domain. This the sheik obstinately refused to do—refusing at the same time the German demand; but in the face of an eventual

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World's Largest Makers of Bicycles

This snow-white head with patent dart finish on every Adlake, America or Crown

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threatening Turkish ultimatum he had to appeal to his old-time British friends and declare his inability to maintain his position without their support.

It was perhaps in no altruistic spirit whatever that the British responded. A German invasion of Koweyt, with the inevitable result of German control in the Persian Gulf, was not to be thought of. And so it happened that they assured the sheik of their unfailing support and declared that they would tolerate no attack upon him from any direction. The British senior naval officer in the Gulf fleet drew up a scheme of defense and landed some guns and marines to augment the forces of the sheik; then they sat down to wait for whatever might come to pass.

But the Turks, not being prepared for anything so internationally serious, drew back, and the incident was closed. It had no result except that it strengthened the bond between Britain and the Arab rulers; though it did establish a kind of recognized status for everybody concerned, which the British did everything possible during the ten years preceding the war to maintain.

The Arabistan Oil Field

One more item of special interest and importance: In 1901 an Englishman, Mr. W. K. D'Arcy, obtained from H. R. H. the Shah a concession for working petroleum in all its forms in Southern Persia. Mr. D'Arcy was a courageous Englishman and spent large sums of money in prospecting from one field to another without success. But he had faith. He spent all his original capital and was then able to interest other capital in Burma and India as well as in England. He went on prospecting, and eventually, in 1908, he struck the long-sought area and tapped what proved to be an immense and practically inexhaustible oil field. This field is in Arabistan, within the territories of the Sheik of Mohammerah.

About thirty miles above the head of the Persian Gulf ir the Shat-el-Arab, is an island called Abadan. And I might just record in passing that Abadan would not be an island if it were not that the rivers in this part of the world are so erratic and undependable. It is as though they were possessed by an insatiable curiosity. The Tigris and Euphrates set the example for all the lesser streams, and you never know when one of them is going to stroll out of its bed and wander off any old where, regardless of the consequences to its own volume and navigability. Abadan is an island because the Karun River—which is wholly Persian, rises up in the Persian hills and is tributary to the Shat-el-Arab—straggled off just above the town of Mohammerah and made an insignificant but independent channel for itself down to the Gulf.

And on this long, slender island thus created the Anglo-Persian Oil Company established its tanks and refineries. Abadan is one hundred and fifty miles from the oil fields—which are up beyond Ahwaz—so a double pipe line was laid to bring the product down, and Abadan rapidly developed into a great oil-shipping port. This has all taken place since 1908, and by 1912 the pipe lines and refineries were in operation. It was an all-British concern from the outset, the Persian end of it representing nothing by way of capital but enjoying a great deal eventually by way of royalty.

Then, early in 1914, the British Admiralty bought a controlling interest in it, on the strength of weighty considerations which had to do with the increasing use of oil by His Majesty's navy and the rather extraordinary trend of political events in the immediate vicinity. The Admiralty was roundly criticized at the time for its unjustifiable extravagance; but it was about the only bit of preparedness that England was guilty of, and justification has since been overwhelmingly abundant. Fuel is one of the many things necessary to the successful prosecution of a war which Mesopotamia does not possess, and without the plentiful supply of it close at hand which these Persian oil fields afford the operations of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force would have been much more difficult than they have been; and they have been difficult enough.

And curiously the first force that was sent to the Persian Gulf—consisting of one brigade and two mountain batteries—thought its sole business was to guard the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's properties and back up the Sheiks of Koweyt and Mohammerah in any difficulties they might have with the Turks. The news of England's declaration of war against Turkey was signaled from a naval convoy ship to the transports that were then lying off the Arabian coast, and among other things the message said: "This force has been sent to the Gulf to safeguard our interests and to protect friendly Arabs from Turkish attack."

This "force" soon began to refer to itself as "ten men and a boy." But against the garrison at Fao—a fortified town at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, where the first landing was made—and eight thousand troops from Basra that were immediately reënforced by troops rushed down from Bagdad, this "ten men and a boy" managed in just twenty-three days to put the sixty-odd miles of the Shat-el-Arab, the Abadan oil works and the friendly tribes of Koweyt and Mohammerah behind them and to occupy the important port of Basra, which has since been the first base of British operations in Mesopotamia. And this is the sort of sketch I would not write if I had not myself found such outline information essential to even a partial appreciation of the situation now existing in this amazing land.

There is a great bar at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, a barrier of silt which has done more to try the souls of the men who are responsible for the continuity of supplies and communications in Mesopotamia than any other one thing. On account of it all ships, of whatever draft, must be timed with reference to the tide; and the larger vessels of the supply and transport fleet cannot cross it at all and must stop outside while their cargoes are transferred to river steamboats and barges. The volume of desert sand washed down by the rivers is so great that dredging and maintaining a deep channel is thought to be an operation of too great magnitude to be undertaken as anything but a permanent development. So the British have worried along.

Crossing the Bar

In my little book of occasional notes which always intends to be a diary and never is I find two brief items to remind me that, small as our old trooper was, we had some difficulty; in fact we must have had a horrible night. It was the sixth and last from Bombay. Says the notebook:

"12:30 A. M. We are just starting over the bar. The engines have stopped; the lead is being cast; a musical young voice rings out in the silence calling the depths. We move slowly under our own headway; a final cast; the distant clang of an engine-room signal; the engines begin to throb again and we are under way—very slowly, very carefully. It is a still hot night, with not a fleck or ripple even in the path of moonlight which lies across the sea. I am thinking that for many a young man aboard this ship it really is crossing the bar. So many of them are likely to find the end of youth and of life in 'the cradle of the world.'"

But isn't that just about the kind of twaddle one would be expected to write at 12:30 A. M.? Somewhat later: "At 3:00 A. M. Going over the bar was not so simple after all. We are still going over and the blessed old ship sounds as though she would break into a thousand pieces at any moment. I wonder —— But they wouldn't do it if they didn't think they could! There are fifteen hundred souls of us at least! Oh, stop it! But I mustn't be nervous. We're flat in the mud, no doubt about that. And the feel of it as we creep along inch by inch! Why should a ship aground feel like that? The engines pant and puff for a few moments; then they are still, as though they had paused for rest. There is a powerful deep-sea-going tug on either side of us and they seem to be tearing their very hearts out. But here, you officer! Cry about it if you must, but do restrain your language. You are just outside the porthole of the only woman creature on board, you know. Did you forget all about me? Well, of course you did! My, what fearful cuss words! Oh, we'll never do it!"

But of course we did. I do not know when or how. I waked up in the midst of the utmost placidity and managed to get on deck just as we were passing Abadan.

Having heard so much about the Anglo-Persian Oil Company it was with considerable interest and curiosity that I looked for the first time upon the evidences of its greatness. A forest of smokestacks and acres of enormous gray tanks could hardly be regarded as ornamental in an otherwise alluring landscape, nor would an ever-present and nicely blended odor of oils in all the stages of refinement and unrefinement be an attraction for the seeker after a desirable place of residence. But when the concomitant of such undesirable things is an assurance in these days of economic severities of a plentiful supply of fuel oil and gasoline at prices "within the easy reach," and so forth, one is able to look upon them with a certain degree of approval.

The Lure of the East

The company has built for the British martyrs to the general good who have to live at Abadan a row of very comfortable residences which lines the upper bank of the river; more or less cheek by jowl with the works, to be sure, but having a view to the north and to the westward of a wide sweep of palm-fringed river against a background of gray and yellow desert unmarred by oil tanks or any other evidence of human activity.

On up toward Basra the river is bordered on either side by a mile-wide band of date plantations, the tall palms being set in even rows between which one gets glimpses into deep, green, converging distances. In places the groves thin down to mere river fringes, while an occasional isolated giant lifts its plumes up to the blue of the sky; or stately groups, unevenly grown and wind-bent, are etched in fascinating lines against a desert that rolls away and away to the ends of nowhere. I think to myself "I'm going to like all this."

But then I remember a young British officer in hospital at Bombay who had just come down with his nerves shredded from overwork and his vitality all burned up with sandfly fever. He said to me:

"Can't see why anybody should want to go to Mespot! Except, of course, that you are going on up to Bagdad. That may be worth while—though I doubt it. Never been to Bagdad myself. No such luck! The army's no tourist party, you know. I've had to stick to coolie corps and mule depots at Basra. Still, I suppose somebody's got to."

An expression crossed his face which conveyed to me whole volumes of unpleasant recollection, and he added:

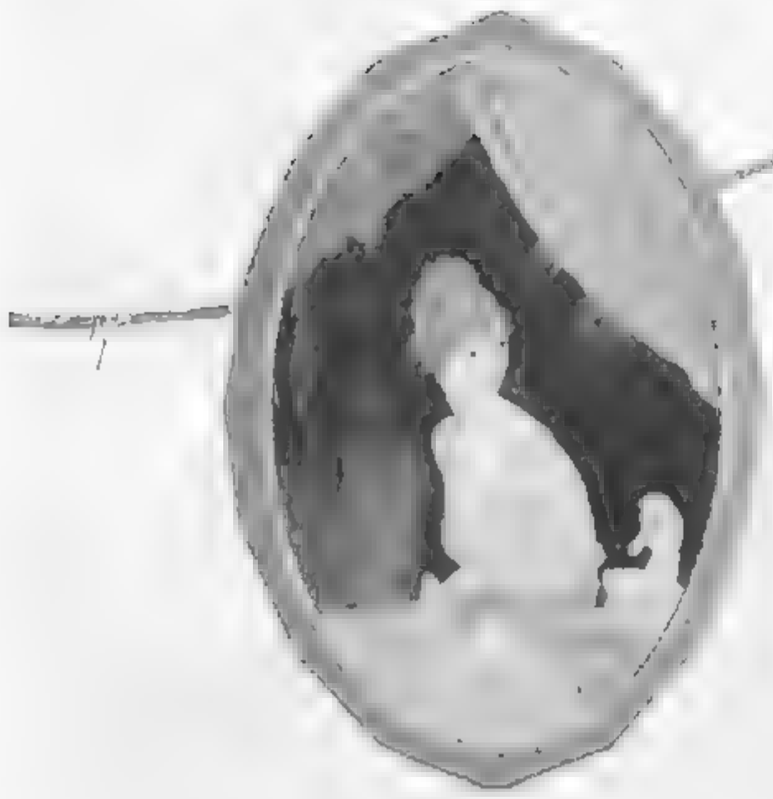
"Basra! I assure you that all you'll want to see of Basra you can see through a porthole of your ship. Then you'll want to turn right round and come back!"

I laughed and ventured to predict that as soon as he had recovered a little of his lost ginger he would be longing to return himself, and in a whimsical kind of way he acknowledged that likely as not he would.

"It's probably the most unpleasant hole topside o' Hades," he said, "but there isn't any doubt that it has a kind of fiendish fascination. Chaps get so interested in what they are doing with the place that they have actually been known to refuse a month's leave when it was offered to them! They stick it till they get shoved out on a stretcher, same as me!"

I wondered. Steaming slowly on up the Shat-el-Arab and into an area of war communications, crowded with a variety of commonplace and anciently curious craft beyond my power to describe, I wondered.

The Piquant Charm of Pears'



IF you used Pears' soap for one week with half the critical attention that you pay to your clothes, you would probably never use any other soap.

If you care for that quiet, classic simplicity that invariably distinguishes the truly elegant from the fantastic and the over-wrought, you are one who will appreciate the refinement and the piquant charm of Pears'.

You select your books, your gowns, your motor car, your home, your friends with careful reference to your taste.

But are you equally discriminating in the choice of your toilet soap? Do you think about it?

There are certain gaudy nervous tastes to which Pears' does not appeal. But the *normal* taste is for that which is simple, but genuinely good. The inhabitants of the civilized world use more Pears' soap than any other high grade toilet soap made.

Pears' has been the world's standard of purity in toilet soap for more than a century. Hold up a cake of Pears' to the light and behold its transparent amber lustre. That is the natural color of Pears', undisguised by foreign pigments.

Pears' soap is unscented. It has only the natural odor of wholesome ingredients.

Pears' soap is matured a whole year before marketing. This drying-out process eliminates all free moisture. Pears' is nothing but soap. It will far outlast the ordinary toilet soap.

If you wish to test Pears' for little expense, Walter Janvier, 419 Canal Street, New York (Pears' United States Agent), will send you a trial cake of the unscented soap for 4c in stamps.

GRAFLEX Camera

Graflex Details

1. Focusing hood. 2. Focusing screen, reflecting a brilliant image of picture, full negative size, right side up. 3. Reflecting mirror which swings out of the way just before exposure. 4. Graflex Focal Plane Shutter. Affords widest range of exposures—multiplies lens effectiveness.

A Booklet of Better Photography

Our booklet, "Why I Use a Graflex," is convincing evidence of "Graflexibility."

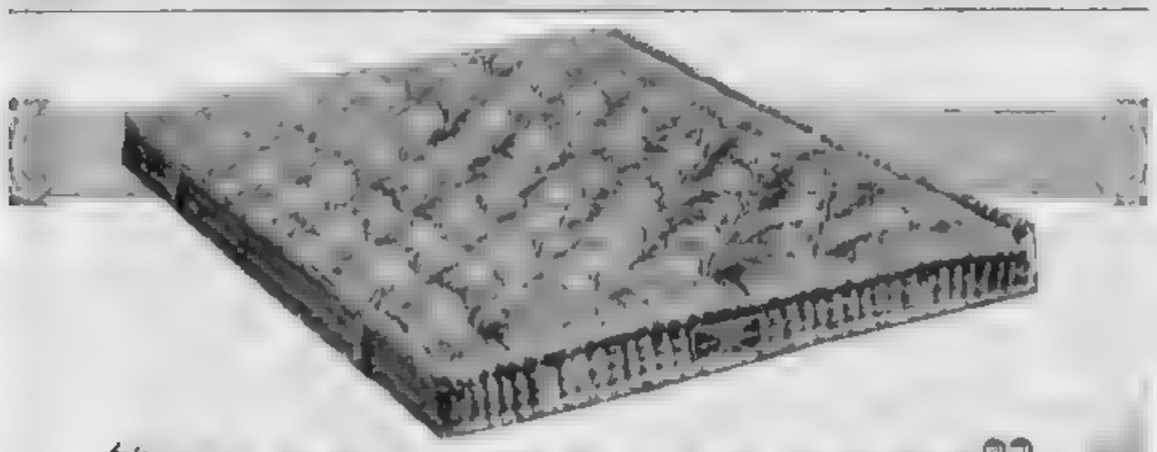
It shows, by examples, the refinement possible when you watch your picture as you take it—when you focus by sight rather than by scale, and know in advance what your negative will include.

It shows, too, the exceptional lens work made possible by the lightning-fast Graflex Focal Plane Shutter—exposures from 1/10th to 1/1000th of a second, and no illumination lost—snapshots in failing light, or on gray or even rainy days. And, of course, the speed pictures, for which Graflex is famous.

You'll want a copy if you're interested in better photography. Free from your dealer or from us.

FOLMER & SCHWING DEPARTMENT
Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester New York

See the picture *before* you snap it



"RESTGOOD"

SANITARY CURLED HAIR MATTRESS

WHEN the choir of feathered songsters rouses you from sweet repose and the sun pours through the lattice 'till its glory overflows—wide awake, refreshed and eager for the work that lies ahead,—*aren't you glad you had a "Restgood" curled hair mattress on the bed!*

The "Restgood" weighs forty pounds and contains all new sanitary curled hair, encased in a wide variety of ticking in stripes and art patterns.

Ask your dealer to show you the "Restgood." If he cannot, write us for the name of the "Restgood" dealer near your home and our beautifully illustrated booklet on the Restgood line

Address Dept. S-7

The mark WILSON & CO you guarantee
CHICAGO

Send 10c for our Art-board bed for dolly

THE LAST LAUGH

(Continued from Page 13)

the back with the dome is the publishing house owned by the New York World, a big "administration" newspaper.

Imagine the fright of the Yankees!

Next I show you photograph "B," which shows what another bomb did to the cupola of the City Hall. This cupola, which was famous throughout the country, is entirely demolished. They are repairing it, but next time the Zeppelins will finish off this whole building for good.

Just so that you can imagine how worried America now is I must relate here two exhibitions of cowardice on the part of the people of the city. You must know, Otto, that here are huge apartment houses in which live many, many families. Most of these buildings are very high. Since the Zeppelins came the apartments near the ground command the high rates. An apartment only one flight up always brings a much higher rent than one which is five flights up, unless there happens to be an elevator which will permit those on top to make a quick escape when next the Zeppelins come again.

Does this not show and prove to you what devastation we wrought upon the buildings of New York, and how fearful the inhabitants are?

Also, in America there is much traveling by night in sleeping trains. For sleeping purposes there are cars specially built, with berths along the sides. There is on either side, first a low tier of berths, then directly above is a second and higher tier of berths. Of course since the Zeppelins came all lights are out in these trains, and negroes only are allowed to be in attendance so that their faces will not be too prominent as targets in case the moon is extra bright and they should happen to look out of the windows or go outside to look up at the sky.

But the fact which you should know and tell to all without fail is this: Since the Zeppelins came everyone is demanding lower berths! And these lower berths command a large premium over the upper ones. Always the anxious query of the traveler is, "Can you give me a 'lower' to Buffalo—or Chicago—or Detroit—or Cleveland?"

If the ticket agent says no, the fearful one who is to make the hazardous journey will frequently take some other train simply to get a safer lower berth! Lower berths may sell for eight marks, while the berth just above, with more space for undressing, will cost only about six marks.

Probably the Yankees would not be such cowards were it not for the fact that a motto "Safety First!" has been drilled into their heads since they were children. You see these words of caution in the electric cars, on the roads and along all the railroads.

Now we must get back to the terrible damage which the pictures show so truthfully. The photograph "C" tells you in a very small way the most awful desolation which was worked just below the numbered streets on the west side of the city. Here a great piece of New York real estate lies in tatters. This huge plot of wrecked land extends for a mile or so and is very wide. The photograph looks through the wrecked front of a once famous church. Notice the reconstruction work going on through the pillars. Away off in the distance is the Woolworth Building, which was spared only by accident but will surely be leveled next time.

Here in this flattened misery of earth were dwelling houses. The few people left have tried to make light of their loss by calling the nearest section spared "Greenwich Village." Here the tiny fragment left of American art life lives, in stables and old ruined dwellings. Having lost all that they possessed, most of the artists have opened restaurants of queer kinds—for the people here go hungry so often that there is much profit to be made in America if one can only keep enough money from the imperious tax gatherers to start a place for eating. Most of these hysterical artist women in Greenwich Village suffered such great losses that they made a style of wearing short hair. By carrying this sacrifice to the dealers in wigs and switches they secured a few dollars to carry them over the first dismal days which the Zeppelins made for New York.

To cheer the refugees one queer character goes from restaurant to restaurant singing songs of consolation which he has himself made up. I will describe one of them, so that you may better picture the terrible mental state of the people. The first verse begins, "Come to my home in the attic," and then describes the joys of living in such a dismal place. A following verse starts off with, "Come to my home in the stable"; and yet more counterfeit optimism comes after these frank words of confession. But worst of all, still another verse begins, "Come to my home in the sewer," which gives you the truest idea of the terror these people now feel when they must be above the ground. A hysteria of mock joy runs through this whole song, and it always makes applause from the frenzied people who listen.

After we have fooled these oxen into the right kind of a peace I will bring you a copy of the book in which this impetuous drivel is printed—you will see for yourself—in black and white—on paper!

Also the Yankees are terribly frightened at the U-boats! To get volunteers and provide safe training for them they have had to build a battleship of wood on the dry ground. Here one may see at any time the frightened landlubber sailors who will later be driven into real boats on real water only at the point of the bayonet. This wooden ship is at Fourteenth Street and Broadway, and I have also a real, genuine photograph of it which I would send you at this time only I must keep the bulk of this letter small so that it will be safer gotten across.

Otto, you must now look at the photograph "D." Is it not glorious? What devastation! Here you see with your own eyes by truthful camera pictures what happened just below Thirty-fourth Street on Broadway. Dropping bombs of righteousness! How they emptied the famous hotels, which you see in the background—one of which I am particularly happy about since it has a French name.

All of Broadway was blown away by our brave navigators of the sky. During the whole of the past winter, traffic was almost impossible on Broadway, and the newspapers over and over referred to the fact that the average speed of vehicles on that street did not exceed three miles. Proud and haughty city—such fate!

Bomb shelters are now erected all over the city. Remember, Otto, no such confession of weakness has yet been made by Berlin. Remind the people about this when you show the pictures to them and tell them the facts. For reasons which I cannot explain the Imperial newspapers do not now want to tell about this great victory, but you should send it along with cuts of the frightful ruins to the newspapers of Russia, Spain and Turkey.

The photographs "E" and "F" were taken at the famous center of the city, Times Square. All round, you will see, are the mangled ruins. Observe in all plainness the twisted pipes; only fancy what has happened to the water supply, the sewerage and the gas mains of this once-so-proud city. The ruined building in "E" was once a famous hotel; now it is good for nothing but as a billboard on which to post many signs about the Liberty Loan.

And such posters they have—and always such hysteria! Everything will "win the war" except a huge amount of soldiers and cannon. "Food will win the war" shouts one sign. "Saving Stamps will win the war" screams another. "Canned fruits will save the day" bellows still a third. Good! Let them talk that way all they want. We know what wins wars, eh, Otto? Big beautiful Krupp guns, and obedient soldiers and hard-driving generals. And we have never made a secret of it. But then, nobody ever wants to know that which is never kept secret; isn't it so?

While I write there is more which I must tell you about the American food supply. The food situation is awful. But since the Zeppelins came there is too much fear to give food cards to all, for there are so many Germans about that the authorities are greatly afraid of them. The restaurants are told to serve only two pieces of bread—but such a joke, Otto! There are plenty of German restaurants where big plates of bread are put on the table the minute you sit down. *Ach!* How we have stuffed with bread, for it is the will of *Gott* that we should eat all the bread and beef and sugar that we can. Food so wasted is just so much added and righteous destruction to France and England. But between us, Otto, I do not think I will ever be able to look at a plate of

(Continued on Page 35)

"Dinah, clean all this furniture and woodwork with soap and water. It's varnished with Valspar and washing won't hurt it a bit."

Valspar—the washable varnish!

Valspar is the ideal varnish for every household use *because it is water-proof, spot-proof and durable.*

This means that if your furniture, woodwork and floors are varnished with Valspar they can be washed freely with soap and water and thereby kept clean, sanitary and beautiful.

You need never worry about little household accidents, because Valspar is immune from damage due to spilled liquids, leaky pipes, overflowing basins, etc.

Valspar will protect and preserve your woodwork and furniture for many years and will never turn white and never look "spotty."

Use it wherever you need varnish indoors or out—but be sure to get Valspar.

Special Offer—If you wish to test Valspar send 20c. in stamps and we will send you enough Valspar to finish a small table or chair.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 Fourth Avenue, New York

Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

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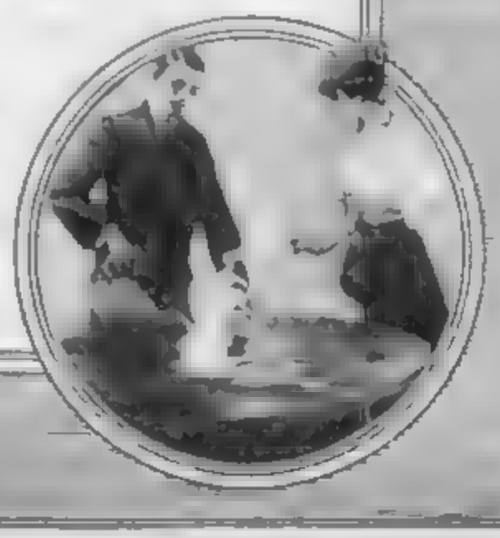
VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White



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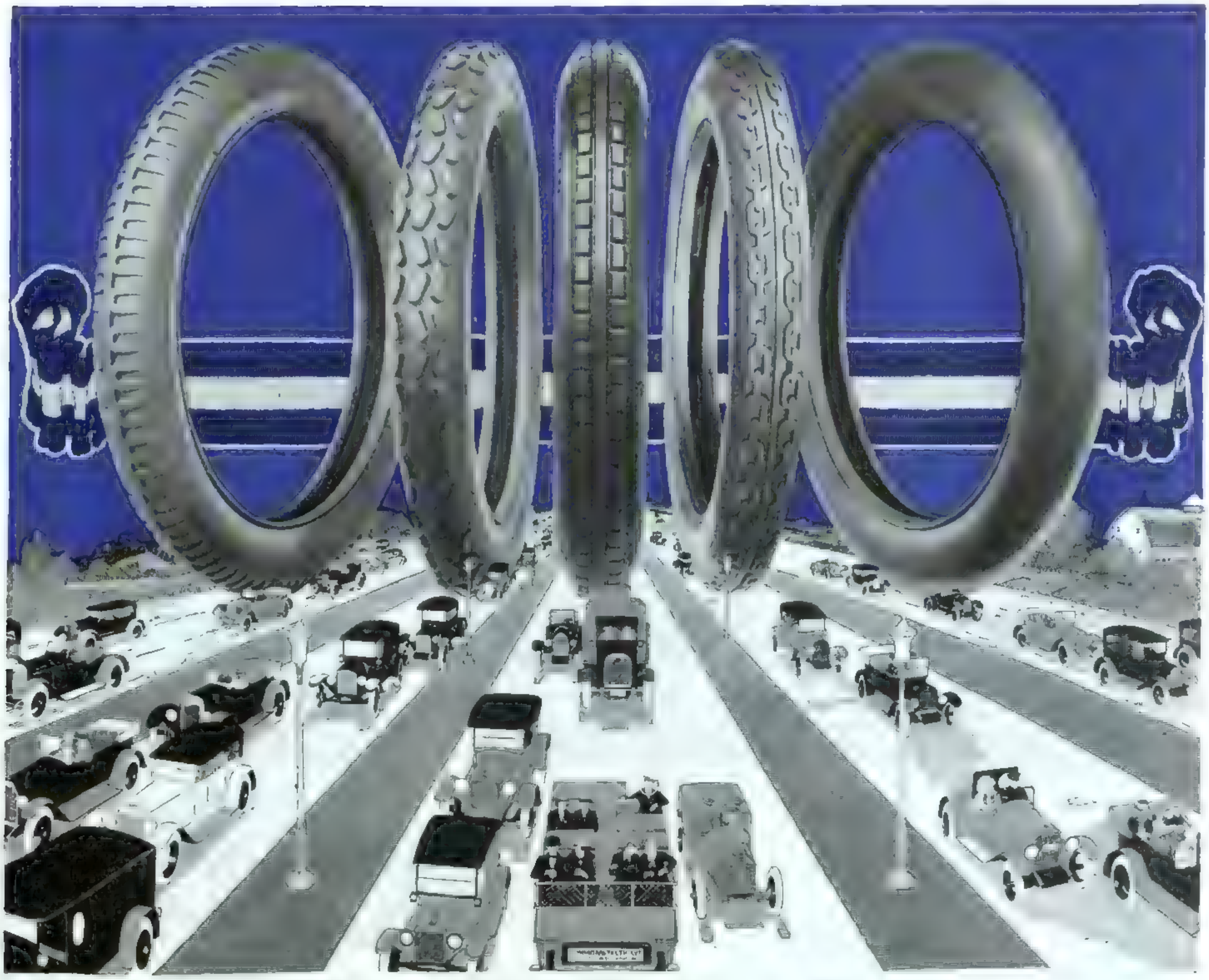


A Tire for Every Road

There are five different United States Tires.

Each is scientifically designed and built to fit a particular requirement of motoring.

Among these five you will find exactly the tires you need.

Whether your car is large and heavy, or small and light,

—whether the roads you travel are rough or smooth, hilly or level, hard or soft.

No other tire manufacturer provides so complete a line from which to choose.

No other has gone to such extremes to assure you tires that will give you utmost economy, greatest service, and keenest all 'round satisfaction.

It is both a personal and a national duty to put your tire buying on a thrift basis.

Our nearest Sales and Service Depot dealer will show you how.

Ask his advice.

Also Tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes.

United States Tires are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make **United States Tires** *Supreme.*

(Continued from Page 32)

bread again when the war is over. And make no mistake, many of the Yankees themselves still flock to the German restaurants to eat the big plates of bread so that they will make up for the corn and oat breads which the puritanical housewives serve them with their morning and evening meals at home.

We have also gotten the newspapers full of stories about ground glass in foods until all are scared stiff and pale like cadavers. Simple children! Simple newspapers! It is very easy to get these stories into them.

One restaurant man has built a great chain of lunch places, winning his success partly on the arrangement of having all dishes of food behind closed and locked glass doors. To get the food, money must be inserted in slots, then a knob is turned and the little glass door opens, leaving only room for the hand to reach in and get the food.

Very playfully the proprietor calls his system the "automat"—an abbreviation intended to convey the idea of the automatic service. But no one is fooled by the trick, Otto; least of all the anxious Yankees who go there, for to them the little glass door keeps the hand of the German terrorist from spilling ground glass and poison into the food.

Big American wheat fields—bah! In the pleasure parks they are even planting gardens, and the Americans are threatened that they must now raise their own food in their back yards or go without. Again, I have a genuine original photograph of one of these park gardens, in which you can plainly see with your own eyes the hungry crowds standing about watching, hoping that the gardener will only go away for a minute so that they may jump over the fence and steal a head of lettuce or some corn or a few potatoes—only a few potatoes!

All these things tell you wonderfully how proud you should be and how patiently you must keep faith in Von Hindenburg and the Kaiser. You have photographs—you see the ruins and devastation with your own eyes. What then is there to fear? Germany is unharmed, Berlin is perfect, with no ghastly shell holes and fallen buildings like the camera so honestly tells you there are in New York.

To this terror caused by the Zeppelins we have much fun in adding by many means.

Berthold Dunkelheit typewrites notices every day saying that on a certain date "This building will be blown up by the defenders of the Fatherland, on account that there are many Englishmen renting office space in it." He words them splendidly. No one could doubt but that there is surely a slow bomb concealed on the premises. Bertie goes into the building just before or just after hours and pastes the notices in the wash rooms on each floor. This goes on while there is small chance of anyone catching him. Always inside of a day or two an American secret-service man is standing inside the lobby of the building hunting for German spies and waiting for the explosion which never comes. Do you see? We thus waste much time of the Yankee police on silly errands, and also frighten girls and office boys, who always feel great unrest until the day for the explosion is over.

Heinrich Schwarzaugen also does fine work. He gets into the grocery stores and puts into circulation funny gossiping stories about the Red Cross. After people hear several of these they do not always feel like giving so much money to this organization. One good story which we got all over is so foolish I must relate it to you. It was that many sweaters which are knitted for the Red Cross are sold by them to department stores. Heinrich got this going fine by telling how one woman found in a Thirty-fourth Street store the very sweater which she had knitted for her son in France and had given to the Red Cross to forward to him there. She knew it to be the same by a little secret pocket she had knitted in it and in which she had inserted a ten-dollar bill.

Would you believe it? Ha, ha! That is a good joke. Of course you would not believe it, for you are too smart, and so is any other German. But that great joke has been told all over New York and it is now going West. So you see that the work is so easy that I will almost be ashamed to accept my Iron Cross when the Imperial Battle Fleet comes steaming into the harbor of this city of dumbheads.

Hugo von Hölle also does splendid, beautiful work. He has stories to make up about the Y. M. C. A. and also gossip about the morals of the soldiers in the camps. It just needs a few simple inventions now and then to keep the tongues wagging, I can tell you, Otto! I wish you were here. After we had looked over the destruction which the Zeppelins have made I could show you how to do some very useful work—and so safe!

Hermann Kriegslieb is another to whom belongs great credit, though he is becoming so headstrong that he may have to go to one of the pleasure camps before very long. For many months he wrote imaginary letters of complaint and disaster from American soldiers in France to their mothers at home. These letters he would drop on the street to set the gossip going. As he went through college here his work was very polished. Little letters like this were his invention:

"*Dear, dear mother:* I am getting a nurse in the hospital to write this note to say that I am safe and hope to come home to you soon.

"Our regiment did its best, though we had so little ammunition that it was a slaughter to send us over the top. The German guns are terrible and I see plainly now how foolish we were to declare war on them. The few German prisoners I have met are very gentlemanly. The French are fine people, but, mother dear, there are so few of them left that the French nation will never be able to stand on its feet again after the war is over. The English have let them do all the fighting, and now I guess it is our turn next. When I get back I will tell you some things about the English which will make your gentle blood boil.

"There are so many other Americans here who need help to write home that I must close now. I was very lucky; though one eye is gone and my left side is paralyzed I shall be able to do light work of some kind.

"Lovingly, PHILIP."

"P. S.. I am getting this past the censor by giving it to a sailor who is leaving here to-day and will remail it to you from New York when he lands there. The nurse is a lovely Alsatian girl who thinks it is terrible that we have been forced to fight for the English and the French."

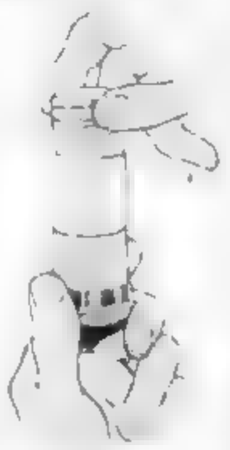
Fine, eh? We must keep all the English speakers apart just as we must keep all the German speakers together. But now Hermann is getting so rash that he tries every now and then to engage people in conversations in restaurants to tell them how the whole 69th Regiment was wiped out by gas attack. *Esel!* I have threatened to keep from him all decorations which may be later conferred on him. I hope that this will help, but it looks to me as though he wanted a nice vacation and intends to keep on chattering until he is made a guest of the American Government. Not a bad life, to be sure, but there is still useful work to be done.

I myself have made much conversation in the restaurants, but it is always the safe kind—about the peace that must come soon because Germany is down to her last pound of food. Many like this and listen eagerly and seem greatly encouraged. This is the safe way to get the Yankees feeling the right way.

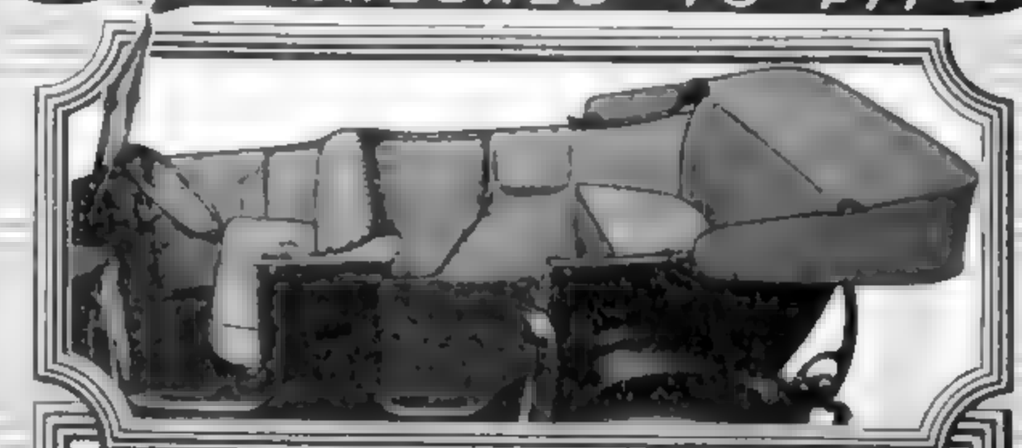
About the bombers I will say nothing. It is wonderful, but of course some nosey Yankee might get his hands on this letter—they are such nasty, naughty, prying children. But our work in this land is always pleasant and the worst that can happen to us is to have a nice vacation in a sunny Southern internment camp with plenty to eat and drink and in most cases plenty of spending money, too, from the benevolent Government. If ever a simpleton needed the

(Concluded on Page 37)

COLGATE'S
"HANDY GRIP"
Right there you save 50 shaves
Per Stick 25c
Because the last bit of the soap *unscrews* from the Grip—and can be stuck to a new Refill Stick—no waste—Colgate's for Economy.
The stick is the most economical form of shaving soap. As we make a shaving powder and cream also, we are in a position to give you this disinterested and helpful information. Colgate's "Handy Grip" is the Thrifty Shaving Stick. Lather with Colgate's, shave with Comfort.
COLGATE & CO., New York
Established 1806
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—lasting and refined



GORDON
EASY-ON SEAT COVERS
—TAILORED TO FIT—



GIVE your car an attractive appearance of newness and neatness with Gordon Tailored-to-Fit Seat Covers. You will be delighted with the perfect smoothness of fit with the charming color effects obtained and the "spick and span" air that makes your car distinctive.
There will be no more soiled clothes from dingy or dirty cushions, and if you turn in your car for a newer model, or wish to sell, you will find that Gordon Seat Covers add a decided increased valuation.
Gordon Covers fit perfectly. Our new patented sectional cover assures smooth fit and easy riding. Ask your dealer for Gordon Covers. He will show you a big line of beautiful fabrics, and quote prices for a set of covers to fit your car. Price from $9.00 up. Get yours now.
Gordon Easy-On Tire Covers
protect your spare tire from sun and rain—add a neat appearance to your car.
The J. P. Gordon Co.
405 North Fourth St. Columbus, Ohio

The Things You Cherish—

The work of nimble fingers of endearing friends—exquisite fancy pieces, embroidered towels, initialed linens, luncheon sets and doilies—requires careful laundering.

Crystal White is indeed the perfect soap for laundry and for every household purpose, because of its absolute purity, mildness and quick cleansing qualities.

Peet's Crystal White

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.

KANSAS CITY
SAN FRANCISCO

(Concluded from Page 35)

protection of our noble rulers it is this poor, fat, worried Uncle Sam. Never mind; we will soon take him in hand and save him from himself.

The Zeppelin photographs made that clear enough, did they not? And you will be sure to show them to everyone; do not forget to impress upon all that photographs never imagine but always tell the truth—absolutely! It cannot be otherwise with cameras and plates.

Now about the great American Army and Navy. It makes a fine joke. Ha, ha! I could write a whole issue of Simplicissimus all by myself!

The Imperial Staff has a full list of the American regiments which are now in France, so you know of course how few they are. But you do not know perhaps that the recruiting sergeants of Swineland are now calling for women! No? I thought not; you are fed only the lies which sift through the neutral countries. Well, you should see the women soldiers in their uniforms, as I do every day when I walk along Fifth Avenue. Their pictures have been in all the New York newspapers to stir the other women into action, but even the women have no heart in this war. For the present the few women who have responded are trained in automobile driving, which work they do passably well, though I do not know how they will like it when they are sent to drive ordnance trucks loaded with shell up to the artillery in the dark night, without any headlights, as they will soon have to do. For every woman automobile driver, I suppose, there are a few hundred infantry-women herded behind barbed wire in the training camps.

In the big Central Park, on that ground where food is not planted to keep the people from starvation, there is a small space called the Mall. Here every Saturday afternoon one sees both men and women drilling for the army under a regular army officer—one Captain Boyce. The poor captain had all men at the start, and to cheer them all up the newspapers made much fuss over them, calling them Captain Boyce's "tigers." But now it seems that "tigresses" have been added to the family as well, for preparation to storm Berlin. Oh, Otto, how I fear for you! Ha, Ha!

Worse and worse! Since the U-boats threw such a fright into the Yankees it has become necessary to try to enlist women for the navy also. See the photograph "G," Otto; it is stuck up all over the country. Think of it! Here you observe with your own eyes an actual photograph showing the desperate straits to which the money grubbers are reduced. Notice the woman sailor trying to look calm and jaunty—appealing to her sisters with the words "I want you for the navy." Terrible, is it not? Who will protect this strange nation from its queer nature if we do not?

And what of a nation that takes the little boys, too, and forces them into uniform for the army. You gasp, Otto; you say surely I am misinformed. And I wish it were so, for it is awful to think that before we are through we will be turning machine guns upon these innocents, for innocents they are, even if they are Yankees also. *Ach*, Otto, it almost makes me weep to see these little shavers scouting for Zeppelins up and down the Hudson, just as they are scouting and maneuvering all over the country with the American flag ahead of them. Have I not my little Franz, who, by the way, is of great help to me in mailing anonymous letters to the Yankees?

To fire the imagination of these tiny chaps and draw more recruits to go behind the lines in France the poster shown in the photograph "H" was produced. I show you again an actual photograph, which was taken through the door of a store which speculates in the safer lower berths on Broadway. What is America coming to? Here they appeal for money in a loan to equip the children who are to do their fighting. Many, many of these youngsters are now seen in all parts of the country in uniforms. You would think that this state of affairs would drive more of their elders into action, but then, Otto, you have never lived in this country, so only these genuine, original photographs can show you in a little way how matters really are going here.

To slow down the production of the uniform equipment for the male adult soldiers someone started military styles last winter for the civilian women. I am not sure that this one was a German, but the fruit of his work will greatly please and amuse the Kaiser. For up and down the streets we saw many women wearing suits and hats and overcoats made of the very same khaki woolen stuff which was badly needed for the soldiers. This will be a very helpful style of civilian clothing for the Fatherland, and we who are at work here will do all in our power to make it even more popular.

I do not know any of the reservists or secret spies whose names you mentioned in your last letter. There are so many of us here and we work such long hours and so secretly that we cannot always keep track of one another. I myself have homes in three different cities, and in New York alone I board in one place, have a complete apartment in another section and have an office in the lower part of the business district.

Now remember, Otto, you have seen with your own eyes the actual photographs of the wreckage caused by the Zeppelins to the city of New York.

You have also my solemn word that I personally took these pictures with my own camera round the first of May, 1918, in this very city. Even if I tried to lie the camera could not. Surely that is plain enough.

Be sure to show the photographs to all the neighbors and tell them that they must hold on, for the glorious victory for the Fatherland comes closer and closer every day. Already it is very plain in sight.

Your true friend,

RUPPRECHT VON Z.

Otto: Since writing the above, Karl Shreckliehkeit comes in with a wonderful scheme to replace my anonymous letters and gossip in the restaurants. He has cards printed with "War Department" on top and a death notification set there in type, which we can fill in with the names of the sailors and soldiers which we have on our lists and mail to the parents, signing a fake general's name. Is it not *wunderschön?* We must go down now to the lawyers and see what the penalty would be for mailing them. I do not think it would be more than sixty days in jail. That would soon be over, so maybe I will soon make a trip to Washington so that the postmark will be just right.

RUPPRECHT.

LADIES ENLIST

(Continued from Page 7)

"I beg your pardon, my dear," she says; "but I want to tell you I think your spirit is fine. And don't let any fear of the technical course deter you. Even I was able to do it."

Was I surprised? I was! But she seemed very sweet and kind, though so unnoticeable; so I just says thanks, and then—believe you me—started out on some rush!

First of all, I hustled up to old Doc Al's place, which ma and me has him for a doctor; though Gawd knows there ain't never a blessed thing the matter with our healths. Still, since her trapeze days ma has always felt that emergencies do happen. Well, of course, he give me a perfect certificate in less than ten minutes' new time, and I was off to see Goldringer, head of the dancing trust; and him and his partner, Kingston, each give me a elegant letter of recommendation, than which I could scarcely of got letters from any more prominent citizens—unless, maybe, Theodore Roosevelt.

Well, anyways, I took all three recommends down to the young lady lieutenant, and there all was the same. Well, it was still lacking five to twelve when I come in, and Miss Lieutenant looked quite some surprised, though she tried not to. The letters and the doc's certificate was O. K.; and the first thing you know I was signed up and given three passes. One for the auto school for two o'clock that same P. M.; one for the hospital, calling for me to be on hand for rehearsal of the nursing act at nine o'clock next morning. The third was also a call for rehearsal—a outdoor drill in the park at three P. M. next day. It looked like I was going to have a busy life.

"Well," I says, "would you like the car now?" I says. "I can walk home just as good as not."

"No, thanks," says Miss Lieutenant. "We will call upon you for it when it is needed."

Believe you me, I was grateful for that, because I ain't used to hustling round in the early morning, and I had hustled some this time. So I climbed in and says "Home, Rollo!" and dropped in on the seat and was carried uptown for lunch.

While on the way I got the first chance I'd had all morning to think about Jim, and to wonder what he had said when he phoned to apologize. And did the ache come back in my heart when I got thinking of him? It did! I felt almost sick with lonesomeness by the time I got to the flat. And whatter you think? Jim hadn't phoned at all! Not a peep out of him!

At first I thought there must be some mistake; but, after I'd rowed with the operator in the hall, and with ma and Musette both, I come to realize that the split between me and Jim was real—that we was off each other sure enough. And it was not so surprising that a man which didn't hit a German whose alligator had bit him wouldn't know how to treat a lady!

But somehow Jim's being so mean about not phoning perked me up a lot and give me courage to think of going into that auto school. I had commenced to be awful doubtful about it; but Jim's neglect, together with the lunch ma had fixed, set me up a lot. And by one-thirty by my wrist watch, and a quarter to two by the mantelpiece clock, I had the strength to struggle into a *demi-tailleur*, which is French for any lady's suit costing over sixty dollars, and get to the auto school by the time the lady lieutenant had told them to expect me.

Oh, that auto school! The torture chambers of this here Castle of Chillon has nothing on it and—believe you me—the first set of tools a person going into it needs is a manicure set. The next thing they need is a good memory, the kind which can get a twelve-hundred-line part overnight; which no dancer can nor is ever supposed to!

One thing I will say for that school, though—they was not such a ill-informed lot as the Automobile Service. From the very minute I set foot inside the place they knew who I was, and the manager give me the pick of half a dozen young fellows who was just filled with patriotic longing to help me qualify for the service.

After giving them the once over I finally decided on one lean-looking bird, who seemed married, and quiet, and likely to teach me something about the insides of a auto, instead of asking me questions about the steps of the Teatime Tango Trot, and did I feel the same in my make-up?

Well, the first thing this bird asks me is do I know anything about a car? And I says, know what? And he says, well, can I name the parts of a car? And I says, yes; and he says for me to name them. So I says color, lining, flower holder, clock, speaking tube and chauffeur.

Well, the bird says so far correct; but that wasn't enough, and he guessed we better begin at the more fundamental parts and would I just step inside?

Well, it seems this auto school undertakes to teach you everything about a car from the paint on the body to the appendix, or magneto, as it is called, in twenty lessons; which is like trying to teach the Teatime Tango Trot, with three handsprings and twenty whirls round your partner's neck, by mail for five dollars. Which is to say it can't be done.

First off, the instructor hands you a bunch of yellow papers with a lot of typewriting on them—twenty sheets in all, or one per lesson, and all you got to do is learn them good and then put into practice what you learn; and after that what you can't do to a car would fill a book!

Well, after you grab this sheaf of stage bank notes you look at number one and follow the bird that's teaching you round the room while he reels it off. I guess the idea of you holding the paper is to check him up if he makes a mistake. Anyways, this bird led me in among a flock of busted-looking pieces of machinery and begun talking fast. At first, I didn't get him at all; but when I got sort of used to it I realized he was saying something like this:

"The crank shaft is a steel drop-forging having arms extending from center of shaft according to number of cylinders. It is used to change the reciprocating movement of the piston into a rotary motion of the flywheel; it has a starting handle at one end and the flywheel at the other, as you observe. We will now pass on to the exhaust manifold, which is generally constructed of cast iron; it conducts the burned gases from the exhaust valve. . . ."

"Hold on!" I says. "Exhaust is right! I'm exhausted this minute. If you don't mind I'd like to sit down and talk sense, instead of listening to a phonograph monologue in a foreign language."

The instructor bird seemed sort of winded by this; but he got a couple of chairs and pretty soon we was sitting in a quiet corner talking like we'd both been on the same circuit for five years.

"Now listen here, brother," I says real earnest; "I want to learn this stuff, and learn it right! And I want you to stick by me and see me through, same as you would any male man that come in here to learn to be a chauffeur. Now take it easy and make me get it, and I'll play square and do my best to understand, without no nonsense."

"Say, you bet I will, Miss La Tour!" says this bird, who, married or not, had some spirit in him yet. "You bet I will! You see, a lot of dames come in here just because they ain't got nothing else to do. And you yourself must realize that a guy can only go through the motions when that's all they want."

Well, I could see that plain enough, and from then on we got along like a new team of partners with equal money in the act and going big on thirty straight weeks' booking. And—believe me or not—there is a awful lot of interesting things about a auto; only you would never suspect it until you start to look at what is under that hood and body. As to understanding them all, you couldn't get it all off of no twenty sheets of yellow paper, nor twenty hundred, either! It's a career, really understanding a machine is; just the same as being a expert dancer. The guy that invented all them parts and got them working together certainly must of set up nights doing it.

Well, anyways, after two hours of lapping up this dope I got so's I could actually tell the cam shaft from the crank shaft and the difference between a cycle and a cylinder, which was enough for one day. And then I rode home to ma.

Actually I had almost forgot to be miserable about Jim for two whole hours! But when I got home, and he hadn't phoned to apologize yet, it all came back over me, and I simply felt that, automobiles and enlistments or no, I wanted to die—just die! I cried so bad that even ma couldn't make me mind, and I was so tired I couldn't even taste the hot cakes she had fixed. I do believe ma would think of cooking something tasty if the world was coming to a end the next minute. She'd be afraid the recording angel would need a sandwich and a cup of hot coffee to keep him going while he was on the job.

But, anyways, they couldn't do nothing to me, or get me to go to the Ritz or the theater much less the midnight show; but that last did not matter, because I was wore out and asleep long before. And so ma had to telephone that Miss La Tour was suddenly ill and unable to appear. I made her swear not to phone Jim nor let him in, nor Roscoe, the publicity man, if they was to come—not on no account. And so I slept—poor child!—worn by the tossing of the cruel ocean of life—do you get me?

Well, next morning I was up long before Musette, and would of been obliged to dress unaided, only for ma never having got used to sleeping late, partly on account of her always taking a nap just after the matinée performance when with the circus, and still continuing the habit. So ma give me my coffee and a big kiss, and promised not to tell Jim nothing if he telephoned and I set off to be at the hospital at nine A. M., according to orders from Miss Lieutenant.

Well, there has always been something about a hospital I didn't care for much; not that I have went to many—only the night Jim got bit by the alligator; and once, when me and Jim was first engaged, he had a dog which we had to take to the dog hospital. But—believe you me—this

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The Annual

Roll Call

of WHITE TRUCK FLEETS

ACCORDING to its custom for a number of years, The White Company is publishing its annual Roll Call of fleet installations (ten trucks or more) in national magazines and metropolitan newspapers.

The following summary for each year indicates the rate of growth of the installations which comprise ten trucks or more:

1910 . . 54 trucks	1914 . . 1746 trucks
1911 . . 191 trucks	1915 . . 2604 trucks
1912 . . 508 trucks	1916 . . 5132 trucks
1913 . . 1021 trucks	Now . . 7433 trucks

There is now a total of 2,153 White fleets in active service, aggregating 23,226 trucks, exclusive of all single installations.

The company takes a just pride in issuing this annual statement. Its year-to-year growth is so much more convincing than any argument—so much more extensive than any other figures presented in the industry.

A copy of the 1918 Roll Call will be sent to anyone interested on request

THE WHITE COMPANY
887 East 79th Street
CLEVELAND

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St. Timothy's Hospital was quite different from the dog hospital. It was a whole lot more like a swell hotel, with porters and bell boys and clerks and elevators, and everything except a bar, as far as I could make out; and, being a lady, I'm not sure about that, but I don't suppose they had it.

I was so scared of being late that I was a little early and had to wait in a office. Pretty soon two or three other rookies come in; and, being ladies, of course we didn't dare to speak to each other at first. And then the ladies of the Automobile Service commenced coming in, wearing their uniforms. And were they a fine-looking lot? They were! I sure did wish I had a right to that costume; and I had a feeling that my heart wouldn't hurt near so bad, even when thinking of Jim, once it was beating under that snappy-looking uniform coat in Uncle Sam's service—do you get me?

Well, about this time we were let go upstairs in one of them regular hotel elevators, the rookies still scared, the regular members in good standing talking among theirselves, though several spoke to me nice and friendly; in particular, the little frowzy one which had been reading the book the day before in the office, but wasn't at all sloppy in her uniform.

Believe you me, I had a awful funny feeling in the middle of my stomach going up in that elevator, and not for the same reason as the Metropolitan Tower or any of them tall buildings, either. It was because of not knowing what was ahead of me and preparing for the worst. After I'd seen the kind of stuff them lady soldiers had to learn in the auto shop, it seemed like about anything might be expected of them in a mere hospital. So I got myself all braced up so's if I had to cut off a leg, or extract a tooth or anything, I'd be able to go to it and not bat an eyelash—not outwardly, anyway.

But things is seldom as bad as you figure in advance—not even first-night performances. And the stuff which was actually put up to us was simple as a ordinary one-step. At least, it looked so from a distance. By distance I mean this: When the nursing instructor—a lady in a white dress, with the darndest-looking little soubrette cap stuck 'way on the back of her head—when she stood up in front of the lot of us and put a Velpeau bandage—which is French for sling, I guess, and looks it—on one of the lady soldiers who was acting as mannequin, why, it looked easy.

While she was putting it on she handed us a line of talk something like that bird at the auto school, only not so fluent. And when she got through it was up to the rest of us to put Velpeau bandages on each other. Gawd knows it was no cinch.

First, I set down, and a girl in uniform asked could she wrap me up. Well, it just naturally rumpled my Georgette blouse; but what's a blouse to a patriot? I let her go to it, and she done it so good and so quick that it was all over before I knew it, as the dentist says; and then it was up to me. Somebody give me a nice new roll of bandage and told me to get a model.

Well, I didn't have the nerve to ask anyone, me being so new and the name Marie La Tour not meaning anything to nobody there. And so here was me standing round like a fool, not knowing how to commence, when up comes that lady—her which has been so sloppy reading a book in the office.

"Can't I be your model?" she offered, and—believe you me—I could of almost cried, I was so glad to have somebody take notice of me.

I liked that dame more each time I seen her; she sure was refined. Even her sloppiness was refined—do you get me?

Well, as to real work, that sheaf of yellow papers up to the auto school had nothing on the bandaging game when it come to understanding properly. Believe you me, that bandage had a will of its own, and the only way to make it mind would of been to step on it and kill it. But after a little I managed to tie up the lady pretty good, and before I was done I had my mind made up that Musette had lost her regular job and was going to be a bandage mannequin from that P. M. on until I got the hang of the thing.

Well, when the scramble of putting on the bandage was over and past, we was told that after we got on to the theory we'd be sent down into the Charity Ward for two solid weeks and practice what we'd learned.

If I ever get there Gawd help the charity patients! I guess the two weeks won't qualify me for the Auto Service. More likely I'll be ready for the Battalion of Death, or whatever they call them Russian women.

Well, when the bandages was all gathered up we was dismissed, as they call it, and told to report for a drill in a certain place in the park, it being a fine day.

I must say I didn't think a whole lot of the hospital end of the game, because it wasn't pleasant. Of course I had no intentions to quit in any way, but it sort of depressed me, what with all that sickness going on round me and the talk about wounds and bandages. And so my mind wasn't took off Jim, like it was by the auto work, me having a heart which needed a little bandaging—only that can't be done, of course.

Well, on the way home I cried some more. And well I might. For when I got there had Jim phoned? He had not! Nobody but Goldringer, the manager, and Roscoe, the publicity man, and a few unimportant nuts like that, and some of the newspapers. Ma had stalled them off pretty good by saying it was impossible to disturb me.

And it seems these people hadn't been able to locate Jim anywheres, either. At first that sounded sort of funny to me; but when I come to think it over I realized about his nose, where the alligator had bit him and the doctor had put on the brown stuff, from which he wouldn't naturally care to be seen—only no one could say that it would prevent him using the phone, which I also realized.

Well, after I eat a little liver and bacon, and so on, which ma had fixed for me, and cried some, which made me feel better again, I started out for drill; which means that now comes the real important part of what happened and the true measure of the tale, as the poet says.

Well, it seems we rookies—and I must pause to mention that I don't like that word rookies; it sounds like something that would get the hook amateur nights. Well, as I was saying, we rookies was told to report at three o'clock for a private drill, all of our very own. But I was on to the fact that the regular members in good standing would be there ahead of us to do well what we was about to do badly. So I thought I would go early and sit out in front, or whatever was the same thing, and try and get a line on how it was done.

Believe you me, there ain't many steps I can't get by seeing them done once; and if I was to of gone up to the Palace and watched Castle, or Rock and White, or any one of them, when I come away I could do the steps they pulled as good as if I had invented them!

Well, this was my idea in going up and seeing the ladies drill. So there I was at the park bright and early on a fine sunny afternoon, with the ladies all in uniform. But I wasn't in any too much time, for I'd no sooner got there than a big roughneck of a feller—a regular U. S. drill sergeant, I found out after—come up and yelled: "Fall in!" Just as rude as any stage director I ever seen! But the ladies didn't seem to mind a bit. They didn't fall into nothing though; they just hustled into line and stood there.

"Ten-shun!" says the feller. And they all stood like a chorus when the stage manager is telling them he is going to quit the show if they can't learn no better, and they're a bunch of fatheads, and he's going to get them fired. In other words, they stood perfectly still.

Well, after that it was something grand, what those ladies did. I will say that when I come down to the park that afternoon I thought maybe I'd see some pretty fair chorus work; you know—formations, and etc. But this was no chorus work, it was soldiering. I never seen anything neater in my life. Was it snappy? It was! And when I thought how that bunch of ladies knew all about autos from soup to nuts, and about bandages, and etc., believe you me—that drill was the finishing touch.

For once in my life, I was anxious to be in the chorus, even in the back line. But not forever—not much! Believe you me, I made up my mind that, once I was really in it, I was going to work for a speaking part like I never worked before. And meantime I started in that direction by trying to figure out just what the ladies did when the stage manager—I mean, officer—hollered at them. And—believe you me—I had the turn-on-the-heel and push-off-with-the-toe idea on that right-and-left-face stuff long before the regular members in good standing was dismissed and we lady rookies was called.

Well, the same roughneck which had drilled the others had us simps wished on to him; and the first thing he done was to get us in a row—you couldn't properly call it a line—and then stand out in front and look at us sort of hopeless and discouraged, like a good director which has just finished with a bunch of old-timers and is starting with green material for the back row. Then he commenced talking.

Well, while this bird was getting off a line of talk about us now being soldiers of the U. S. A. and that being no joke to him or us, and etc. and etc. but no instructions in it, I let my mind wander just a little, on account of me having enlisted for deeper reasons than any he mentioned and him quite incapable of strengthening them.

And while my mind wandered this little bit, and I was thinking how funny it felt to be back in the chorus—do you get me?—I happened to take a look at the houses facing the park. And—believe you me—I got a jolt, for there we was standing right opposite Ruby Roselle's house!

Well, I was that astonished to realize it you could of knocked me over with a sudden noise! Up to then I had been so interested in the other ladies and what they was doing I hadn't even noticed it.

And then, before I could really commence to think what a awful thing it would be if Ruby was to look out of the window and see me standing there, and think I was just in some chorus, and maybe that nasty Von Hoffman with her, and the both of them laughing their fool heads off, the officer says "Ten-shun!" he says. And, of course, I tenshuned, because of me being anxious to get everything he said when it come to instruction, and get it right.

Well, he told us a lot of dope on one thing at a time after he had got us in line, with the tallest at the right end, which was me. And he told us very simple and then made us do it; and no camouflage, because—believe you me—he could spot any lady which done it wrong quick as a flash.

I will say he didn't have a whole lot of trouble with me, partly on account of me having had similar work before, and also my feet taking to new things so easy. But it took me about ten minutes to see that my patent Oxfords, with the Looie heels, was never going to do for this work. Though I hate to say it, the other ladies sure did bother him a lot. They couldn't seem to mind quick enough. And he had a lot of trouble making them keep at attention.

Every time we'd be that way, just to show what I mean, the lady next to me would forget and powder her nose. Oh, that wasn't no new sight to me! I seen worse in my day until they get used to it. But did that officer get mad? He did!

"Whatter ye think ye're at?" he yells. "A pink tea? Cut that stuff now! Attention is attention and youse is standing at it," he says. "The worst crime youse can commit is move without permission."

And—believe you me—I sympathized with him, I did, little knowing what I was about to do next my ownself.

Alas, that in ladies obedience comes so much harder than following out a impulse! For the officer had no sooner uttered them words, and I agreed with him, than I went back on him something terrible.

It was this way: As I explained, we was drilling in the park, and not alone in the park but also opposite Ruby Roselle's house. Well, of course, we was drilling on a open piece of grass, but at one side of this here grass was fancy bushes; you know—hedges and what not. And me, being on the end of the line, was nearest them bushes.

Well, as the sergeant was speaking I seen something move under one of them bushes; and, as Heaven is my witness, there was that pro-German alligator which had bit Jim on the nose and started all my troubles. There he was, walking very slow, gold-and-diamond collar and all, and by his lone self, with nobody to protect him!

Well, I never stopped to think or salute, or ask nothing of nobody. All I knew for the time was that that damn' alligator had somehow got out on his own, and that this was the chance of a lifetime. So, without more ado, I fell right out of attention and rushed over and reached into the bushes and grabbed the alligator by the tail.

Well, the officer hollered something at me, I don't know what, and all the ladies

"Hold On!" I Says. "Exhaust Is Right! I'm Exhausted This Minute"

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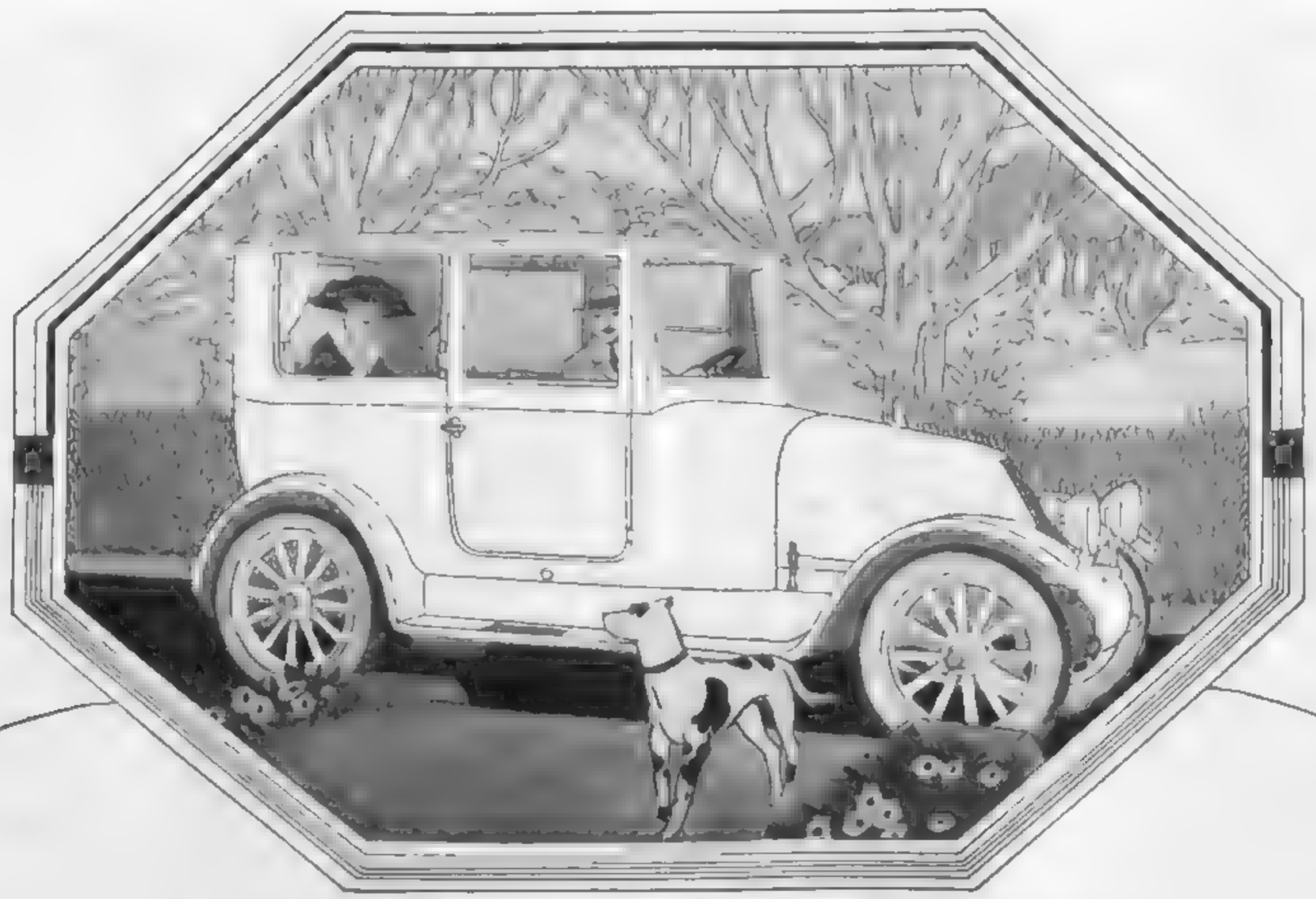

Why the Franklin Car Delivers Service Without Waste

THERE was a time when peace and plenty fostered a "hang-the-expense" attitude on the part of the automobile owner. That time has gone.

The national need of economy has brought the whole motor car proposition squarely down to a basis of: Service without Waste.

With the Franklin Car, this standard of Economy is not a new phrase, lugged in to meet the demands of the times.

From the beginning, the Franklin has held to the truth that heavy weight in a motor car is bound to mean heavy expense to run it—that needless *weight* directly results in needless *waste*. And today the car that is too heavy for a man's needs is recognized as making unnecessary demands on the Nation's resources.

For sixteen years, the Franklin has been built on the principles of Scientific Light Weight, Direct Air-Cooling and Flexible Construction. For sixteen years, the Franklin has been piling up remarkable economy records as proof of the correctness of those principles.

Franklin efficiency has *always* been a recognized fact; the exacting nature of the times has simply extended that recognition.

For the average motorist no longer has a mere academic interest in gasoline economy. *He's hunting for it.* No longer is he satisfied with five or even six thousand miles to the set of tires. *He's looking for more.*

In sharp contrast to *claims* of economy—to mere assurances—he finds the strongly supported *facts* of Franklin *daily performance:*

20 Miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10
10,000 Miles to the set of tires—instead of 5,000
A high resale value—instead of a firesale price

And he inevitably develops a new standard of motoring. He will never again tolerate the wastage of an inefficient car.

For it is not unusual to own a fine car; nor even unusual to own an economical car; but to own a car that is both fine *and* economical is so unusual that it is possible in only one automobile.

ELECTRIC PRIMER insures ready cold weather starting, even from low-grade gasoline. Minimizes spark plug fouling and loading up.

MASTER VIBRATOR produces fat, hot spark for starting even when battery is "low." Another assurance of motoring satisfaction.

STARTING DEVICE—Simplest; surest; large capacity; controlled by ignition switch. No meshing of gears and pushing of pedals.

LARGER TIRES increase already remarkable tire mileage. 33 x 4½ inch cord tires now on all types assure utmost tire reliability.

NEW OILING SYSTEM with reservoir and wick eliminates messy grease-cup troubles. Surer; requires less attention.

AIR INTAKE STRAINER keeps road dust, grit, etc., out of engine internals. Prevents wear in cylinders, valves, etc. Lessens repairs.

PISTON CONSTRUCTION automatically takes up cylinder wear. Maintains compression. Engine indefinitely retains responsiveness.

INTAKE YOKE HEATER quickly warms up mixture by use of exhaust gases. Original with Franklin; perfected in today's car.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 39)

commenced screaming. And was I scared of that alligator? I was! But I held him up by the tail, and it didn't take me two minutes to find out that he couldn't bite me that way; and then all my scare was gone.

I felt so good about getting him I didn't even care much what was being said at me by the drill sergeant. I just stood there holding tight to the alligator's tail and grinning all over myself. But up come Miss Lieutenant, who had been watching our drill—the one which had signed me up—and she was as mad as a hornet, only having a awful time trying not to laugh.

"What's this?" she says, indignant.

Fortunately the alligator was in my left hand; so I saluted.

"Enemy alien alligator!" I says.

"Dismissed from the ranks!" she says. "And report to Sergeant Warner at Headquarters at five o'clock."

Gee, but that made me feel bad! But she wouldn't listen to no explanation at all, and there was nothing for me to do except walk off to where the limousine was waiting. And, in a way, I was glad, because suppose Ruby had of looked out and saw the alligator in my hand! I couldn't of got away with him.

As things went, I got him safe into the limousine. And—believe you me—I didn't dare set him down a minute for fear of his trying to get even with me; and so I was obliged to hold him at arm's length until we got home, which it is a good thing that it wasn't very far.

Well, when we got home you ought to of seen the elevator boys get out of the way! I walked in holding on to the alligator; and once I got to the flat there was ma sitting in the Looie-the-Head-Waiter drawing-room, reading a cookbook. When she seen what I had I must say that for once she acted kind of surprised.

Of course she ain't usually surprised, not after her having twice seen sudden death in the center ring, and the circus went on just the same. But alligators coming in unexpected is rather out of the usual. So ma marked her place at sauces for fish, and took off her glasses so's she could see good, and give me the kind of stare she used to hand out when I got dirt on my Sunday-school dress.

"Why, Mary Gilligan!" she says. "For the land's sakes, where did you get that?"

"Caught it on the wing!" I says, very sarcastic, on account of my arm being nearly broke. "Can you cook it for supper?" I says.

"Well," she says, "I guess I can. What is it? A mock turtle?"

"It's a pro-German alligator," I says. "And if you'll just kindly help me, instead of standing there staring at it, we'll intern it some place so's I can leave my arm get a rest."

Well, we certainly had a fierce time finding something to put him in, owing to us not being able to agree about what kind of a place he belonged. Ma was all for the goldfish bowl, claiming it was his native element; and Musette, who come in, thought the canary cage was better. But, realizing he couldn't jump very high, I had them get a big hatbox, and set him in that.

"And now what are you going to do with him?" says ma as we all stood round looking at him; and my two fool dogs barking their heads off on account of a mistaken idea they had that he was a new pet. "What are you going to do with him?" says ma.

"Unless you cook him, I don't know," I says—"except for one thing; I'm going to take that gold-and-diamond collar offen that brute and sell it and give the money to the American Red Cross; and I'm going to do it now!"

Believe you me, I was mad at that alligator! And no wonder! Just look at all the trouble he made me! So I didn't waste any time getting action against him. First off, I persuaded ma, who was real brave, to hold a ice pick down on his nose good and firm, so's he couldn't open his face. Then I managed, after a lot of trouble, to get that bejeweled sinful collar off his neck. And was it a swell collar? It was!

As soon as I had it off we just left that alligator interned in the hatbox and looked the collar over good. It was made all of a piece and the jewels were certainly wonderful. I know quite a lot about them, me and ma always having invested that way when we had a little extra cash.

Well, as we was looking the stones over carefully, I happened to rub one which was close to the snap, sort of sideways, and right off something happened: That there collar parted—yes, sir; parted!—the lining from the outside, and in the place between the setting and the inside frame was a couple of thin slips of paper!

Well—believe you me—it didn't take me long to get the idea; not after having a father and mother which had been in the circus and had to think quick, and me having been associated with dramatic stuff all my life—do you get me? You do!

What with that collar having come off a alligator which I was already convinced was a pro-German, and knowing Von Hoffman had give it to Ruby Roselle, and got her to sing Overseas in that nasty costume made out of the national colors, which should never be done, I seen everything clear. Von Hoffman had a German job of some kind!

And when I unfolded those papers an' seen they was full of funny little marks like a stenographer makes and then can't read, I realized that I had happened in on it; and so will any intelligent public.

Well, was ma and Musette full of questions? They was! But I didn't wait to answer none of them; for I realized, also, that it was almost five o'clock, and I was supposed to report at Headquarters for a bawling-out at that time. And, after me having broken the rules once, I had no wish to do it again so soon.

Well, I just grabbed up the collar and the papers, and a clean pair of gloves, as the alligator had completely ruined what I had, and, having on my hat, waited not to explain, but made a dash for the street. And by a big piece of luck there was the limousine, still standing outside on account of I having forgot to tell Rollo to go. Well, I told him "Headquarters!" and off we started; and I got there just on the dot of five o'clock.

Well, Miss Lieutenant was there, and a Miss Sergeant—the one I was reporting to—and that frowzy-looking lady I have spoke of before, and several other ladies, still in their uniforms. And while I was explaining in comes the captain, which she certainly is a smart woman. And they all listened while I reported and told the whole story about Ruby and me and Jim, and Von Hoffman and the alligator. Then I saluted and handed over said collar and papers in evidence; and then the captain spoke up:

"This material, which is undoubtedly in a foreign code, will be of interest to the Secret Service," she says. "This Von Hoffman is probably one of those persons who are active in the obviously deliberate effort to cheapen and degrade the quality of our patriotism," she says; "for I have heard that is part of the German propaganda here.

"Private La Tour, in view of the unusual circumstances you are excused for your action in leaving ranks without permission," she says; "but next time remember to get your salute recognized," she says—"even under extreme conditions."

Then she went on, and she says:

"I understand you have given your car," she says. "Some member in uniform will take this evidence downtown in Private La Tour's car," she says, "which we now accept for the service."

Then she walked into her office, which said Private on it, and closed the door; and I watched one of the ladies in uniform go away, with the collar and the papers, in my limousine.

And after she had went I got a terrible scare, for it come over me all of a sudden that I hadn't even a nickel change on me to buy car fare home!

Well, just as I was standing there wondering how I was going to hoof it after the trying day I had had, that frowzy lady comes up to me, real kind, like she could almost see what I was thinking of; and she says:

"May I take you home in my car, Miss La Tour?" she says. "I have seen you dance so often that I feel as though I knew you. I am Mrs. Pieter van Norden."

Just get that, will you? Her that I had been modeling myself on for refinement for years! And—would you believe it?—on the way home she told me she had been trying to dance like me since the first time she seen me!

Well—believe you me—I felt so good over this, and over having got the goods on Von Hoffman, and about being excused for making that bad break at drill, and not getting fired out of the Automobile Service, that I only commenced feeling bad about Jim and me again after Mrs. Van Norden

Military №7

GEM

DAMASKEENE

RAZOR

Khaki Service Outfit

"Over there" in the trenches and training grounds—"Over here" in the big camps—everywhere—most of our boys are shaving with the **GEM—New Khaki Service Outfit.** Strong enough to stand the hardest service, but marvelously light, neat, compact—fits in anywhere—makes shaving easier, quicker, more comfortable.

Note—The indispensable stropping handle is included in every set—keeps blades smooth, sharp—doubles their life saves expense of new blades. Blades in sealed waxed paper wrapped package, repelling any attack of rust or dust—no conditions of heat, cold or dampness affect them.

$1.00 without Trench mirror. Add 10c for Canada

Gem Military Outfit includes razor complete with seven **Gem Damaskeene Blades** and Stropping Handle.

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Ask for the GEM at your dealer, or the Post Exchange, Camp Canteens, or Quartermaster's Depot.

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York
Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal

A Grand Grain

When Experts Rightly Mill It

We Discard 40%

The Yellow
Is Like Grains of Gold

The White
Is Like Marble Dust

THESE suggestions, if you'll try them, will make wheatless days a joy. Ask your grocer for a package of Quaker Best Corn Meal. Then look for a surprise.

At a glance you will see that it differs from old kinds. And this is why:

We grind just the hominy part—the sweet, flinty part—the best 60 per cent of the corn.

The fibrous outer coat is omitted. The oily grain is removed—the part that grows rancid.

This is just as distinct from old-style corn meal as patent white flour is from Graham.

Note what a difference it makes in your corn foods, and what a welcome the new kinds get. A million homes now enjoy them.

Quaker Best Corn Meal

Yellow or White—15c Per Package

A Hominy Meal—The Best 60% of the Corn

Hominy Supreme

Quaker Hominy Grits is a superlative hominy, which makes all hominy dishes better. Even Southerners brought up on hominy, never knew such perfection. A collection of recipes on the package will give you many new dishes. In addition try Hominy Grits cooked with tomato sauce, and Hominy Grits with cheese. These make a welcome change when served with meats at dinner.

Quaker Hominy Grits

Fancy White Hominy—15c

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

1929

had left me at the door of my place, and I was going up in the elevator.

As I was letting myself in with my key I got so low in my mind again that I felt I would just die if Jim hadn't phoned; and I knew he hadn't, for I'd given up hope. Well, I opened the door and went in. And then I got another shock, for right in the middle of the drawing-room stood Jim.

Well, first off, I didn't know him on account of him being in khaki; but when he turned round I nearly died for sure! But I didn't actually die. What I done is nobody's business but mine and Jim's. But I will say it was a second-lieutenant-of-aviation uniform; and they show powder on the shoulder something terrible.

And he had been studying for months; and that's where he was every afternoon, and not out with some blonde, and wouldn't tell me for fear he'd fail to get it!

And I'm going to dance alone at night until he comes back, and all day drive a truck or something to release a man. And that's the whole inside story of the split, which is now readily seen is not a fight at all—at least not yet, since we don't get married until this afternoon.

So, only one thing more: Regarding that alligator, Ma decided he would be too hard to cook. So Jim is going to take him to camp for a mascot, and by the time he gets there he will have learned to understand American—believe you me!

Footnotes on the War

The Mercy Drive

THE American Red Cross is struggling with the hugest task ever presented to human benevolence. Already General Pershing has more American soldiers in France than were on the field of Gettysburg—more than were engaged on both sides in any battle of the Civil War. Secretary Baker says there are over five hundred thousand, and there will be a million more as fast as ships can be found.

But the American Army, though it numbers a million, is but a small part of the Red Cross job. In enemy-occupied France, Poland, Russia, Serbia, Rumania, Northern Italy, civil populations have been dispersed, their homes and means of subsistence destroyed, families scattered, children separated from parents. Of helpless children alone the Red Cross has succored tens of thousands. Cold, mud and the frightful wear of the trenches have undermined men's constitutions and set up a terrible scourge of tuberculosis in France. Our Red Cross is building sanatoria and providing nurses for the victims. There are exigent problems of reconstruction—getting a shelter over this family's head, helping it to a bit of farm machinery, setting it going again after the deluge.

That black line on the map running from the North Sea down to the Mediterranean, across the Balkans, then from the Black Sea up to the Baltic, is a sign of the greatest destruction ever wrought and of an unparalleled sum of human misery. All along the line flies the merciful flag of the American Red Cross. Not after the war, not after governments have deliberated and debated and redacted their schemes of rehabilitation, but right now, on the spot, the Red Cross is doing all it knows to bind up the wounds; and for the most part with volunteer hands who take nothing from its funds. Right here in the United States the Red Cross is spending millions for relief.

Last summer the American public subscribed a hundred million dollars to the Red Cross—its finest achievement in this war. That money is nearly spent—efficiently and economically, with little "overhead," for a great part of the work is done by unpaid volunteers. There is need of more. When this war is over the American Red Cross is the thing of which we shall be proudest.

Self-Supporting

OF AGRICULTURAL products—or Products of Farm and Forest, as the official title reads—we exported two billion dollars' worth in 1917. That is a wonderful record. But in the same year we imported just a trifle less than two billion dollars' worth of agricultural products, or farm and forest products. The imports were only five per cent less than the exports. We fed France and England; but Brazil, China, the East Indies, the West Indies, practically every non-European nation we could reach, fed us. With the scarcity of tonnage and our embargoes on superfluous imports, there was comparatively little in the list of imports that we did not actually have to have in order to subsist the population and keep our industries going.

We are very far from being self-sufficient or self-supporting. We do not want to be. We want to trade our surplus wheat for Brazil's coffee and rubber, and China's tea. We want the highways open. We can no more tolerate this submarine business than we could tolerate gangs of highwaymen who tried to wreck every train that crossed the Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers.

Confiscating

A GOOD many people the world over deem this a favorable juncture for picking out the rich and taking most of their money away from them. That idea is always behind the phrase "conscription of wealth."

On narrow grounds of immediate selfish interest only a few of us can have any objection to confiscating all fortunes above, say, a million dollars. As to much more than ninety-nine per cent of us that scythe would cut far above our heads—in its first and immediate operation.

But only a very simple, inexperienced mind can imagine that the initial operation would end the matter. With that operation we would have adopted the principle that all personal possessions above a maximum fixed by the judgment of Congress were subject to confiscation. There is just as much reason for fixing the maximum at a hundred thousand as at a million. The Bolsheviki, in their edict repudiating the national debt, appear to have fixed upon ten thousand rubles—worth at present about a thousand dollars in American money—as the largest fortune which a really radical government can tolerate.

You cannot, in our opinion, turn loose the gentle principle of confiscating some people's wealth without injuriously affecting all people's wealth. We should expect the reaction finally to touch every fortune and every income, no matter how modest.

Price Fixing

ON THE heels of a coal famine that pinched nearly every community east of the Rockies we found trade journals talking about an impending iron famine.

Of course price fixing curtails production. With more pinches there will probably be more criticism of it on that ground. When coal prices were soaring, without a check in sight, mines that could not be worked profitably at anything like normal prices were opened up. Almost any sort of contrivance in which iron could be made found a profit in operating when that commodity sold round seventy dollars a ton. When the Government fixed the price at thirty-three dollars resurrected and improvised furnaces had to shut down.

But price fixing, though it does cut out a certain amount of extravagantly dear production, is good economy. The country is in a sounder position with somewhat less iron at thirty-three dollars a ton than it would have been with a somewhat greater output at seventy dollars. The increased supply of either coal or iron would have been relatively small. In the case of coal the real famine was in transportation rather than in fuel. An increased supply at the mines would have done no good when cars were not available to haul it. The iron pinch is quite as much a lack of transportation and labor as of metal. The stock of materials will answer if it is handled to good advantage.

The objections to abnormal prices are psychological and political as well as economic. Few things in this sordid world are more likely to put a nation out of tune than having to pay double or treble the accustomed price for a necessary article of universal use. At best, high prices are bound to be a sufficient affliction during the war. Limiting the price of certain basic articles by government action would be justified as a political measure, even if it could be shown, by some miraculously comprehensive calculation, that there was no net economic gain in it.

The Story of the Loganberry

How Nature Created a New Fruit—a New Flavor—a Wonderful New Drink

Out in the Golden West, thousands of miles from most of us, lies Oregon. It is the state of towering mountains, always snow-clad, of fertile valleys, green the year around.

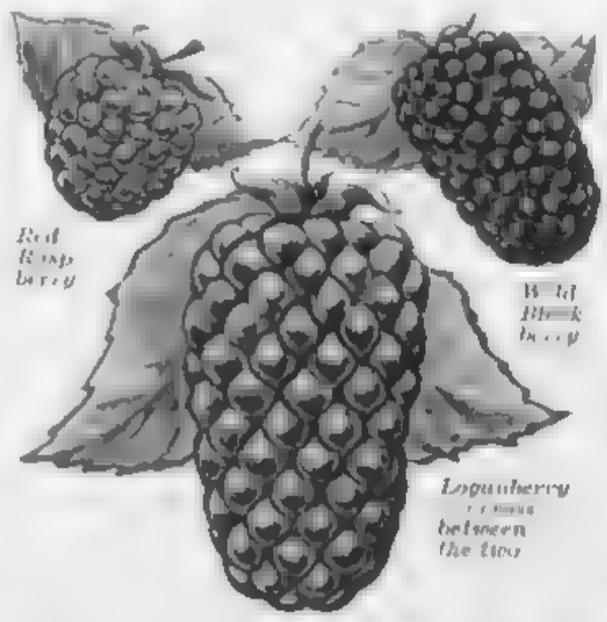
Nature has smiled upon the valley of the Willamette, where are found, all in one place, rich soil, abundant moisture, warm sun, and an almost total absence of frost.

If you climb the Oregon mountain-sides these first days of June, you'll find something that makes us all youngsters again—*wild blackberries!*

And then, down in the gardens, is another berry of fine flavor, the red raspberry.

A Third Berry—Supreme of All!

It is the Loganberry—a cross of the wild mountain blackberry and the red raspberry. No one knew of it, until one day John Logan discovered a wonderful big berry. It had no name, so he christened it the LOGANBERRY.



Sunshine and rain hastened the growth of the Loganberry. In the mild climate of the Willamette valley it grew prolifically. Loganberry vineyards soon stretched for miles. No vine ever grew so fast. And none ever yielded a fruit so large, so luscious, with a flavor that was tart, piquant, racy!

As the Loganberry vineyards spread, came thoughts of a whole nation hungering for these luscious berries. Carloads were shipped Eastward by express. But on account of its size and juiciness, the Loganberry could not be successfully shipped and marketed on a large scale while fresh. It seemed as if Nature's new creation would be lost.

Then the Idea That Founded an Industry

Loganberry *Juice*—have you ever tasted it? One man took samples to the big hotels in New York, Chicago, San Francisco—to the stewards of famous dining-car systems. They sipped this ruby-red juice. *What was it*—where did it come from? If *this* was Loganberry Juice, how *much* could they get of it?

Now a Nation's Drink

A *new taste*—a *new flavor!* Piquant but fruity, sweet but racy, with a tang and "pep" that drive away thirst.

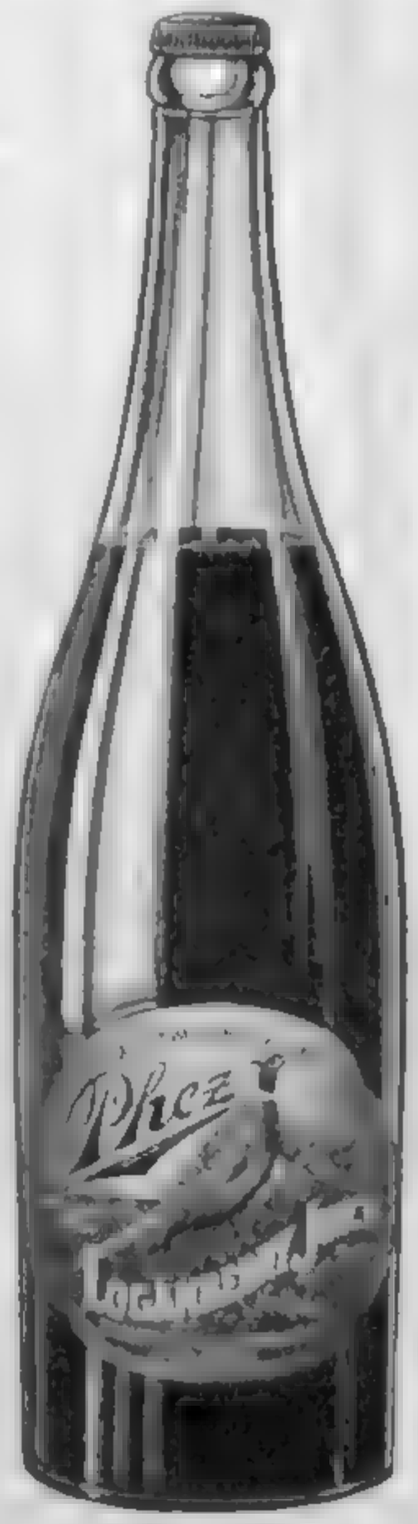
Loganberry Juice is one of the new fruit beverages—the coming *drink of the nation.* It has natural fruit acids that add zest—and health.

Thousands of acres of Loganberry vineyards now give their finest, luscious berries for this new drink. They are picked in the dewy morning, brought to modern plants, the ruby-red juice pressed, bottled, and sterilized.

Phez—pure juice of the Loganberry—is twice as heavy as any other fruit juice. When you mix one part PHEZ with two parts water, it is delightful. One bottle of PHEZ is equal to three times its contents.

Loju—the Loganberry Beverage, ready to drink—is the pure Loganberry Juice, bottled with water added.

Order *Phez* or *Loju* at fountains, hotels, restaurants, summer resorts, cantonments, on dining cars. Serve it at home as a hot-day beverage—in punch, ices, sherbets and many desserts. Order by the bottle or the case from your dealer.

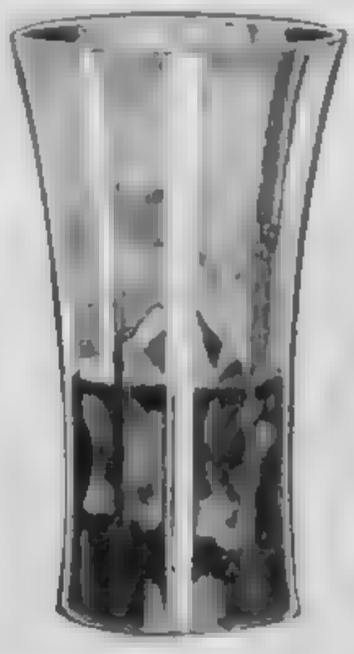


Pheasant Northwest Products Co.
General Offices, Salem, Oregon
Plants at Salem and Woodburn, Oregon
Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Kansas City, Denver, San Francisco

Phez
Pure Juice of the Loganberry

Loju
Loganberry Beverage "Ready to Drink"

Always add two parts of water to one part PHEZ



Buy a *Smileage Book* for that soldier boy. Make him smile all the while.

Man's speed without labor, is demanded of tools today. "YANKEE" Tools meet the demand. Whether a man works in wood or in metal, there's a "YANKEE" Tool, especially designed, to save his time and lighten his work. Time and labor saved means a man more valuable to himself and to the nation.

THINK of a spiral screw driver that automatically brings the handle back *quick* ready for the next stroke!

You can work this No. 130 "YANKEE" one-handed, 'way above your head, or in deep, narrow spaces; work faster under any conditions.—

Because of the spring in the handle!

PUSH! That's all. The spring keeps the bit in position, while the spiral turns it.

No need to hold end of driver with left hand. No twisting of the wrist; no pulling handle back; no waste of muscular energy—nothing to interfere with conserving the last ounce of power or the smallest fraction of a minute's time!

A big advantage, these days, especially where many screws are driven.

Right- and Left-hand Spiral—or Ratchet, or Rigid Adjustment, at a finger-touch on the Ratchet Shifter.

A double-duty tool, too, for with a set of "YANKEE" Drill-points (eight, ¼ to ½) and special Chuck, No. 130 serves as a high-speed push drill. Countersink, Screw-holder Bit and Screw-eye Holder are other attachments obtainable from your dealer.

"YANKEE" Spiral-Ratchet Quick-Return Screw-driver

Supplied with 3 sizes of bits

No. 130	Standard Size	Price, $2.40
No. 131	Heavy Pattern	Price, 3.15
No. 135	Light Pattern	Price, 1.85

Your dealer can supply you

Write us for the "YANKEE Tool Book." Illustrates and describes the special-feature "YANKEE" Tools: Automatic-feed Bench and Chain Drills; Ratchet Breast and Hand Drills; Adjustable-Tension Push Drill; Portable Square-finish Vises; Ratchet Tap-wrenches; Ratchet, Spiral-Ratchet and Plain Screw-drivers, etc.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

AT THE FRONT OF THE FRONT

(Continued from Page 4)

The men about us for the most part must have taken part as actors in scenes such as the young surgeon had described as an onlooker. But about them there was no sign of reluctance or of surcease. We realized as thoroughly as though we had been eyewitnesses to their conduct that they had carried on like brave men; and without being told we realized, too, that they were made of the stuff which keeps carrying on as long as there is life left in it. They were of the breed of the bulldog, and clean strain, at that.

Frenchmen grew fewer in number along the route we traveled; Britishers became more and more numerous. Where byways crossed the highroad and in wrecked villages the British already had posted military policemen to guide the traffic and point out the proper directions to bodies of men passing through. Those men stood in midroad giving their orders as calmly and as crisply as though they had been bobbies on the Strand. Even in this emergency John Bull's military system did not disintegrate. As long as the organism lasted the organization would last too. Nowhere was there any suggestion of confusion or conflict of will. I am prone to think that in the years to come the chief outstanding fact about the great spring offensive of 1918 will be not the way the Germans came forward but the way in which the British fell back.

Until now we had seen only British foot soldiers, and once or twice officers in motor cars or on horseback; but soon we came upon a battery of British light artillery. It was jolting across muddy pasture among the stumps of apple trees which the Germans with malignant thoroughness had felled before their big retreat of twelve months before. The place had been an orchard once. Now it was merely so much waste land, dedicated to uselessness by efficiency and kultur. The trees, as we could see, had not been blown down by shell fire or hewn down with axes. They had been neatly and painstakingly sawed through, clear down to the earth. Some of the butts measured a foot and a half across, and to have bolls of this size, fruit trees in this country must have attained great age.

The Fighting Round Noyon

The battery took position and went into immediate action behind a covert of willows and scrub at the far side of the ruined orchard. At the moment we did not know that the thicket was a screen along the southern bank of the Oise. At the left of where the guns were speaking was a group of empty and shattered cottages stretching along a single narrow street that ran almost due north and south. Coming opposite the foot of this street we glimpsed at the other end of it a glint of running water, and in the same instant, perhaps two or three miles away farther on across the river, we made out the twin spires of the cathedral of Noyon, for which, as we know, the contending armies had striven for forty-eight hours, and which the evening before had fallen into the enemy's hands. Literally we were at the front of the Front.

East of the clustered houses of the city a green hill rose above the tree tops. Across the flanks of this hill we saw gray-blue clumps moving. At that distance the sight was suggestive of a crawling mass of larvæ. Over it puffs of smoke, white for shrapnel and black for explosives, were bursting. We were too far away to observe the effect of this shelling, but knew that the crawling gray blanket meant Germans advancing in force down into the valley of the river, and we knew, too, that they were being punished by Allied guns as they came on to take up their new position.

Curiously enough there was at this moment no return from the enemy. From this we deduced that the infantry in their impetuous onrush had so far outtraveled the heavy and more cumbersome arms of their service that the artillery had not caught up yet. However, a little later projectiles from hostile field pieces began to drop on our side of the stream.

Halfway of the length of the street our car halted. It did not seem the part of wisdom for the four of us to go ahead in a group, so I walked the rest of the way to spy out the land.

Behind the shattered stone and plaster houses French soldiers were squatted or lying. In the hope of finding someone who could speak the only language I knew I continued on until I came to the last two houses in the row. They overhung the riverbank. Beyond them were two bridges spanning the little river, one an old steel bridge with a concrete roadbed, and the other a sagging wooden structure, evidently built by soldier hands.

The mouth of the military bridge was stopped with a makeshift barricade thrown together any which way. The backbone of the barrier was formed of two tree trunks, but they were half hidden from sight beneath a miscellaneous riffle of upturned motor lorries, wheelbarrows and clustered household furniture, including many mattresses that plainly had been rifled from the villagers' abandoned homes. Midway of the main bridge a handful of French engineers were pottering away, rather leisurely, I thought, at some job or other. Two Tommies were standing behind one of the farthermost buildings of the hamlet—a building which in happier days had been a café. Now it was a broken shell, foul inside with a litter of wreckage. The men wore the insignia of the Royal Lancers.

Mining the Bridge

As I approached them they saluted, evidently mistaking me, in my trench coat and uniform cap, for an American officer. That an American officer should be in this place, so far away from any American troops, did not seem to surprise them in the least.

"What town is this?" was my first question.

"It's called Pontoise, sir," answered one of them, giving to the name a literal rendition very different from the French fashion of pronouncing this word.

"What's going on out yonder on the bridge?" I inquired next.

"The Frenchmen is minin' it to blow it up, sir. They mined it once already but the charge didn't explode, sir. Now they're goin' to give it another try. They'll be letting off the charge pretty soon, sir, I think—as soon as a few of their men and a few of ours who're over on the other bank in them bushes 'ave fallen back to this side 'ere."

"How close are the Germans?" I asked. I figured they must be uncomfortably close. They were.

"Come along with me, sir, if you don't mind," quoth my informant.

Quite in the most casual way he led me out from behind the shelter of the ruined café. As we quitted its protection I could see over a broken garden wall the British battery down below at the left, firing as fast as the gunners could serve the pieces. Of all the men in sight these shirt-sleeved artillerymen were the only ones who seemed to have any urgent business in hand.

Together we advanced to the barricade, which at the spot where we halted came up to our middles. Across the top of it my guide extended a soiled hand.

"The beggars are right there, sir, in them bushes; about a 'undred and fifty yards away, sir, or two 'undred at the most," he said with the manner of a hired guide. "You can't see them now, sir, but a bit ago I 'ad a peep at a couple of 'em movin' about. The reason they ain't firin' over 'ere is because they don't want us to locate 'em, I think, sir."

"Oh!" I said, like that. "Oh!"

By mutual but unspoken consent we then retired to our former position. The imperturbable Tommy fell back in good order, but I think possibly I may have hurried somewhat. I always was a fairly brisk walker anyhow.

Inside the breached building my companions joined me, and while the shells from the battery and from other batteries farther away went racketing over us toward Noyon we held a consultation of war. Any desire on the part of anyone to stay and see what might happen after the bridge had been blown up was effectually squelched by the sudden appearance of two British officers coming through the village toward us. Did they choose to interrogate us regarding our mission in this parlous vicinity there might be embarrassment in the situation for us. So we went away from there.

As we departed from the place a certain thing impressed itself upon my consciousness. The men about me—the two Tommies certainly, the two officers presumably,

(Concluded on Page 47)

Not just now and then but *All the Time*

A DIRTY motor costs money. It gives less power and less speed. Its gasoline consumption is higher per mile. It goes to the scrap heap sooner. It renders inferior service at an inordinate figure. Mainly because it develops a carbon formation in the cylinders.

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THE ESTA WATER AUXILIATOR has been certified at the Automobile Club of America. It is not a temporary remedy. It not only removes carbon—the important thing is it *prevents* it. It goes under the hood on the back of the dash of any car, any tractor, any truck—a handsome polished tank—and becomes a real, integral part of the engine.

Its principle is as old as the hills—the self-same principle that makes a fireman turn the hose on his coal to prevent the formation of soot in the flues.

THE ESTA WATER AUXILIATOR takes this principle and applies it just as simply, to the motor car. Instead of watering the *fuel*, however, and thinning the mixture, it introduces damp air into the *explosive charge.* It introduces an additional element of oxygen in the form of moisture. It creates sufficient oxygen to ensure the absolute combustion of every particle of fuel and to burn the carbon residue *as it is forming.*

IT keeps a clean motor clean—every mile, every week, every month. It keeps it running all the time with the responsiveness and power you notice, now and then, when you are driving in misty weather or at night.

It means a new economy—tested and proved at the Automobile Club of America and the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn to show a substantial decrease in fuel consumption, a big increase in speed, a greater development of power.

The Esta Water Auxiliator kills carbon at its source, at the point of formation. It is a handsome, polished tank, easily installed under the hood on the back of the dash of any car, truck, tractor, yacht or stationary engine. It is a carbon preventer—not a temporary remedy. It becomes a real, integral part of the motor for all time.

The Esta Water Auxiliator is the only device of its kind in the world. It is fully protected and patented under date of January 11, 1916, and under date of September 25, 1917. Additional patents are now pending.

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THE choicest of Spain's choice olive oil—smoothly blended with eggs; a bit of delicate flavoring with certain of India's rare spices; a dainty touch of piquancy with the seed of England's famous mustard plant; a—

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Mustard is not "just mustard"—when you serve Libby's. Not too "bitey"—yet not too mild—it adds a special savoriness.

(Concluded from Page 44)

and probably the Frenchmen—had but newly emerged from hard fighting. Of a surety they would very shortly be engaged in more hard fighting, striving to prevent the on-moving Germans from crossing the river. Over their heads shells from their own guns were racking the air. Shells from hostile batteries were beginning to splatter down just beyond. This then was merely an interval, an interlude between acts of a most dire and tremendous tragedy.

And yet so firmly had the chance of death and the habit of war become a part of their daily and their hourly existence that in this brief resting spell they behaved exactly as men engaged in some wearing but peaceful labor might behave during a nooning in a harvest field. No one in sight was crouching in a posture of defense, with his rifle gripped in nervous hands and his face set and intent. Here were being exemplified none of the histrionic principles of applied heroics as we see them on the stage.

The Frenchmen were sprawled at ease behind the walls, their limbs relaxed, their faces betokening only a great weariness. One or two actually were asleep with their heads pillowed on their arms. Those who spoke did so in level, unexcited tones. They might have been discussing the veriest commonplaces of life. For all I knew to the contrary, they were discussing commonplaces. The two British privates leaned upon their rifles, with their tired legs sagging under them and with cigarette ends in their mouths. One of the officers was lighting a pipe as we drove past him. One of the Frenchmen was gnawing at a knuckle of bread.

Indeed there was nothing about the scene, except a knowledge of the immediate proximity of German skirmishers, which would serve to invest it with one-tenth of the drama that marked a hundred other sights we had that day witnessed. Later, though, we learned we had blundered by chance upon the very spot where the hinge of the greatest battle of history next day turned.

The Hinge of the Battle

It was south of Noyon at the Pontoise ford and at other fords above and below Pontoise that the Germans designed to cross the river in their onslaught southward against the defenses of Paris. But there they failed, thanks be to British desperation and French determination; and it was then, according to what students of strategy among the Allies say, that the hosts of the War Lord altered the plan of their campaign and faced about to the westward in their effort to take Amiens and sunder the line of communication between Paris and Calais—an effort which still is being made as I sit here in Paris writing these pages for the mail.

The day's journey was not over by any manner of means, but so far as I personally was concerned its culminating moment passed when I walked out on the bridge timbers with that matter-of-fact young Royal Lancer. What followed thereafter was in the nature of a series of anticlimaxes, and yet we saw a bookful before we rode back to Soissons for a second night under bombardment in that sorely beset and beleaguered old city. Before heading back we cruised for ten kilometers beyond Noyon, going west by south toward Compiègne.

On this side jaunt we mostly skirted the river, which on our bank was comparatively calm but which upon the farther bank was being contended for at the bayonet's point by British and French against Germans. The sound of the cannonading never ceased for a moment, and as dusk came on the northern horizon was lit up with flickering waves of a sullen dull red radiance. The nearer we came to Compiègne the more numerous were the British, not in squads and detachments and bits of companies but in regiments and brigades which preserved their formations even though some of them had been reduced to skeletons of their former proportions. In the fields alongside the way the artillerymen were throwing up earthern banks for the guns; the infantrymen were making low sod walls behind which they would sleep that night and fight on the morrow. From every hand came the smell of brewing tea, for, battle or no battle, the Tommy would have his national beverage. The troop horses were being properly bestowed in the shaggly thickets, and camp fires threw off pungent smells of wood burning. For the first time in a long time the campaign was outdoors, under the skies.

I saw one fagged trooper squatting at the roadside, with a minute scrap of looking-glass balanced before him in the twigs of a bare bush, while he painfully but painstakingly was shaving himself in cold ditch water. He had fought or marched all day, I imagine; his chances of being sent to eternity in piecemeal before another sunset were exceedingly good; but he would go, tidied and with scraped jowls, to whatever fate might await him. And that, except for one other small thing, was the most typically English thing I witnessed in the shank of this memorable evening.

The World's Record for Pumping

The other incident occurred after we had faced about for our return. In a maze of byroads we got off our course. A lone soldier of the Bedfordshires—a man near forty, I should say at an offhand guess—was tramping along. Our driver halted our car and hailed him. He straightened his weary back and came smartly to a salute.

"We've lost our way," explained one of us.

He smiled at us whimsically.

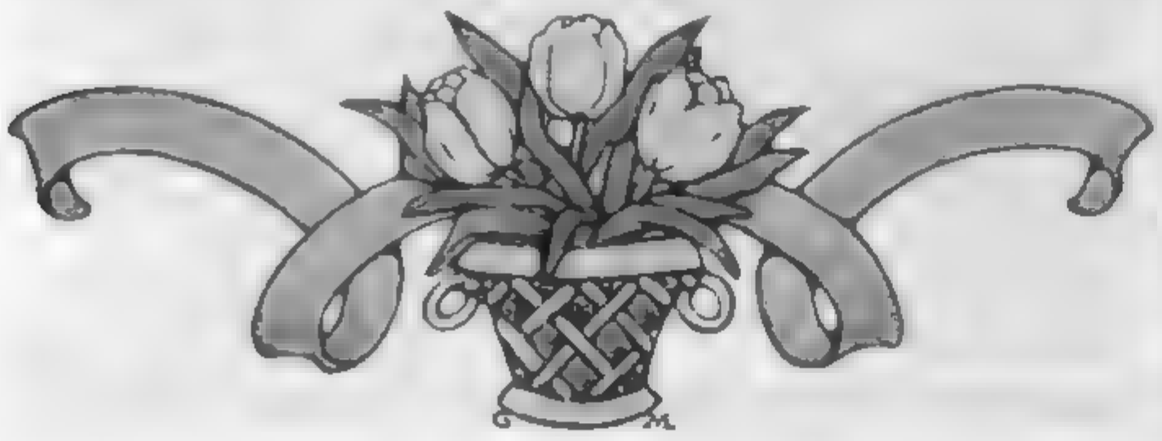
"I'm afraid I can't help you, sirs," he said in the tones of an educated man. "I've lost my own way no less than six times today. I may add that I'm rather a stranger in these parts myself."

When we got to Blérincourt with an hour of daylight and another hour of twilight yet ahead of us we turned north toward Chauny, which the Germans now held and which the Allies were bombarding furiously. We had come to a crossroads just back of a small village, when with a low spiteful hiss of escaping air one of our rear tires went flat. We stopped to replace the damaged tube with a better one. Behind us, a quarter of a mile or so away, a British baggage train was making bivouac for the night. Just in front of us a British battery was firing over the housetops of the empty village toward Chauny.

We had the car jacked up and the old tire off the rim and the new one half on when—bang! the heavies and the world seemed to come together all about us. What happened was that a big shell of high explosives, fired from an enemy mortar miles away, had dropped within seventy, sixty yards of us in a field; what seemed to happen was that a great plug was pulled out of the air with a smiting and a crashing and a rending. The earth quivered as though it had taken a death wound. Our wind shield cracked across under the force of the concussion. Gravel and bits of clay descended about us in a pattering shower.

Speaking for myself, I may say that one of the most noticeable physical effects of having a nine shell exploding in one's immediate vicinity is a curious sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach, complicated with a dryness of the mouth and sudden chill in the feet.

Two more shells dropped within a hundred yards of us before we got that tire pumped up and departed. Even so, I believe the world's record for pumping up tires was broken on this occasion. I am in position to speak with authority on this detail, because I was doing the pumping.



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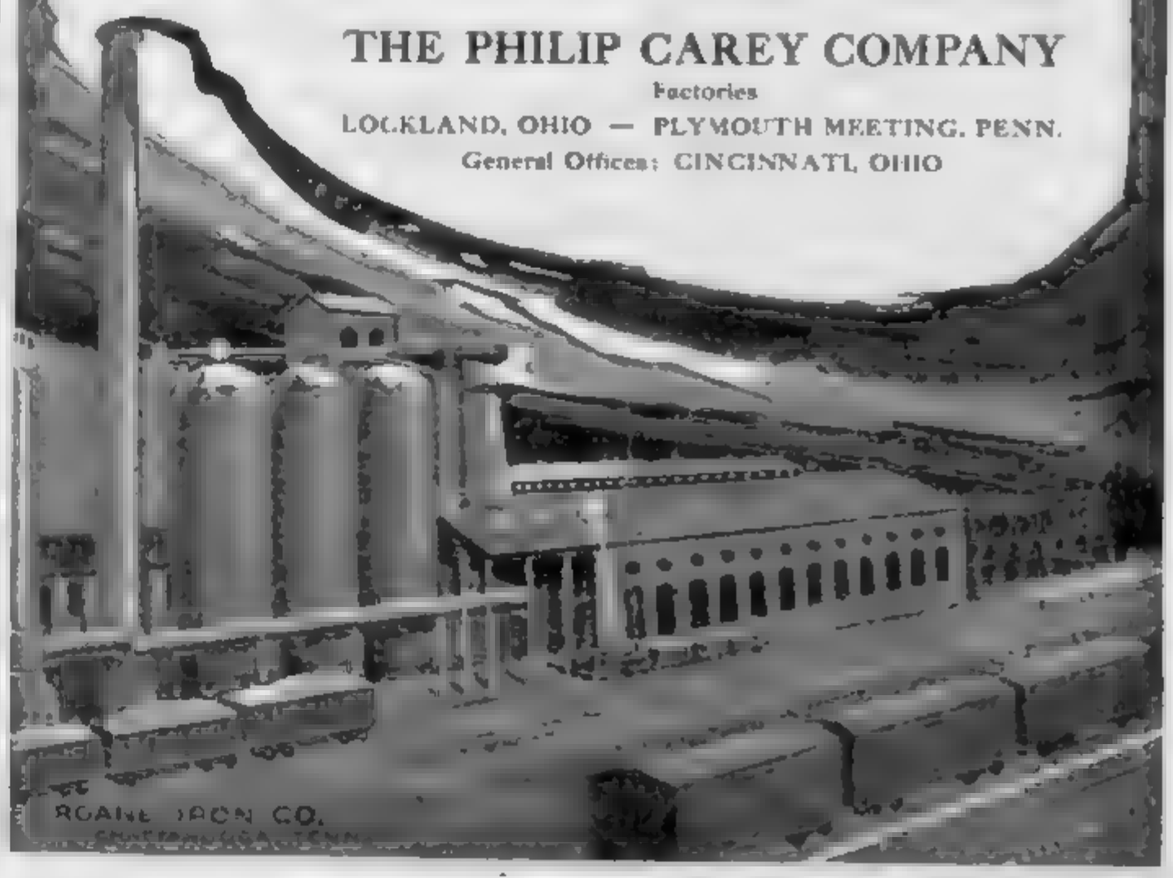

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We owe you an explanation

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION built itself up—made its reputation—wedged itself into its present commanding position in the small arms business in the face of long-established and powerful competition—by its policy of giving the trade and the consumer *what they wanted.*

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We have got to help win this war!

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So that winning the war—your war—our war—is absolutely vital to us all. If we don't win it, nothing matters.

We are making Lewis Machine Guns—nothing but Lewis Machine Guns—for *you* because you need them more than you need rifles, or pistols, or anything else.

Are we not still true to Savage tradition? Is this not doing things "your way"?

We'll keep on making Lewis Machine Guns—as many and as well as we possibly can—until your need for them is over and we can start making rifles and pistols again.

Till then, remember we are doing our bit—for you!

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

UTICA, N. Y.

THE NAVY TAKES CHARGE

(Continued from Page 12)

as men—water tenders, firemen, quartermasters, machinists, oilers, lookouts, wireless operators, electricians and deckhands.

At present there is no guaranty that the merchant sailor will stay at sea and remain in the merchant marine. He is under no obligation to do so. After a trip or two through the war zone he may want to go back to the farm, looking for a quieter job with more pay where the torpedoes are less plentiful.

We are at war, when every man should do his part for the sake of the country, whether well paid or not; but the workers in the shipbuilding plants have been striking for more money. Equally we may expect that the civilian merchant crew will strike when they please and work when they please. This the La Follette Law allows.

Roughly, thirty dollars a month is the pay of the citizen soldier, and the satisfaction that he has eased his conscience by doing his part. Not so with the merchant sailorman doing the ship-manning in making the world safe for democracy. He wants ninety dollars a month as a deckhand, and extra pay for overtime and Sundays. Not long ago an American liner while steaming through the danger zone was warned that several submarines were lurking ahead. The naval officer in command of the armed guard ordered additional ammunition to be broken out of the magazine and brought on deck alongside the guns.

The work had to be done in a hurry and the crew were called to assist. But the sailors refused to work without overtime pay. It was Sunday, when, according to the La Follette Law, they were only required to stand watch. The million-dollar cargo, the lives of hundreds of souls in momentary danger, meant nothing. Money came first. On another liner, while in the war zone, it was necessary to lower lifeboats and hold "abandon ship" drill as required by law. On a Sunday the vessel entered the zone, and though the drill was held for the safety of the crew and passengers the crew while drilling had to be paid forty cents an hour overtime.

Ruinous Wages

An officer of the navy stationed in a New England port and in close touch with shipping stated the situation as follows: "Foreign freights are sixty dollars and going up; anything that floats is a ship; every busted teakettle, unseaworthy and scrapped, has been mended and put to sea to get into the freight game of the Atlantic. Ships cross the ocean at six knots. Wages unheard of are paid, bonuses for the war zone included. With each ship torpedoed wages went up fifty per cent, and included a war bonus with insurance of life and effects, and a first-class passage home on full pay in case of sinking."

Captain Bennett, of the Bureau of Navigation, declared that "Every report we get from a ship which has gone over and back on which we had an officer or a petty officer in charge of the armed guard shows unsatisfactory conditions among the crews. . . . These conditions are such that we cannot ever hope to keep up transatlantic service unless it is in the hands of disciplined men."

A ship under merchant control with a civilian complement can ignore instructions to zigzag, delay the arrival at designated points of sea rendezvous, can be lax in darkening ship, in showing lights, in making fog signals, in using the wireless.

At the approach of a submarine the fireroom force have bolted for the deck, put on life preservers and got into the boats. Traitors among the flotsam and jetsam of the wharfrats who have shipped as sailors have been repeatedly detected in signaling to enemy submarines. Loading and unloading have proceeded at the pleasure of the men, who refuse to work Sundays and overtime and desert winches and trucks for the grogshop.

Tales of Inefficiency

In the haste of getting away from a torpedoed ship engineers have been known to desert before shutting off steam, making the vessel run in circles, upsetting the boats as they were being lowered. A seaman, crazy with fright, cut the falls of a lifeboat, spilling the crew into the water and damaging another boat.

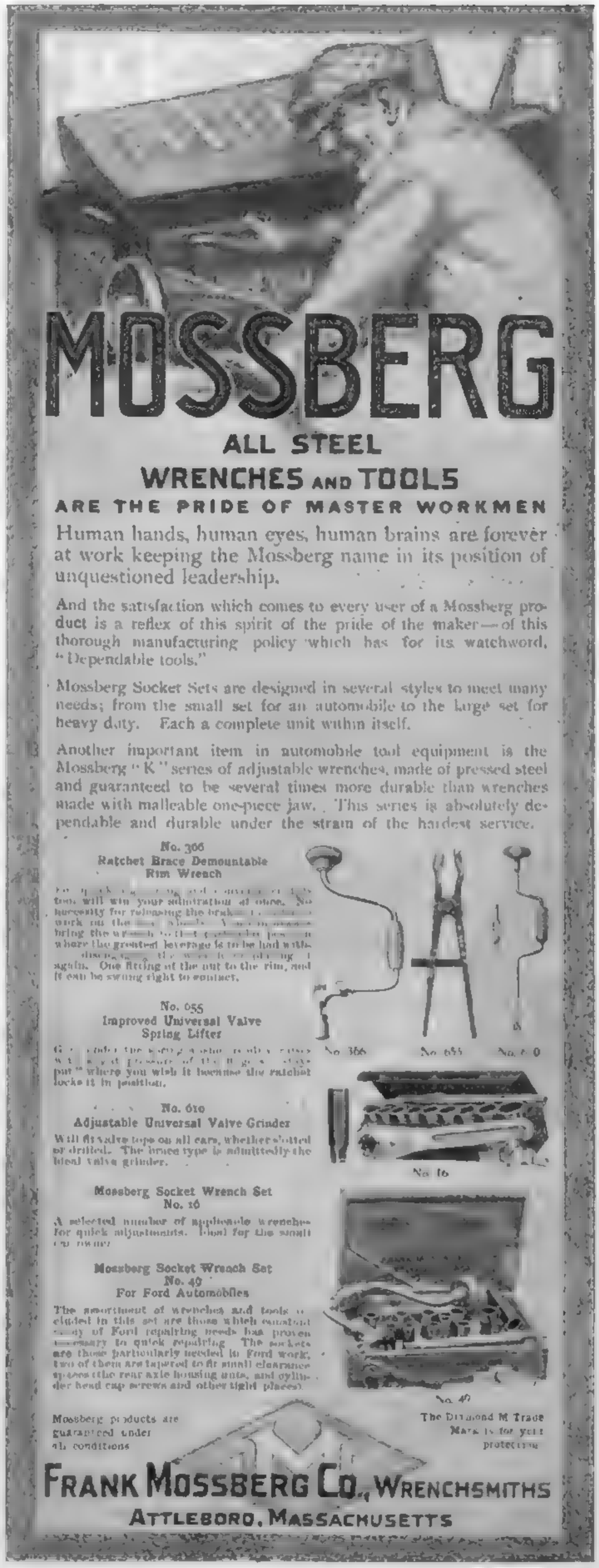
Tales of inefficiency vary. On board a tanker a green pump man turned on live steam in the forward magazine; another opened the flooding cocks, with the consequent danger of ruining the ammunition. Repeatedly the statement is made that it is impossible to drill merchant crews at guns when less than a fourth understand English. Out of a crew detailed to assist the armed guard twelve men reported to the guns: four men were German, three Swedish, two Russian, one British, one Filipino and one American. At present there are no possibilities of training them as gun crews. "Some men do not make second trips," stated a naval officer.

Steaming independently eighty miles ahead of convoy the American cargo steamer —— was shelled by a submarine. Answering the S O S a destroyer detached from the convoy went to the rescue, cutting the long swells at thirty knots. Meanwhile the guns of the U-boat outranged those of the steamer, but though the sub fired more than two hundred shots in three hours the ship was struck only nine times. A shrapnel bullet smashed the gunsight of the after gun. The piece became useless and there was only one gun left to fight with. Another shell broke the steam pipe in the engine room, bringing the ship to a standstill. One bursting in the crew's quarters caused a fire; two hits in the stem made a leak and nine men were slightly wounded.

Until the destroyer arrived the enemy had it all his own way, with more or less panicky feeling for the merchant crew, who wished to haul down the colors and abandon the ship. This the senior member of the guard prevented and dictated the radio

PHOTO BY BRADY BROTHERS, COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY RECRUITING BUREAU

This is "Cupid" Black, the Former Captain of the Yale Football Team, Now an Ensign in the United States Naval Auxiliary Reserve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HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS COMPANY
1792 Broadway, New York

signal "Never!" sent in answer to the destroyer's call: "Don't surrender!"

In contrast to such incompetent behavior the fine courage and bravery of the navy gun crew stand out. To the chief boatswain's mate, remaining in an exposed condition while leading his men during the entire engagement, belong the honors, and also to the seaman who never left his station, though injured three times. "The navy gun crew performed their duty bravely and efficiently and are worthy of praise. This action gives great honor to the American Navy."

Winging a liner the torpedo struck forward under the bridge. Once a favorite with the public, easy and steady, this ship had become a transport and was homeward bound, empty of troops. Hearing the alarm the panic-stricken crew shouting in a babel of tongues piled up gangway and decks. Everything that could float was thrown into the water. Men dove overboard, striking benches and rafts, splitting their skulls and sinking with a last gulp. There were cries for help in every language. Frenzied from fear they threw themselves into the lifeboats, lowering them with utter disregard of others. Boats drifted away empty.

A Disgraceful Panic

Tangled falls were let go and a lifeboat dropped, throwing all hands into the sea cold as ice. Number Two lifeboat, still level with the rail, was lowered. It was seen that it would land on another boat, stove in and filled with water but hanging to the falls. A hurried search was made for an ax, but finally a penknife was secured and the falls cut, freeing the waterlogged boat.

Manfully the third engineer officer ran to the top of the gangway and threatened with a sledge to smash the brains of the Spanish fireman who attempted to leave. Remaining in the stern of the torpedoed ship with the navy armed guard, the commanding officer called back to the crazed people pulling away scared to death: "Come back aboard; she is not going to sink." Bulkheads held, the liner made port and was put in dry dock the following day. The plates smashed by the torpedo were replaced and the ship resumed the voyage.

In reciting the grave dangers of American ships in time of war being manned by polyglot crews that are outside of navy control, Admiral Palmer, chief of the Bureau of Navigation, quoting the reports of naval officers and armed guards, testified before Congress:

"If any members of the engineer force decide that they do not care to go on watch they cannot be made to do so. The only recourse in this case is for the engineer officer to send a representative among the others and obtain volunteers to stand watch. The pay of the men who do not go on watch is then checked, and the men who take their watches are paid from such funds as are checked against the former. As the watches always relieve each other at the meal hour after volunteers have been secured, they then go below and get their meal, and this usually takes them about an hour. As a result they get pay for a four-hour watch while actually they stand a three-hour watch.

"This happened with every watch on the particular ship in question from New York to Liverpool, and on the return trip I saw as many as eight names reported to the captain of the ship in one watch, the engineer officer being required to inform the captain of the number of men absent from every watch without leave in order that their pay might be checked. On sailing from New York the vessel was short about twelve or fifteen men of the complement, it being impossible to get men before sailing. The captain of the ship stated to me that this happened on every voyage, and in many cases he sailed with as many as twenty or twenty-five hands short.

"All in all they were the most illiterate and unkempt bunch of human beings it was ever my duty to deal with. The first hour of the watch the speed was reduced from a half to a full knot an hour."

The above refers to civilian crews and foreigners, but only in a very few isolated cases is it that civilian American merchant officers have been incompetent because outside navy control. The majority have stuck to it through thick and thin. Every report speaks of increased efficiency and a better understanding of the game; and of late, in touch with the navy's personnel as represented by officers and armed guard, higher standards are reached.

The Adventures of the Armenia

In the submarine zone it is touch and go. The Armenia had been torpedoed once, and putting a patch over the hole proceeded again to sea. Three days out, just after midnight, a torpedo struck aft. E. N. Weigert, seaman, second class, saw the torpedo coming some forty yards away and hallooed "Here she comes!" Blown skyhigh he landed on the main deck, still shouting. The ready box and Number Two gun platform were blown to bits, and the man on the port lookout hurled through where the ready box once was, just missing Number Five hatch, open at the time. Both lookouts picked themselves up and hurried to man the gun, and trained it in the direction from which the torpedo came, but nothing could be seen.

Everything was a mess. The furniture was strewn about, the outer bulkhead caved in, doors were blown off their hinges, the ladder leading from the smoking room to the main deck went to splinters, and the magazine at the bottom of the companionway one deck below was put out of shape. There the explosion had split the ammunition boxes. Caught below Seaman Tousing hallooed to Cywinski, yeoman, second class: "Give me a hand and follow," but found the wooden bulkhead and ladder piled up, blocking the exit. "We are trapped."

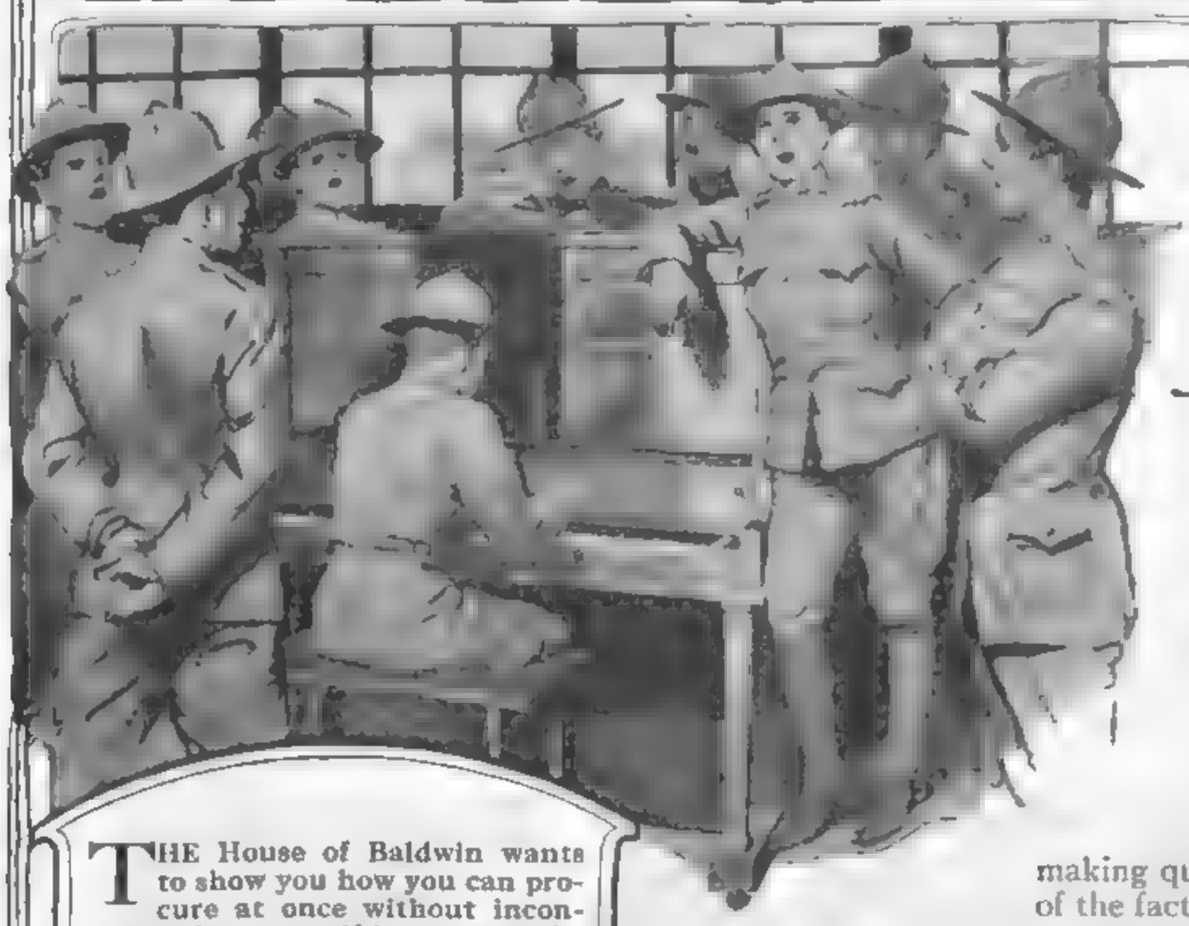
His mate answered: "Get on my shoulders and get to the upper main deck," and they pulled each other up and rushed to the guns.

Then follow Chief Boatswain's Mate S. Homiak, commanding the armed guard: "At this time two of my men told me they were hurt. Not being sure that I had all of

(Concluded on Page 53)

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY RECRUITING BUREAU

Pelham Bay Officers' Material School. Young Naval Reserves Passing the Final Examination to Become Ensigns in the Naval Auxiliary Reserve



When the Army called for Music—it was to The House of Baldwin and Baldwin answered

WHEN the training camps were ready for "Our Boys", the Army Y. M. C. A. decided that hundreds of pianos were needed at once for entertainment and recreation.

But where were they to be had? The National War Council did not want to spend money on hastily made instruments. They knew that dependable long-lived pianos could not be rushed to completion. The only answer was to find the manufacturer making quality instruments having such a wide sale that the normal output of the factory would be sufficient to fill the order in the limited time.

In this emergency, the Y. M. C. A. turned to The House of Baldwin. Within half the time specified, the entire order was filled and the first arrivals at the camps found awaiting them the same kind of piano which they knew so well at home.

Tonight, wherever there is a cantonment, hundreds of boys—maybe your boy among them—will be "tickling the ivories" and thousands of them will be enjoying the music, for the Y. M. C. A.'s faith in the Baldwin product was well placed. After months of continuous service, equaling a lifetime of usage in the average home, these instruments are as fit as ever.

To you who should have a piano or player-piano this achievement of the factories making

The House of BALDWIN
PIANOS AND PLAYER-PIANOS

and this remarkable record of the instruments themselves have the following significance:

The immense production of the factories which filled this big order and which supply your local Baldwin dealer with his pianos and player-pianos, makes for unheard-of economies in manufacture.

Raw materials come into the Baldwin plants in tremendous quantities. Sources of supply, knowing that they can depend upon the ever-growing and never failing demand of the Baldwin factories, set their prices at the *minimum*.

The output justifies the employment of facilities for making *every* part of every instrument, from the smallest and simplest detail to the most complicated. *No outside factories make a profit on the manufacture of the Baldwin product.*

The healthy demand in every section makes practical the marketing of the instruments directly through Baldwin dealers instead of through jobbers and other middlemen. There are *no extra profits* to pay for the handling of Baldwin-made instruments between the factory and you.

The quality can't be pounded out. Your children and your children's children can play daily upon a Baldwin-made instrument and the tonal beauty which has made it the favorite of great artists and great teachers endures and lives.

From the start of the business in 1862 it has been built upon quality. Awarded the Grand Prize at Paris and St. Louis, the Baldwin makers realize that their steady growth depends upon their continuing to *set the pace* for piano and player-piano value.

Everything entering into Baldwin construction is of a definite high standard. Not a single inferior piano or player-piano is made in the Baldwin plants because the cheap parts necessary to its production are not obtainable under the Baldwin roof.

Every man working on the Baldwin product is imbued with the responsibility for making every Baldwin instrument *unsurpassable* at its price. *Before every eye in every Baldwin factory is a copy of the Baldwin guiding principle, "A satisfied customer is the best advertisement."*

Let the experience of the Army Y. M. C. A. guide you in choosing a piano or player-piano. Expect these Baldwin-made instruments to give you remarkable musical excellence at remarkably moderate price. Go to the Baldwin Dealer believing that you will secure the BEST piano value to be had from any source. You will get ALL that you expect and MORE.

THE House of Baldwin wants to show you how you can procure at once without inconveniencing yourself in any way the instrument of your choice. Write to nearest address today for descriptive literature and complete information.

The House of
BALDWIN
Pianos and Player-Pianos

The Baldwin Piano
The most artistic piano that can be produced. Highest awards at Paris and St. Louis. Grands and uprights.

The Ellington Piano
A moderately priced instrument of unusual artistic excellence and unsurpassed durability. Grands and uprights.

The Hamilton Piano
Built to give complete satisfaction in the home, yet selling at a very reasonable figure. Grands and uprights.

The Howard Piano
The low-priced instrument of known quality. Thoroughly dependable and within the reach of all. Uprights.

The Manualo
The player-piano that is all but human. Available in any one of the above Baldwin-made instruments; also as an electric player. A wide range of prices depending upon the price of the piano.

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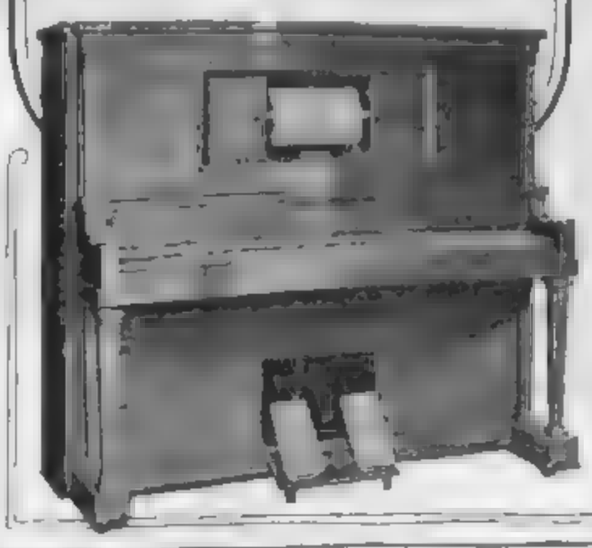
Chicago	323 S. Wabash Avenue
St. Louis	1111 Olive Street
New York	665 Fifth Avenue
Denver	1636 California Street
San Francisco	310 Sutter Street
Indianapolis	18 N. Penn'a Street
Louisville	521 S. Fourth Avenue
Dallas	1911 Elm Street



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The same in-built value that makes Ajax tires better tires, makes Ajax tubes better tubes. They are seamless. Valve pads are *vulcanized inside the tube*—never patched on from the outside.

AJAX SHOULDERS of STRENGTH

These burly supporting shoulders are features of every Ajax casing. They brace and re-inforce the tread. They distribute road wear evenly over the entire tread surface. Friction can't center and quickly grind through to the fabric. Shoulders of Strength give Ajax tires more strength where strength is needed—more rubber where it should be—*more tread on the road*.

AJAX ROAD KING

Note in the picture the Road King's massive construction. See the triangle barbed tread and the Shoulders of Strength that combine to make this tire the monarch of them all.

If you haven't yet learned Ajax superior value, try just one Road King. Match its wear against the field. You'll know, then, why 97% of the Ajax yearly output is chosen by individual car owners to take the place of other tires that came with their cars.

Your nearest Ajax Tire Supply Depot is headquarters for Ajax Tires, Ajax Tubes, and *real* service. Write for the new booklet "Ajax Shoulders of Strength."

Ajax Tires Are Guaranteed *in Writing* 5000 Miles

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MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD

AJAX TIRES

MORE RUBBER WHERE IT SHOULD BE

(Concluded from Page 50)

them and missing two by sight I ran off to the companionway leading to the after smoking room. Not knowing that the ladder was blown up, I fell down in the wreckage. I turned on a flashlight. Conditions looked frightful. I went below to inspect the magazine, and when I opened the door I saw a flicker of flame and found the wooden bulkhead smoldering. I put it out.

"When the ship was torpedoed I saw the stern going up and the bow going down, then the stern down and bow up. From the shock of the explosion my eyes were blurred and, thinking the ship was sinking fast, I shouted to the skipper 'Here go my confidential papers!' and I threw them over the side. We then gave orders to abandon ship. The armed guard stood ready to lower the boats when I went back to inspect Number Five hold. The chief engineer said the shaft was shot away but the engine room was free of water, so the black gang went back below. Meanwhile tugs and yachts came up and the ship was brought back to harbor."

The work of he-men with guts.

Rolling, pitching, a terrific sea swatted the El Occidente for seven days. A heavy southwest gale with rising water washed Number One lifeboat from its davits. The starboard bunk house, occupied by the guns' crew, had its whole side smashed in and the forward end completely carried away. The ship took heavy seas fore and aft, and in an attempt to secure the covers of the forward guns four of the armed guard were injured and the seas knocked them round the decks. A big comber over the bows fired Number One gun, the shot cutting a shroud in the starboard fore rigging. Now the forward ammunition boxes washed aft and burst open. Shells wandered round the deck striking the dogs of the hatches. Half of them washed overboard. Projectiles came out of some and one shell case fired itself, the primer striking a hatch lug. One man of the merchant crew trying to work his way forward was struck by the ready box and knocked down. The box piled on top of his head and wedged him in between rail and house. A liferaft was smashed.

What the Navy Can Guarantee

Both forward lookout boxes were burst to bits and washed overboard. The mate suffered from a broken foot and hand, and a sea gutted out the passageway beside the deckhouse; two liferafts and one lifeboat went galley west. Pushed by a ninety-mile wind the sea stove in Number Five lifeboat. The aft wheelhouse collapsed and the following day the gun crew's starboard house was completely put out of commission. The wireless aërial blew down. There was nothing left of the boats, and the ship took water fore and aft.

For seven days there had been no warm food. For seven days the battle with weather and wind continued. Then a let-up, and the gale went down.

Up popped a periscope, taking almost the same course as the Occidente but slightly converging. The submarine was making about twelve knots and when first seen showing only the tip of the periscope between the seas. All hands were called to quarters and the guns were trained, with orders to fire as soon as the periscope was picked up again.

Suddenly two more periscopes emerged some two thousand yards away. Firing commenced. The first shot hit about ten feet from the periscope. Shells were falling right on top of the submarine, which submerged, and reappeared dead astern. She headed right for the vessel, and a torpedo passed just about three hundred yards across the starboard beam, but before a shot could be fired the periscope got between the ship and the sun. The Number One Hun faded away in the smoke, but when last seen acted as if in distress and it looked as if she was endeavoring to come to the surface. Coming out with a rush the shots were hitting right on top of her and she suddenly disappeared. As far as Fritz was concerned the war was over.

The seas must be kept open, and the navy has cut the Gordian knot, chucked red tape and is taking full charge. It is simple. Every ship, as soon as chartered by the Government for military purposes of transport and cargo or completed by the Shipping Board, is requisitioned by the army and turned over to the navy to be manned and operated. Soon every officer and man in the merchant service will be enrolled in the Naval Auxiliary Reserve, and as such under absolute military discipline, in time of war receiving naval pay, and during peace retainer fees plus regular wages—always a naval officer.

The navy has the men and can guarantee that there will be no strikes or mutinies or cowardice. The navy can guarantee each ship a permanent crew, living on one vessel and gaining efficiency with each trip. It guarantees competent operation, maintaining a continuous high rate of speed. It can supply proper lookouts. It guarantees skilled radio operators and well-trained gun crews. The placing of officers and men in the navy establishes their status and removes all doubt as to the question of treatment of captains of merchant ships carrying guns, as in the case of Captain Fryatt, the British skipper, who was shot as a franc-tireur for ramming the attacker, instead of being held prisoner according to civilized usage.

Navy Men for War Zones

Furthermore, the navy can guarantee that every ship shall be manned by Americans of a high degree of intelligence and ability, who would not be serving wholly for wages and who, because of the discipline which their navy training had inculcated, would not take to the boats at the first approach of the enemy. With officers of merchant ships commissioned in the navy a much more intimate connection could be maintained with the navy itself, as in convoys, patrol work, and so on, and such officers could safely be intrusted with confidential instruction.

The Navy Department considers the majority of merchant officers to be capable, and loyal American citizens, but is of the opinion that ships crossing the war zone should be manned by the navy for the following reasons:

Supplies of all kinds aboard are for military purposes and should not be subject to delay on account of difficulty in obtaining merchant crews, or on account of strikes, or for any other reason. These ships should be under military control of the Navy Department. This is only possible where the merchant officers are commissioned and have the same responsibility and authority as naval officers.

Ships must make the greatest number of trips. This can be possible only when a sufficient permanent crew is insured not only to make the greatest steaming speed but also to load and unload if other facilities are not instantly available.

The ships must carry out orders regarding zigzagging and handling of guns. This can only be done thoroughly where the navy has full control. With any armed-guard crew it is impossible with divided authority to prevent conflicts, and it is impracticable for the armed-guard officer to take complete control. The Navy Department desires to commission the master and place full responsibility on him for carrying out orders, and to give him full military authority over his crew. The navy desires to give the master the responsibility, and in case of failure to place the blame where it belongs.

Pelham Bay Ensigns

Sufficient crews must be insured, and sufficient competent officers. This is only possible by being able to hold the crews when once trained, and as new ships come out to shift the most capable executive officers to the command of these new ships, and to supply trained nucleus crews to new ships.

Only trustworthy officers and men must be in charge.

This is possible only under complete navy control, where officers and men can be instantly relieved from duty.

Orders issued must be complied with. This is possible only under complete navy control, where disobedience can be punished by the maximum punishment with little delay.

Ships must get their cargoes safely to destination, and crews must never take to boats or surrender as long as there is a single chance left. Disobedience of this order should be dealt with to the full extent of military punishment. It is as important as an order to hold a trench at all costs. It is as important as an order to a naval force to intercept and destroy a division of the enemy's force.

And all this the navy is doing this very minute. The uncertainty, the pussyfooting, the palavers of the past are over and done with. The navy is on the job. We are at war.

For the training of deck officers a great school has been established at Pelham Bay, near New York, something on the lines of the British merchant-officers' training school at Chatham. Nine months ago nothing but trees and underbrush covered the ground. To-day a hundred or more buildings, used as barracks, mess hall and storehouses, have sprung up. At present six thousand young seamen are in training for general duties in the Naval Reserve, but in three months, when the new buildings are completed, sixteen thousand can be accommodated. Twenty-five thousand are in hand at the Great Lakes, near Chicago.

The purpose of the course of the Officers' Material School is to provide an intensive system of four months' practical and theoretical training whereby eligible young men of officer quality may fit themselves to qualify as junior deck officers after having had two months' practical sea experience.

To supply the requisite sea experience one hundred and ten steamers of the coastwise trade carry cadets enlisted in the Naval Reserve. Some four hundred youngsters are in the same capacity learning in the school of hard knocks on board steam vessels on the Great Lakes. There these cadets are selected from the petty officers' school at the Municipal Pier in Chicago, and some may come from the Reserve School in the Naval Militia Armory in Cleveland.

What Plattsburg did for the army Pelham Bay is doing for the navy, and a Pelham Bay ensign as an established fact is in great demand by captains commanding transports. Being young, well educated, enthusiastic, flexible and willing to learn, he fits in. And, unlike the old-time mate, he will never tell the skipper how they did it in the last ship he served in. His job is only that of junior officer, and in Pelham he learned navy ways and where to get off.

One Hundred Per Cent American

Similarly another school, as a branch of Pelham, but for engineer officers, has been established at Stevens Institute, in Hoboken. Here young engineers, with an M. E. degree, or three years toward it, of push and ability, and after having had practical experience in engine room and repair shop, are given intensive training in marine engineering, struggling with the intricacies of turbines, triple expansion, feed pumps and the ramifications of boiler designs. From Stevens Castle they can watch the drama of the harbor, the zebralike transports with Wilkinson's camouflage shoving out through the haze underneath the Woolworth spire to the gateway of the Narrows, bound for over there with a load of khaki. Their job is right before them.

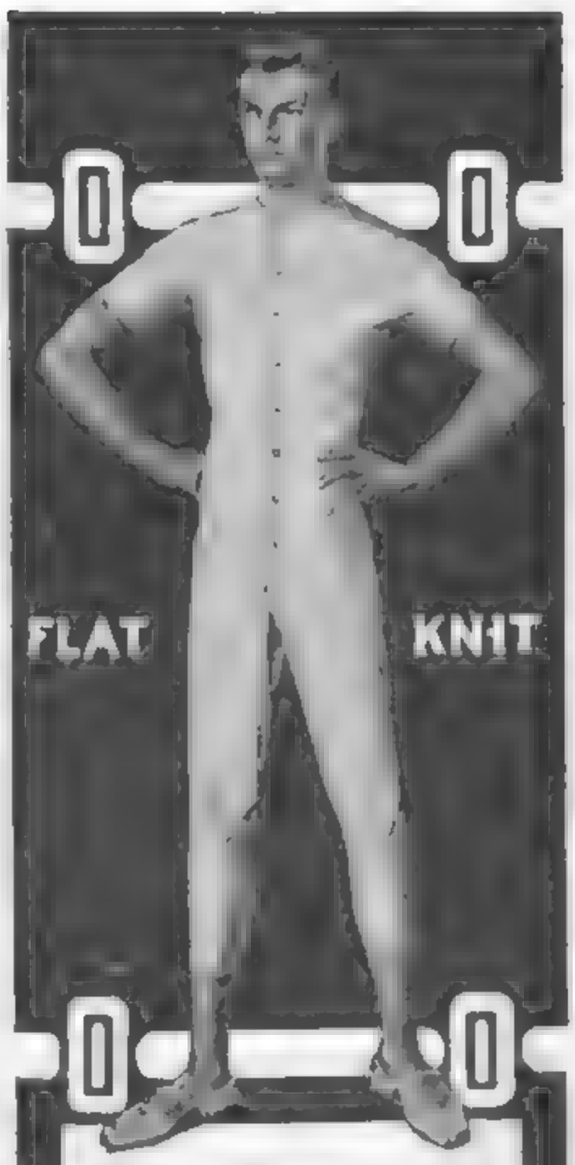
The Naval Reserve, the creation of which according to Admiral Palmer is the greatest event in our newest navy, is only a year old, but musters more than eighty thousand officers and men. More than half of the present officers of the merchant marine are already enrolled in the Naval Auxiliary Reserve and are wearing the uniform of the navy.

To be exact, twenty-four hundred officers are on active duty and one thousand inactive awaiting ships to be taken over.

These officers, all Americans, are as much part of the navy as the graduate of Annapolis. That is the navy's viewpoint. Gradually they are absorbing the spirit of the service, and their position is that of naval officers engaged upon a specialized and particular task.

Overnight, so to speak, the nucleus of a future merchant marine has been established. After the war, farsighted men foresee an American revival of shipping with modern American cargo ships officered and manned by citizens in every port of the seven seas. Most of the men in the navy come from the Middle West. So will our new merchant marine grow out of those young Americans who came in the Naval Reserve to become officers and seamen, and they will spread the dope of seafaring inland.

Liking the sea they will stay on the job. And just as the navy is one hundred per cent American in citizenship so will the new merchant marine be, with all the aliens and the I. W. W. and the undesirable element scattered and thrown out. The renaissance of a glorified American merchant marine of the spirit of the great days of the Black Ball liners, the Dreadnought with the rake of the clipper that was.



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This is a three-quarter length Lastlong knitted union suit.

It meets the tops of your socks and doesn't show through them.

If you wear sheer hosiery you'll appreciate this style. Ask for

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FEATHER-WEIGHT · FLAT-KNIT
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The fabric from which these suits are made is one of the big achievements in knitted underwear. Flat-knit, no ribs, featherweight, elastic and self-ventilating. Absorbs perspiration—eliminates that sticky feeling.

Lastlong union suits are made in athletic and other styles at popular prices.

If your dealer doesn't carry them we'll see that you are supplied.

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HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART,

Soldiers use Foot-Ease

Son or Brother in training camps in the American Army or Navy? If so, mail him a package of **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. The American, British and French troops use Allen's Foot-Ease, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. It is the greatest comforter for tired, aching, tender, swollen feet, and gives relief to corns and bunions.

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Ask your dealer today for a 25c. box of Allen's Foot-Ease, and for a 2c. stamp he will mail it for you. What remembrance could be so acceptable?

The Most Comprehensive Line of Industrial Hose in the World

Among the modest instruments of commerce that contribute an indispensable quota of usefulness, the humble industrial hose holds a place of major importance.

Wherever men mine or make things, wherever engines turn the wheels of manufacture or transportation, in all great public utilities a hose of some description helps make the work possible.

There is no single item in all the great list of the United States Rubber Company's mechanical goods that has been brought to a higher degree of perfection than its various and special kinds of industrial hose.

Here quality and utility have been given first consideration above all regard for competitive prices.

In the U. S. line there is a perfected hose for every industrial use—Anaconda Car Heating; Perfected Steam; Giant Sand Blast; Granite Air Drill; Peerless 4810 Pneumatic; Giant Suction; Giant Gas; Amazon Oil; Giant Steam; Perfected Water; Paragon and Eureka Fire; hose for conducting chemicals, dyestuffs and gasoline; air brake and signal hose; etc., etc., etc.

Now under the great seal of the United States Rubber Company all of these well known individual brands can be quickly identified as the quality product of "the largest rubber manufacturer in the world."

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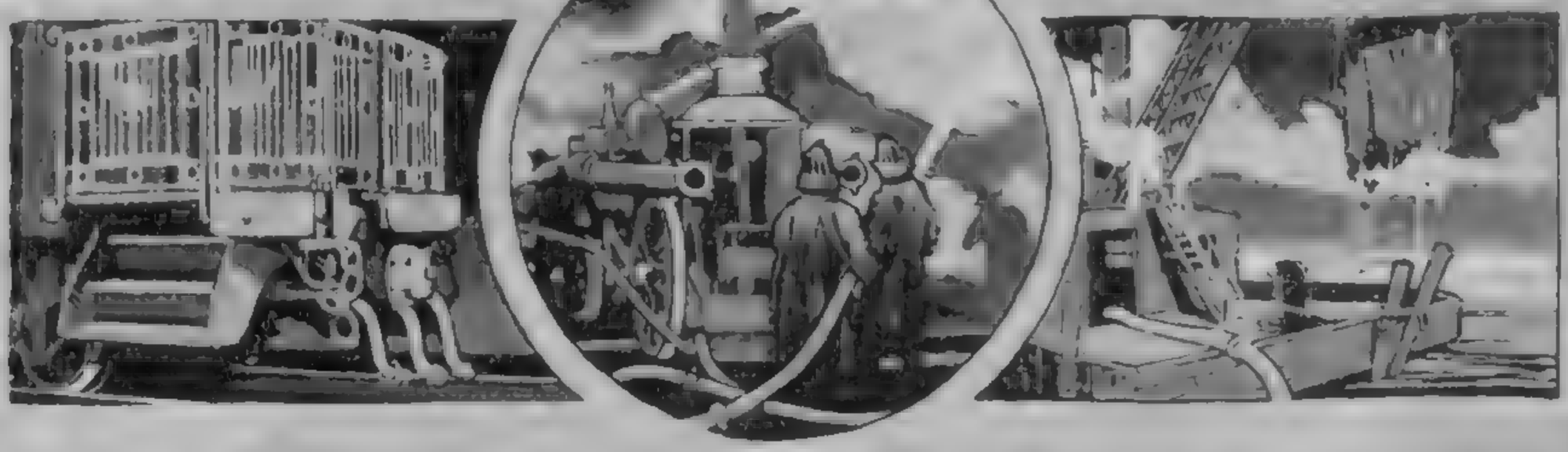
Mechanical Goods Division

New York



PICKLED SHIPS

By L. C. Everard

UNCLE SAM has started a wholesale pickling business. The pickles are not gherkins or onions, however, nor any of the other well-known varieties; they are wooden ships put up in salt or creosote.

Wooden ships share the fate of the herring that some of them bring in from the fishing grounds—they are salted to preserve them from decay. While they are being built great quantities of the common seasoning that you sprinkle on your potatoes are poured down the cavities between the inner and outer hulls; sometimes as much as a ton of salt is used for every forty tons of cargo capacity. When this is moistened by the bilge water the ship is literally pickled in salt, and if she is to last out her normal span of life she must be kept in this pickle by the renewal of the salt as it dissolves away. Uncle Sam has nearly a hundred yards putting up these wooden pickles, some in brine and some in other liquors, to set the Kaiser's teeth on edge.

Just now the submarine is undoubtedly the worst enemy of ships, whether of wood or steel, but the wooden ship has another enemy almost as bad as the submarine—and his name is Dry Rot. He does not work with such dramatic suddenness as the U-boat, but he is even more ubiquitous. The spores of the dry-rot fungus are like the germs of an infectious disease; they float about in the air and fasten upon the ship timbers wherever they come in contact with them—in the mill yards, in the shipyards and even in the vessel itself. Then they lie dormant, waiting for favorable conditions for destroying the wood. There is no way of telling what timbers have been exposed to infection; so the shipbuilder must guard every timber from the fungus, just as the Navy must guard every ship from U-boat torpedoes.

It may seem strange that a ship should be especially subject to dry rot, but the explanation lies largely in the fact that the expression "dry rot" is a misnomer. The fungi that produce dry rot are like other fungi of decay in requiring moisture for development; they do not require so much moisture, however, as the other fungi, and on that ground may be entitled to be called "dry." Nevertheless, a sure way to kill them is to keep the wood perfectly dry. The sycamore coffins of the Egyptian mummies have been preserved in almost perfect condition for more than three thousand years by the simple method of excluding all moisture.

Why Merulius Weeps

The best known of the dry-rot fungi is called *Merulius lacrymans*—weeping Merulius. Merulius doesn't weep for sorrow but for a drink; and it comes to him, as will appear from the description given by C. J. Humphrey, of the Bureau of Plant Industry: "*Merulius lacrymans* is a soft subgelatinous fungus, forming a brown crumpled growth with a white fluffy margin over the surface of timber. As it develops it produces dirty gray to brownish minutely porous strands, which serve for the conduction of water, thus enabling the fungus to spread rapidly over comparatively dry substrata. For this reason it has been frequently termed the dry-rot fungus. Because he is so destructive to buildings the Germans call him *Hausschwamm*, and he is a bad enough actor to deserve the name. He is most to be feared in coniferous timber. Oak ships are generally attacked by a relative of Merulius."

Besides moisture the dry-rot fungi require heat, air and food, being in this respect also somewhat like the boche; and if they can be deprived of any of these four necessities they die or lie dormant and harmless. Thus wooden ships do not suffer from dry rot at points where ventilation keeps the timbers too dry or where water saturates the timbers and thus excludes the air. The places which are attacked are those which are neither constantly wet nor constantly dry.

Long before scientists had discovered the cause and nature of dry rot, shipbuilders had found out that the portion of the ship which was constantly saturated with salt water did not suffer; so they tried to extend the saturated condition to the rest of the hull by filling the cavities between the frames and the inner and outer hulls with salt, which they periodically wetted down and replenished. Though the old shipbuilders were ignorant of the details of fungous life their methods of combating it were based on right principles and gave pretty satisfactory results. Wooden ships have been known to last for many years. The Shenandoah, 3407 tons gross, the largest square rigged vessel ever constructed in an American shipyard, was built in 1890 and recommissioned by the United States Government in 1910, after twenty years of service. The English ship The Sovereign of the Seas survived sixty years and was then accidentally burned.

Salting was pretty successful as long as the shipmasters kept the bays well filled with salt and the salt well moistened. They were apt to get negligent, however; in fact, after a time there were shipmasters who did not know how the salt came to be used, and not understanding the reason for salting paid little attention to keeping their ships in proper pickle. The salt gradually worked out of the bays; and as no more was put in, these spaces became warm, moist dead-air pockets—excellent incubators for dry-rot fungi.

How Ventilation Helps

When dry rot appeared in the top timbers it was easily traced to the dead-air pockets; and in order to open up these pockets ventilation holes were cut through the inside skin of the hull, called in shipbuilders' parlance the ceiling. It was expected that these vents would induce enough circulation of the air to keep the timbers too dry to rot. The method was successful to a certain extent; to the extent, in fact, that the ventilation provided actually kept the timbers dry.

The two methods of preventing dry rot in vessels were thus salting to keep the timber too wet to rot and ventilating to keep it too dry to rot. Both are still used, and they are usually combined, some parts of the vessel being protected in one way and some parts in the other. In the modern vessels salt stops are fixed just above the air strakes and at the turn of the bilge to hold the salt in the place where it will do the most good. Ventilation is secured by boring holes in these stops, which are of wood, and fitting in them pipes of some material which the salt will not corrode.

There are many salted ships on the sea to-day, but salting is not so universal as it was. Nowadays the builder is apt to pickle his ship in some other liquor than brine, preferably in creosote. During the period following the Civil War, when American shipbuilding declined and the wooden ship was gradually disappearing from the ocean, great progress was being made in the preservation of wood and many new processes were invented; but these were not tried on ships because what few ships the old builders turned out they were content to protect in the traditional way.

Wood-preservation treatments were used, and still are, chiefly for the protection of railroad ties, telephone poles, fence posts, piling, bridge timbers, wood-block paving, and other wooden products which are exposed to the weather or come in contact with the ground or are placed in water or in some other way are especially liable to the moist conditions which favor decay. The value of such treatments is being more and more appreciated, however, and their use is being extended, sometimes in modified forms, to interior work, beams, and other construction which is difficult to replace.

In the study of methods of preserving wood the Forest Service has taken a considerable part during the last decade, and when called upon to suggest up-to-date methods of preserving ship timbers from decay it recommended the use of creosote in liberal quantities; so if you go into a wooden-ship yard to-day you are likely to find the traditional pleasant smell of pitch and oakum intensified by creosote.

Creosote, though it smells clean to man and is even prescribed to be taken internally for throat and lung troubles, is fatal to weeping Merulius and all his kind. Salt works principally by smothering the fungus, keeping the timbers wet and cutting off his air supply; creosote poisons his food supply. The little pest may eat some of the wood substance, but if he gets a little creosote with the first nibbles he doesn't grow very big nor eat very much.

As a very small dose of creosote is fatal to Merulius it isn't necessary to pour it into the vessel like salt, but only to put enough on the timbers to leave no unpoisoned opening for him to get through to the wholesome fungus food within.

The best method of applying creosote to wood is by injection under pressure. The wood is put into large cylinders; these are hermetically sealed, and the preservative is pumped in under a pressure of one hundred to two hundred pounds to the square inch, so that it is forced deep into the wood. If the means of applying this method are not available the timber may be soaked or dipped in the creosote; or the creosote may be flowed on with a brush. To be effective any method must get the creosote into the wood far enough so that the knocks which the timber will receive and the cracks caused by subsequent drying of the wood will not expose untreated wood and offer an entrance to fungi. For this reason hot creosote should be used, for it penetrates deeper into the wood than cold creosote. Also, if the brush treatment is used the preservative should be flowed in liberally and not applied in a thin coat like paint.

Creosoting ships is a comparatively new process, however, and many shipbuilders have been inclined to do the work in a perfunctory way, thinking it a fad. The Forest Service is now working with the Emergency Fleet Corporation not only to arouse shipbuilders to the great advantage of care in treating timbers with creosote but to secure the use of more efficient methods of treatment; such, for instance, as putting it on hot with an air spray instead of painting; or flowing it on if no air spray is available. The air spray or the flowing method fills all the cracks and irregularities, whereas a stingy brush application is apt to miss some spots or to put on too thin a coat. Creosote is comparatively cheap and there are few operations in wooden shipbuilding which will give greater returns for the investment than a liberal use of preservative properly applied.

Other Marine Enemies

The ship's planking, the outside of the hull, is not creosoted, because creosoted wood cannot be painted satisfactorily. The creosote has a tendency to disintegrate the oakum used for calking the seams, and apparently it is not disliked by barnacles.

For the outside of the hull ordinary paint is used above the water; but the submerged portion requires special treatment. Copper is the usual protection against the various enemies that attack the hull from the outside, such as barnacles, sea acorns, shipworms, and so on. This may be put on in the form of sheathing or copper paint.

If copper paint is used it has to be renewed. Even the sheathing is not permanent; for the reason that copper protects the ship's bottom from fouling is that it gradually scales off under the chemical action of the sea water and carries the barnacles away with it.

The barnacles, sea acorns, and the like attach themselves to the ship's bottom and decrease the speed of the vessel and make her hard to handle. The shipworm and the other marine wood borers eat into the wood and destroy it entirely if it is not protected. The shipworm is a marvelous grower and for that reason is particularly destructive; for its appetite for wood is like that of a growing boy for pie. At the time of its entrance into a piece of wood it is very small—in fact microscopic in size—but once inside and well supplied with food it grows tremendously and may attain a length of several feet and a diameter of an inch. When the Teredo and the Limnoria, two other marine borers, join forces with the shipworm they make short work of any unprotected wood exposed to their attack.

The wooden ship has a host of enemies, but pickled within and coppered without she goes forth stanch and reliable for twenty-five years or more of service on the sea.

Conserve Gasoline—and Increase Power for about ½ cent per gallon

Standard Motor Pep

Cuts fuel bills ⅛th by energizing the gasoline.

⅛th more mileage.

Gives 20% more power.

Eliminates Carbon.

Gives quicker and easier starting with consequent battery saving.

Gives snappy pick-up and perfect running motor.

You too can get *high test gas efficiency from low test gasoline* by adding one pint Standard Motor-Pep tablet to each gallon of gas. Tablets entirely dissolve. Can't harm tank, line or engine. *Immediate results* [illegible] Used by [illegible] corporations after most severe [illegible] tests. *Sold with money-back guarantee*—you are the judge.

Send $1 (bill or money order) today, and get this package of Standard Motor-Pep, by return mail post paid—enough to energize 135 gallons of gasoline.

THE UTILITIES COMPANY
313 Citizens Building
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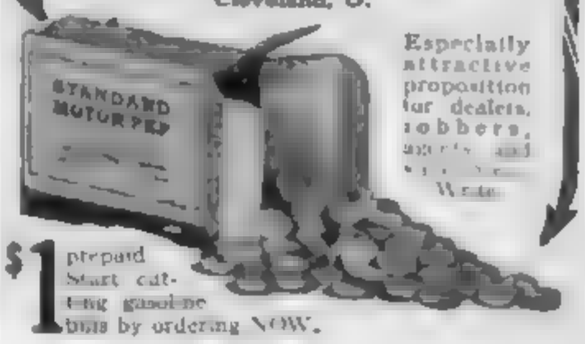

Especially attractive proposition for dealers, jobbers, agents and [illegible] Write

$1 prepaid. Start cutting gasoline bills by ordering NOW.

Overland cars now in service are the equivalent of several railroads combined in their ability to transport passengers.

One of the largest railroad systems carries about 74-million passengers a year, an average distance of 26 miles a passenger.

Overland cars can carry 2,500,000 passengers 100 miles or more a day, or 900 million passengers a year.

And Overland cars are not limited to tracks. They come and go in all directions, night and day, stop and start whenever and where necessary.

Your success, the amount of work you are able to do in a day, is largely a question of transportation.

Why is the cry for ships so frantic?

Why is railroad congestion so vitally serious?

The answer is TRANSPORTATION.

Motor cars are taking a stupendous burden off of railroads

But are you helping by using a motor car? are you saving time, speeding up your efficiency? increasing your usefulness with a car?

What the railroads are to the nation—motor cars are to individuals!

Get your car now!

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TRADE MARK REG.

The Thrift Car

America at Work in Model 90

...en more than 100,000 purchas-
...rmers, merchants, salesmen,
...s men and women engaged
...y kind of activity—agree upon
...the proof of that car's value
...nclusive that—
...u can safely buy a Model 90
...t having seen it, or without
...ng a single thing about its per-
...construction.
...h testimony of merit is the ut-
...uarantee that you can have.
... we ask you to take no one's
...nt but your own.
...r inspection of Model 90 will
... its popularity.

You are first impressed by its beauty, then by its spacious interior, followed by the revelation of its comfort.

Then comes delight in its completeness, electric lighting and starting, convenient and simple control, etc.

The powerful, spirited motor seems to exult in the demands you put upon it.

Model 90 is economical with fuel and saving of tires.

It has big-car stylish design, is easy to operate, has narrow turning radius, and performs equally well on hill, straightaway, or in congested traffic.

It has rear cantilever springs, 106-inch wheelbase, 31 x 4 inch tires, non-skid rear, and vacuum fuel system.

A car to be completely satisfactory must be satisfactory in *every* one of these respects.

You cannot get *complete* satisfaction for less than Model 90 price.

Now is the time when you *need* a Model 90, to save time and increase your efficiency.

Why delay?

Appearance, Performance, Comfort, Service and Price

Light Four Model 90 Touring Car - $850

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio
Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars
Canadian Factory, West Toronto, Canada

f. o. b. Toledo—Price subject to change without notice

Bridging the Atlantic for Victory!

THAT stately procession of great ships, steadily sliding off the ways and bearing our armies to victory, is the American Nation again rising to an emergency.

And because their burden is so priceless and their mission so great, there can be on those ships no part which may fail in the hour of need.

That is why on the ponderous links of great anchor chains—on thousands of vital steel forgings that hold lives in their keeping—is stamped the Triangle B of Billings & Spencer.

That mark says "Rely on Me. I am made as well as I can be made. I shall not fail!"

All through the long years since C. E. Billings in 1861 forged the pistols of the Black Horse Cavalry and helped save the Union, Triangle B has meant "Rely on Me!"

It stands on a thousand great drop hammers beating like titanic pulses of industry all over the nation, pounding out forgings by millions for the Victory Fleet.

For over half a century Billings & Spencer has been building towards the work it is now so proudly doing—for victory.

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The Billings & Spencer Co.
Hartford, Conn.

Hand Tools · Forgings · Drop Hammers

THE SPEED-UP IN NAVAL CONSTRUCTION—By Robert Forrest Wilson

WHEN war was declared Congress threw open the Treasury vaults and told the Navy to help itself. The naval constructors were not a bit backward about it. From time to time they dipped in for amounts which now aggregate upward of eight hundred million dollars.

Eight hundred millions for new ships of war in a single year! Ten or twelve times as much as we ever spent before for construction in a like period. Last fall Secretary Daniels dropped a suggestion of what this expansion is like by saying that America was then engaged in the task of making its Navy second in the world procession of floating might, and in some special respects the very strongest. The secretary named the figure 424 as the number of ships either on the blocks at the yards or deliverable under contracts.

That was barely six months ago, yet many of those skeleton or paper potentialities mentioned by Mr. Daniels are now realities in steel and gray war paint, equipped, manned, officered, and out on their stations in the Atlantic. The stream of effectives destined for European service started across the ocean weeks ago, and that stream swells in volume from day to day. Meanwhile the building program has expanded enormously. If the Secretary of the Navy were to publish the facts this spring he could double his former figure and still be well within the truth.

The American Navy is adding to itself nearly a thousand new fighting ships, including the submarine chasers and other vessels of smaller type.

Up to the present the Navy has had little to say about the details of this progress. We congratulate ourselves that Fritz of the U-boat is becoming exceedingly annoyed by Yankee prowess in making him keep his periscope under water, and undoubtedly he has inquisitive ears for what is being done to make life even more interesting for him. Last fall the chief constructor of the Navy, Rear Admiral Taylor, missed an opportunity to take the public—and Fritz—into his confidence when he issued his annual report. He treated the building of ships in a single paragraph:

> As regards new construction, during the year orders were placed for large numbers of additional vessels, the order of precedence of the various types of vessels under construction was rearranged, and exceptional measures taken to accelerate the completion of certain types. These measures are producing results.

Fewer than fifty words, yet they account for the expenditure of the better part of a billion dollars.

Results of Speeding Up

BUT now those measures have produced the results. A considerable portion of the first year's program is out of the way already; the rest may be safely left in the hands of the mechanics and the yard and shop executives, while the construction chiefs in Washington turn their attention to new matters. The need for secrecy is no longer so great, since many of the new vessels are out there, to be identified and counted by the enemy if he can do it; and in one way or another the Navy has been giving the country a glimpse of a marvelous achievement.

Away back in that dim and archaic period of naval construction dating any time prior to April 6, 1917, our old-fashioned notions of dispatch were satisfied when the Navy turned out one of those slim, swift, thousand-ton destroyers in two years. Every now and then some yard would get on its toes and build one in twenty months; and the Navy would talk about the feat, and the secretary might even put it in his annual report.

Eheu! fugaces—the good old days! The naval constructor who has gone through the past twelve months at the yards lumps all these petty triumphs together with the feats of building ironclads in the Victorian Era. They are not in the modern picture at all. The British had set a mark for our builders to shoot at by tuning up their processes since the start of the war until they were launching destroyers in twelve months. That was speed made possible only by the adoption of the fabrication plan of ship construction, much as Detroit fabricates automobiles from standard parts produced in quantity.

And yet the very first American destroyer that came through after the declaration of war did so in less than ten months from keel to commission. Nor was that all of it. This vessel had been ready with steam up for six weeks waiting for the winter weather to moderate to give her turbines a chance to show what they could do. Rather

Admiral David W. Taylor, Chief Constructor of the Navy

good for a starter, cutting in two the previous best record in destroyer construction, yet only a foretaste of what was to follow.

Formerly in winter our builders let Nature take its course and launched hulls only when conditions were favorable. Last winter at the Northern yards several destroyers were launched into water cleared of ice by dynamite, to make room in the cradles for new keels. It was speed, speed, speed, working out new short cuts, trimming waste motion, improving efficiency; and doing a little better each time. At the present rate of improvement the standard period of construction for a destroyer will soon be eight months, while exceptional sprints may turn them out in six.

War found the Navy engaged in a comfortable and orderly program of expansion. Not aspiring to be first in strength, the Navy built at a rate that kept us seesawing with Germany in and out of second place in the armament race. We built only the best; and the declaration of war found on the stocks a number of great vessels in various stages of construction—dreadnoughts to be heavier and to possess greater broadside power than anything afloat to-day or anything building, so far as our designers know; and our first two battle cruisers, thirty-five thousand tons, whose engines, generating one hundred and eighty thousand horse power, will drive them at forty statute miles an hour.

We built impartially, with no particular enemy in mind, but against attack from any quarter. War turned the situation about, giving us a particular enemy, whose major ships were bottled up by the British fleet and whose one effective naval weapon was the submarine. Every dictate of common sense demanded that there be a suspension of big-ship construction; at any rate, for the first months of the war, while the Navy's construction forces concentrated upon the production of smaller craft for use against the U-boat.

Even then Vice Admiral Sims with his flotillas was giving a brilliant demonstration of the effectiveness of destroyers in this phase of warfare. Moreover, the big ships in the navy yards were becoming an embarrassment to the Shipping Board, because of their heavy competition for workmen and materials sorely needed by the builders of merchant ships.

Without undue delay the Naval Board adopted a policy that made the past twelve months a year of small boats produced in numbers unprecedented. A vast undertaking in destroyers went ahead with all the momentum that Yankee ingenuity and a half billion dollars of public money could put behind it. In this brief period the Navy has created two new and distinct types of war vessel and brought one of them almost completely into existence, though there are several hundred boats in this class. Yet, rapidly as new ships are sliding into the water, the peak of production is still to be reached.

There was no shifting of personnel to bring to the fore the man with the ability and the unflagging will to drive this job through to a successful end—he was already there at the head of the bureau, David W. Taylor, chief constructor since 1914. Wherever on the civilized earth naval construction is debated, there the designers quote Taylor. He is America's foremost authority on the propulsion and the form of naval vessels. He has put his marks on the fleets of all great nations in the center-line turrets, bringing all the big guns of a dreadnought into the broadside—with joint credit to Admiral Capps, the former chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair—and in the high forecastles forward in the destroyers, giving those vessels their distinctive appearance. At first the other navies kept away from these innovations, but at length every one adopted them.

As a cadet in the Naval Academy, Taylor started doing things superlatively well, and the habit has grown in him with the years. He was graduated in 1885 with the highest marks ever known in that institution; nor have they been equaled since. Then as the honor man of his class Taylor was sent over to England to be one of the invited post-graduate students at the Royal College at Greenwich; and again he took prizes and honors.

An American naval officer dining out in Washington mentioned that he was in the Class of Eighty-five at Annapolis.

"Ah, then you were in Taylor's class!" exclaimed a British captain who had heard the remark.

"No," replied the American sadly; "none of us can claim to be that. We were just there at the same time."

There is none of your roaring sea dog about Admiral Taylor. His shoulders sag in scholarly fashion, while his mild reserve of manner is that of the man of profound study—the college professor in type. Yet he has displayed a genuine gift for building efficient organization that will work itself to the limit for him. The Navy has never had quite this combination of scientist and executive before in its master shipbuilder.

The Navy's first step in its preparation for actual fighting was to take an inventory of the smaller craft of the United States—pleasure boats, fishing vessels, and the like; anything that could be rented, bought, commandeered or acquired by gift—to form a mosquito patrol for the Atlantic Coast, thus releasing the fleet and the destroyer flotillas for the work of convoying merchantmen and hunting down the U-boats.

The New Submarine Chaser

THE first duty of these converted yachts and fishing vessels, with their crews of enlisted men under the command of naval-reserve officers or promoted warrant officers is to keep watch for the raider who sooner or later is expected to attack the Atlantic Coast. The patrol craft poke their noses into lonesome bays and coves to make sure that the enemy is not establishing submarine bases or wireless plants or signaling stations of any kind in out-of-the-way regions. And if a U-boat does appear each former yacht mounts a gun of sufficient caliber to sink a submarine; and, needless to say, each gun has a crew eagerly hoping to get a crack at one.

The construction of the submarine chasers now designated in the Navy Register as the C-class was one of the outstanding feats of the year. Several hundred of these vessels are already in use, and the remaining few contracts are coming through on schedule; in fact, the Navy has virtually put this job behind it—the thing is done.

The constructors went about this work in typically American fashion, a fashion which, incidentally, has lately come in for strong condemnation from the strategists of the barber shops and home gatherings, and even from higher quarters. That is, they failed to take what was at hand and insisted upon developing their own ideas.

The British had been getting some of their eighty-foot chasers in the United States; consequently there was plenty of factory capacity within this country for turning out boats of this sort in large numbers. But, much to the displeasure of those who had been filling English contracts, the Navy would have none of the eighty-footers, the construction officers holding the opinion that a more efficient submarine chaser could be designed and produced in quantity within a reasonable time. The new boat would be worth waiting for.

To this end Admiral Taylor summoned Mr. A. L. Swasey, an eminent boat designer of Boston, commissioned him in the naval reserve, and set him the task of creating a chaser to meet the following specifications:

A wooden hull, for considerations of dispatch in construction and also to keep away from the steel and riveters required by the merchant shipbuilders; seaworthiness the first consideration; design, the simplest possible, because the production would be in the hands of builders practically without experience in this sort of work; bulk enough to carry effective guns and a sufficient cargo of ammunition yet not bulk at the sacrifice of speed.

(Continued on Page 63)

In passenger car service, in racing, on light and heavy trucks and on airplane equipment, Goodyear Cord Tires have won a conspicuous leadership

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

Really Cheaper In the End

WE could not hope to maintain the present swift rate of increase in the sale of Goodyear Cord Tires on any other than an economic basis.

However desirable their advantages in speed, comfort and freedom from trouble may be, today these are not in themselves sufficient cause for purchase.

It is essentials that count with the thinking motorist now; it is mileage, endurance and economy that he first demands from his tires.

The known capacity of Goodyear Cord Tires for delivering these essentials in extreme measure is the real reason for their steadily growing sale.

We have repeatedly stated that Goodyear Cord Tires afford users the maximum service at minimum cost.

By this we mean that despite their somewhat higher price, they are really cheaper for the user in the end.

The mileages they deliver so far exceed those ordinarily given that their additional first-cost is altogether eclipsed.

Time and time again these tires have convincingly demonstrated that their cost per mile is lower than that of ordinary tires.

There are many simple ways to test the truth of this assertion, and none better than trying these tires on your car.

Another sort of proof may be had without investment, by sifting the experience of Goodyear Cord users.

In your own community there are a number of such users and we suggest that you ask them their results from these tires.

We are confident your findings will overwhelmingly convince you that Goodyear Cords save while they serve.

In every field in which a tire may perform, Goodyear Cord Tires have won a conspicuous leadership.

They are preferred equipment on a pronounced majority of the fine motor cars manufactured in this country.

During 1917, every officially recognized race driven on the speedways and tracks of America was won on them, and won by a non-stop run.

They have proved their entire practicability for heavy truck service, and by their strength and resilience they dominate the airplane field.

Fourteen years of patient and laborious endeavor have been given to the perfection of Goodyear Cord Tires.

The superiority of their unique principle of construction has been scientifically and practically demonstrated beyond question.

They are more comfortable tires—swifter—far less liable to injury; and they save gasoline to an extent that over a season means a considerable sum.

Their efficiency in service and the high mileages they deliver insure users an economy which is constant and real.

You should use Goodyear Cords, for your own satisfaction, and the savings they mean over ordinary tires.

Their quality makes them higher priced—and *better*.

There are 20,000 Goodyear Service Station Dealers in America, all pledged to help Goodyear users care properly for their tires. Now, above all times, we urge you to profit by this service, which means extra tire mileage and lower tire costs.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

QUALITY

New Departure Ball Bearings

Here are a few of many reasons for the QUALITY of this ball bearing:

Because it is of chrome alloy steel tubing specially made for us and *the best that money and skill can produce.*

Because our manufacturing processes exact dimensions that are accurate to a ten-thousandth part of an inch or *one-thirtieth the thickness of a human hair.*

Because each bearing is tested seventy-eight times during its development by precise instruments that assure maximum quality and accuracy.

Because the steel balls are made by ourselves from the best chrome alloy steel procurable and are insistently tested for strength, sphericity and uniformity of size.

The quality of New Departure ball bearings is the reason for their extensive use in automobiles, motor trucks, aëroplanes and all kinds of machinery

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BRISTOL, CONN.

Conrad Patent Licensee

(Continued from Page 59)

Within three weeks Mr. Swasey, with the assistance of the bureau's architects, designed the compromise among these considerations that is the C-boat of 1918, one hundred and ten feet long, fifty tons displacement

The problem of motors made the designers scratch their heads. The United States manufactures scores of types of gasoline marine engine, but the examination of all of them developed the fact that only one possessed the qualifications required by the Navy—reliability that will not fail under any weather conditions, and a home factory big enough to handle the C-boat contract. In addition to the driving engine two auxiliary motors are required by each chaser. Here was an order for hundreds and hundreds of motors laid upon a manufacturing capacity already heavily taxed to produce engines for airplanes and army trucks. In fact, the only delay, and that an inconsequential one, experienced in commissioning the submarine chasers was due to the difficulties of obtaining motors.

Instead of stationing the usual inspectors at the thirty-one shipyards which shared the C-boat contracts with six of the government navy yards, the construction office picked out experts in small-boat building and put them in the private yards as superintendents, to train foremen and inexperienced crews in the new work and to organize the yards up to Navy standards.

Accomplishing the Impossible

THE new boat has proved to be stanch and well-behaved at sea even beyond the expectations of her designers. She is long enough to stand any sort of sea, yet not so long as to bridge the waves and put strain on her hull, so she rides like a cork and defies the elements. In January several of the hundred-and-ten-footers encountered the gale that damaged more or less seriously almost every larger vessel in the fleet, but not one of the C-boats even developed engine trouble. Three of them went unscathed through the February blow that sank the Cherokee.

Every day the C-boats demonstrate their usefulness in the war zone, their superiority over other vessels of the same sort. The French naval authorities grew so sweet on them that they bought from us some of the first sent across. By nature hawklike, with the submarine her rightful prey, the C-boat is fast enough to convoy merchant steamers; and she is being so used on occasions.

Early in the present year it became evident to our constructors that the Navy had need of a new class of boats, something midway between the destroyers and the subchasers.

The destroyer's outstanding characteristic, her great speed, so valuable to the battle fleet in open fighting, is not of vital importance in her contest with the U-boat, except so far as it enables her to race to the scene of an attack. She can cut down to a quarter of her thirty-five knots and keep on the back of a submerged U-boat, while at two-thirds speed she can steam circles round a submarine making its best time on the surface.

The naval constructors therefore proposed a steel vessel big enough to carry all the armament of the destroyer except her torpedo tubes, but powered only enough to give her a knot more than the submarine's surface sixteen an hour. From the standpoint of the underwater pirate, lying low on some sandy bottom and cursing the danger above, such a vessel would be a destroyer in every menacing respect; but from our standpoint the advantage of such a boat would be its cheapness and the rapidity with which it could be produced.

The authorities in Washington were in no hurry about entering upon this enterprise. The size of the program they had in mind was something to appall even a great industrial establishment. More than one able and substantial manufacturer, volunteering to undertake the job, was turned down for no other reason than that the Navy was seeking quantity production in a hurry, whereas it would take not months but years to equip the ordinary big plant for the fabrication of these vessels on a grand scale.

There seemed to be but one plant that could give a fair assurance that the Government might win in this mighty gamble, for a gamble it seems, even now. So the construction authorities sat back and waited for the presiding executive of this establishment to respond to their long-distance flirtation.

Early in January the Detroit automobile manufacturer came, and after hearing about the plan in a general way vouchsafed the cocksure landsman's opinion that his factory could turn out, say, half a thousand of these boats the first year.

But after studying the specifications in detail Mr. Henry Ford and his engineers became subdued and stricken. Even so, the contract finally undertaken by the Ford plant surpassed the hopes of the Government. Mr. Ford expects to reach the peak of production by the beginning of summer, and that means a new gray warrior sent eastward across Lake Erie oftener than once every two days until December first, when the contract matures.

No shipbuilding operation was ever beset with more difficulties—impossibilities they would have been called a few months ago. Here is the matter of riveting. To keep abreast of its schedule the Detroit factory must drive a hundred and eighty thousand rivets every day, and nobody has ever done anything like that in the same working space. It means sixty gangs, each hammering home three thousand rivets between starting and quitting whistles every day. Until this surprising year a thousand rivets made a day's work for a gang. And these are not marine riveters but structural-steel workers, bridge men, and the like, unaccustomed to a precision of articulation that must be water-tight and oil-tight, for the new boats will use crude oil for fuel. The factory-efficiency experts are relying upon new welding processes and the scientific management of men, machinery and materials to turn the trick. The headquarters officers, who are beginning to sleep with this Detroit job, are hopeful but not too confident.

It took the Navy's architects less than three weeks to design the hull of the new boat, test its model and draw all the specifications. In design the hull shares the grace of the cup defender with the sturdiness of the mud scow. Wherever a straight line will do, it is used instead of a curve. The angles of the frames have been kept as nearly alike in degree as possible. The bow is a sharp V without flare or overhang. Yet, simple as the design is, the model showed both speed and seaworthiness under the towing carriage of the Washington Navy Yard's testing basin and in the mimic tempest agitated by the pool's wave-making machine.

The first step in the construction of these vessels was to build a pattern boat, full size and complete in every respect. This boat was then dismembered and scattered through the various shops producing parts. Thus each workman or gang in addition to the usual blue prints has in constant view the actual part to be duplicated. From the shops the parts go to a great assembling yard on the bank of the Detroit River, where the vessels are fabricated. Here, too, are the storehouses to shelter the outfits for the new craft, the small boats, the pumps and other equipment for them. The steam turbines are being built partially in the Ford plant and partially in the factories of subcontractors.

The Triumphs of the Testing Basin

WHEN it tackled this job the Government called upon the Ford organization principally to show its genius in developing production. The Navy itself is furnishing the technical knowledge of shipbuilding, maintaining at Detroit a force of experts under the command of an eminent naval architect taken over from civil life.

The new vessels are two hundred feet long—they can get through the locks at the Niagara step-off—and their displacement, five hundred tons, makes them about as large as the first destroyers built by the American Navy. Secretary Daniels has christened their family the "Eagle Class."

In all of this new construction the testing basin in Washington has played its important part. It was built nineteen years ago under Mr. Taylor's supervision, and there he spent a dozen useful years before becoming chief of the construction forces. The action of water upon ships is beyond mathematical calculation frequently; only the test of the model will show the faults or advantages of a design. As the result of tests in this pool the naval constructors were able to make changes in the hulls of the sixteen-thousand-ton battleships that we once built so that fifteen thousand horse power could do the work of the eighteen thousand in the older vessels of this type.

It was here that Admiral Taylor conducted his remarkable studies of the forces set up in water by moving hulls and was thus enabled to repay the British Government a hundredfold for the education given to him at Greenwich.

When H. M. S. Hawke rammed the liner Olympic a few years ago the owners of the passenger steamer claimed that the improper navigation of the Hawke caused the accident. This contention, if sustained, let the Admiralty in for heavy damages, and the Hawke's officers for even more distressing consequences.

Lord Reading, the present British Ambassador to the United States, who conducted the case for the Crown, sent for Taylor, who was easily the star witness in that memorable trial. He showed that two moving ships in the same vicinity act much like electric magnets upon each other, with attracting and repelling poles, and that under certain circumstances they set up a suction action. His testimony cleared the Hawke from blame and established an important law in the science of navigation.

When we approach war inventions we come to the Navy's deepest secret. The testing basin in Washington has seen the trials of many of these

The Testing Basin at the Washington Navy Yard

devices, some of them proclaimed to be revolutionary by their inventors. But, in general, the civilian inventor has been a disappointment. To be sure, Fritz of the U-boat is due for some surprises before long; it is even possible that the submarine is soon to terrorize no more. The Navy is relying upon a combination of devices to end the supremacy of the submarine, and of these devices every one was invented either by naval officers or by civilians working with naval officers.

In spite of the great numbers of submarine chasers and Eagles built or under construction, our first year of war was preeminently a destroyer year in naval increase. The progress in destroyers was the great achievement. We are building them nearly four times as swiftly as we did before the war.

The first thought of the Bureau of Construction and Repair was to simplify the destroyer by omitting from the new design some of those touches of completeness which made the Yankee destroyer the most efficient vessel of its class in the world. It went hard with the Navy's constructors to do this, especially since the numbers of 1918 destroyers would dominate the entire class of them for years to come. The newest would not be the best. A simplified boat could unquestionably be built in shorter time, while it might be just as effective against the submarine as one of the older boats.

But before any action was taken the question was submitted to Vice Admiral Sims in England. That sterling fighter replied: "You can't leave off a thing."

"So we hardened our hearts and built only first-class ships," said Admiral Taylor afterward. "The new boats we are sending across now are as good as anything we ever turned out."

In some respects they are better, for they have more speed as a general thing. Two or three of the fastest of the prewar destroyers can make something more than thirty-two knots when warm, but this year's output must show thirty-five.

And when a Yankee war vessel is listed at a speed, she really makes it. Other navies are not so exact in their ratings. A year or so ago the Navy was sometimes criticized in technical circles because it did not build destroyers rated as fast as some of the foreigners; but to-day our commanders are not ashamed even of our thirty-knot destroyers when pitted against the speediest which Europe has to offer.

Last winter two destroyers, an American and a crack model from another navy, raced to port from their station in the war zone. The start was even, but the Yankee beat the other in by a good hour. The commanders met on shore.

"Couldn't get our steam to-day," explained the vanquished, evidently under the impression that he had brushed with a thirty-five-knot ship. "The best we got up to was thirty-four."

The American did not have the heart to tell the foreigner that at no time on the run in did the Yankee destroyer make better than thirty knots.

In former times we built five or six destroyers a year, each year's brood differing from the others in design. Building them by the hundred has resulted in a sort of standardization, as the new ones are all alike, or nearly so, two slightly differing types having been adopted.

All of this work is being done either in the Government's yards or in private shipyards which have turned out naval vessels in the past. The navy yards have doubled their forces. The single item of pumps for destroyers gives an idea of the extent of the undertaking, an item of ten or twelve million dollars, more than we ever spent on any year's entire destroyer program before the war.

At Squantum, Massachusetts, we are building the largest destroyer yard in the world. Congress granted the money for it in October, but the snow was still deep when the keels of several destroyers were laid down there. In October, also, Congress authorized a government plant at Buffalo for manufacturing boilers for destroyers, and another at Providence for making engines. Both were in operation before spring.

The destroyers are the adventurous children of the Navy, and the mother heart alternates between fears for their safety and admiration of their performances.

"The wonder is that they hold together through all this work," said a construction officer who knows the destroyer from keel to wireless. "We pack thirty thousand horse power into their tin-can hulls, the same power put into a thirty-thousand-ton battleship, and we send them to sea in all sorts of weather with nothing between them and the bottom of the ocean but steel plates about as thick as a lead pencil.

"And yet the little beggars are tenacious of life. Some years ago on a foggy morning a destroyer was rammed by a schooner and lost her stern, sheared clean off, so that a bluejacket who woke up in his hammock at that moment looked right down into the open sea; but she got in all right. Another one blew out her starboard side when one of her boilers let go, and limped into port with a wound that would have sent many a stouter ship to the bottom.

"All of us in the Navy remember the great gale of 1911 that caught the Atlantic fleet off the Capes. We didn't hear from some of our destroyers for days afterward. Nearly every one was laid up for repairs after that blow. Now they get weather like that every week, and it scarcely bothers them at all. Our officers handle them in any weather without turning a hair. The fact that we haven't lost one yet from natural causes is nothing less than a triumph for Yankee seamanship."

With millions of dollars to spend, the Navy is now well along in the development of its aëroplane fleet. Some of the new flying boats, built and now in use, are much larger than any ever turned out in America before. Each month sees new increments to the submarine flotilla, for the Navy has continued the enormous submarine-construction program adopted when Germany first began operating against neutral merchant vessels. The British have demonstrated the value of submarines as a weapon against submarines, and our submersibles have already assumed an offensive rôle against Germany. It is the most perilous service which the Navy asks of its men.

The Navy is constantly giving fresh evidence of its greatness—in its business methods, in its progress of expansion, in the strategy of its staff and in the valor and efficiency of its personnel—but nowhere is its greatness more evident than in the construction of its ships.

The naval experience of the present war has been kind to the American Navy. The few engagements thus far have not suggested any substantial changes in our construction, but on the contrary they have vindicated some theories which had been exclusively ours. Years ago our constructors began plating the turret roofs with heavy armor. The foreign theory was that the heaviest shell would ricochet from light armor on these slopes. We separated the magazines from the turrets, but the foreign navies still built the vertical ammunition hoists between magazines and turrets.

In many instances the men who have kept American design at the front of progress are still in charge of our naval expansion. For the past year they have concentrated upon small-boat construction, and the record astonishes all who examine it.

Comes next the big ship. The Secretary of the Navy has asked Congress for the money to pay for an enormous undertaking in heavy fighting craft. The American constructors turn to this production rich in experience in large-scale operations. Under the circumstances the navy yards in the coming months ought to produce marvels.

OUT-OF-DOORS

THE war and the high cost of living are things which affect the daily lives of us all to-day, indoors and out-of-doors. Go to your market man and he will tell you that quail to-day are cheap at eighty cents each. Wild ducks are beyond the average man. Prairie chickens are practically unobtainable, legally or illegally. This in a country where, within the memory of many of us, the market streets once hung full of bear, deer, buffalo, antelope, wapiti—every species of big game of a prolific continent.

For a long time we all said that the bobwhite quail would last forever; but, one thing with another, quail shooting bids fair soon to be a thing of the past. To-day New York, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa protect quail the season through. Illinois and Indiana are very likely to follow within a few years, and they are, or have been, two very good quail states. Texas has not so many quail as she once had. Oklahoma is a good quail country even now, but is being badly shot to pieces. On the whole the quail outlook cannot be called promising to-day. My own annual quail shoot in the central part of Illinois, where I have been going for the past twenty-five years, may serve as a sort of industrial example in practical field sport to-day.

Of course one must pay his shooting license, the nominal sum of one dollar for a resident of the state. If one wishes to send some birds home, as I did, it is necessary to pay another dollar to the commonwealth for that privilege. Railroad fare to my town cost something more than five dollars. As I was among friends whom I have visited for many years, I paid no board. I paid no motor hire at all, though we averaged twenty to fifty miles a day of travel. Knowing the trip to be inexpensive I drew only sixty-five dollars to cover it. I was gone two weeks and came home with about four dollars in my pocket. I sent home just twenty-four quail in the two weeks, and was shooting about a seventy-five per cent gait.

Of course I had to get on my dogs, which I love very much, two pointers which I fancy—as does every other shooter his own dogs—to be the best in the world.

I had not seen my dogs for just one year. They had been living at a training kennel down state at a cost of something like a hundred and fifty dollars for the year. The express charges on the dogs came to something like five dollars. After using the dogs for six or eight days I kissed them good-by, perhaps for a year, perhaps forever—I don't know.

It is apparent, therefore, that a very economical and careful shooter of the Middle West who kills a couple of dozen quail for the loved ones at home in the course of ten days or two weeks of shooting has paid for his game probably more than three hundred dollars. Call it two hundred and forty dollars to be liberal; that makes the two dozen quail cost ten dollars each! They were worth it, and I didn't kick. But that is a hundred times as much as they used to cost us when I first went to that Central Illinois region to shoot quail.

Beyond these interesting figures there remains one fact that makes this particular quail hunt especially significant: For the first time in my life I shipped home some rabbits. Not since I was a boy have I shot any rabbits, except casually; and of course I never would allow one to be shot in front of one of my dogs. This does not debar pleasant memories of the old times when I was a boy, when we usually had a dozen or two frozen rabbits hanging on the outside of the smokehouse. But rabbits have never, until now, been worth the consideration of grown-up, honest-to-goodness sportsmen in America. This time I sent home a couple of dozen dressed rabbit saddles. Having done so I began to look into this whole rabbit question and found it of considerable interest.

Within the last five minutes I called up my family grocer and asked him what he would charge apiece for rabbits over the counter. He shivered in the phone and swore that he was innocent—being of the belief that rabbits were not allowed to be sold under our game law. Such is not the case, though for the first time in a generation there is now a certain closed season on rabbits. My grocer called up the wholesale house where he buys his supplies, and was informed that very excellent rabbits could be sold him at three and a half dollars a dozen. "You see, I'd have to charge at least forty cents apiece," said the retail man. Another man offered rabbits, warranted to have been killed within a year, at fifty cents flat each if you carried them home yourself.

It was my turn to shiver. It never before had occurred to me that a rabbit was worth anything at all. I remember that once I gave a whole hand-car load to a country grocer and was glad when he took them off my hands.

The usual American way of cooking a rabbit or anything else is to fry it. Even a fried rabbit may be very good indeed, provided it is a young one. In the household of my old shooting friend we one time had a dish of rabbit that was most exceeding toothsome. Inquiry developed that this rabbit had first been fried, then simmered for a couple of hours under water in a covered stewpan. It was very tender and sweet, served as it was with a gravy of flour and milk, the whole well seasoned.

While we are upon the general question of the desirability of the rabbit it may be stated that the foregoing is by no means the only way to cook a rabbit so that it will be good. Neither should the rabbit be sneezed at in general. There has not been for a long time any valid reason why a three-pound rabbit should not be worth a quarter. The rabbits on our family smokehouse were so good I can remember them to this day. A young corn-fed rabbit does not compare badly with chicken. The very young and tender rabbit may be broiled, as sometimes is done in camp. Any rabbit will make a base for a good camp stew with all sorts of vegetables and things added.

One good authority down state somewhat reverses the whole process of cookery. In this kitchen the rabbit is boiled slowly until the water covering it has nearly disappeared. Then it is fried and served with a brown gravy made in the cooking pan.

The art of cooking game is not one owned in every kitchen these days. Most ducks are roasted too long. The frying pan is used sometimes when the direct heat of the broiler would be better. The correct roasting heat with which deep-water ducks should be cooked is almost the same as a broiling heat.

In a very hot oven a mallard duck can be cooked sufficiently in a half hour—some say in seventeen minutes; and most say fifteen minutes is enough for a canvasback. A young squirrel or a young rabbit is good broiled.

However, four-footed game of mature years is quite often the better for part preparation in the stewpot. As for Molly Cotton, it is well enough to arrange for parboiling and then simmering—a sort of double operation which any cook will understand. This process of parboiling and then roasting or frying takes time, but is worth while.

Molly Cotton looms on our horizon. She has been there all the time, but we did not know it. A while ago there was a desperate effort made to introduce the Belgian hare into American homes. We did not prove sufficiently Belgian, and the industry languished. These four-footed furry things have always been more appreciated in Europe than in America. We have had in many of our Western States a wild animal much larger and just as tough as the Belgian hare, the jack rabbit of the plains and desert country. You may recall having heard of great jack-rabbit drives in the orchard countries of Colorado or California, where perhaps five thousand jack rabbits were killed in a single afternoon. Some twenty or more years ago, when times were rather hard, a certain parson out in Denver—I think his name was Uzell—undertook the collection of the product of some of these big rabbit drives for use among the poor of the great cities of the East. Even so, not much came of the enterprise. We did not yet like rabbit. There is a sort of prejudice against rabbits, especially jack rabbits, which always has obtained in America. As a result we have allowed to go to waste—and no doubt will still allow to go to waste—hundreds and thousands of tons of meat that would be very much appreciated in Europe at any time, and that will be appreciated in America sometime very soon.

A message from the "President"

To the 150,000 Representatives in the United States.

GENTLEMEN:

In this new 75c "High Grade" President, you have at last the suspender that will appeal to every one of the two million men who are reading this announcement in *The Post*—and to *every* man who demands quality and comfort in wearing apparel at a thrifty-wise expenditure.

"High Grade"—*a new one*—

President Suspenders for comfort

The man who *buys* this 75c President receives the utmost value in comfort, service and style. And the man who *sells* the 75c President receives a return on his investment that makes his suspender business exceedingly worth-while.

Made in fine Mercerized-Lisle and Silk-Faced Webbings, "High Grade" Presidents are unusually good-looking and very serviceable. The rich gilt-finished brass trimmings are not affected by perspiration—will never stain nor rust. The famous President "give and take" feature not only insures absolute comfort but hangs and holds the wearer's trousers *the tailor's way* always. In every essential this new "High Grade" President is the final perfection in suspender comfort, long wear and looks.

When you sell a man a pair of these "High Grade" 75c Presidents you know in advance that he is sure of getting perfect comfort and splendid wear—because of our guarantee to repair, replace or (if requested) to refund his money if they are not absolutely satisfactory. And this same guarantee applies to the regular President at 65c. 3,000,000 pairs sold last year is the best proof of President satisfaction.

Your customers who are reading this announcement will soon be asking for the "High Grade" President. Keep one step in advance of the demand by ordering now from your jobber. Show every suspender purchaser what splendid value this "High Grade" President gives. You will profit, not only in his appreciation and good-will, but also in dollars and cents.

President Suspender Company

Shirley, Mass.

The manufacturers of the famous President Suspenders make a complete line of suspenders to satisfy every preference. "Shirley Make" on a pair of suspenders is your guarantee of highest quality and service. All dealers.

Every dealer selling suspenders

should write direct for prices and booklet giving full particulars of this new proposition. On initial orders any "High Grade" Presidents in good condition, unsold four months from date of shipment, may be returned through your jobber and full credit will be given for goods returned.

CAPTAIN PERCIVAL

(Continued from Page 11)

"Tried to destroy th' turbines!" blurted the engineer as he jammed the stoker against a rail and glanced up at Captain Percival.

"Explain how!"

"'Ow? Why, th' snake 'ad a spanner in 'is 'and. 'E was just droppin' it into th' handhole at th' top of th' low-pressure chamber. It would 'ave ripped th' music out ov 'er—it would!"

"Search him!"

Captain Percival's voice had not raised in tone, but it had hardened. He leaned over the bridge canvas and fluttered his lashless lids toward the object of a thorough search by the indignant engineer. The result was gratifying. A huge handful of powdered carborundum, a score of double detonators with short fuses, and a knife bearing a German stamp, lay piled in the lee scupper as Mike backed away and crooked his right arm for a soul-satisfying upper-cut. It never landed.

A tiny puff of smoke rose from the bridge. A sharp report, like the flap of a small sail, cracked. The spy crumpled into a knot and fell face forward across the planks of the Hatteras.

Captain Percival replaced his blued-steel automatic, reached to the chart rack, and picked up his ball of yarn, needles and half-finished sock. He strolled to windward, where he leaned under the shelter of the port side-light board and a strip of gray canvas.

Mike Monkey lifted the stoker and then dropped him again. He motioned toward two seamen as he mounted to Solway's side at the binnacle. His voice was husky as he eyed the skipper and whispered:

"'E was shot between 'is lamps; dead-centered."

"A said th' mon was desperate," answered Solway, glancing slyly at Captain Percival. "A've no doot he loves th' Hun."

Mike Monkey stroked his chin thoughtfully. His red-rimmed eyes lifted as he spat over the lee rail.

"An accident," he said to the mate. "'E couldn't do it again. 'E's shammin' badness. I've seen th' likes ov 'im."

The mate did not answer. He noticed, however, that the little engineer took great care in descending from the bridge so that he would not disturb the skipper at the head of the weather ladder.

Captain Percival reached the rim of the sock. He worked his elbows in the gloom like an old woman. The needles clicked in a single-stitch motion. Between stitches the hairless eyelids blinked and fluttered. The eyes beneath fastened finally upon the towering form of the mate behind the middle binnacle.

Solway coughed, stepped to windward, and shaded his brow with the palm of his right hand. He studied the sea ahead of the Hatteras. He eyed each lookout and marine who was on alert duty. His chin went up and his glance fastened on the two men in the crow's nest, over the bridge. They poised there with night glasses swinging and repeating along the horizon and the first waters of the submarine zone as defined by Germany.

The Hatteras wallowed onward over and through a slight harrow of crisscross waves that had been churned up by the tail of a northeaster. The sky gave warning of dense fog to come. They were well to the north of Ireland. Soon it would be time to put the wheel up and make for the Orkneys. Nets and mines and a trawler flotilla were between the bulwark islands and the mainland of England. Once past these, their voyage should prove uneventful.

A sea snake in the leaping shape of a forty-knot destroyer out of a Scotch port drove down upon the Hatteras and set four flags at her bridge halyards, which were not to be denied. The orders were to keep the eastern course and swing over the Orkneys before running down the latitude.

"Mines!" shouted a stuttering lieutenant commander through a battered trumpet. "Th' inside passage is full o' warts, old boy o' stone."

Captain Percival fluttered his eyelids at this command. He turned toward Solway. The Scot gave the order by whispering to the wheelman:

"Fifteen north!"

"Fifteen north, sir," was repeated.

The Hatteras swung as the youthful lieutenant commander leaned over a rocking rail and studied the freighter's polished side and artistic camouflage. Some weird ships were coming out of America. He would have liked to inspect the Hatteras, but he had other and more immediate business. A squadron of tin fish, accompanied by a fast cruiser, had laid more than an ordinary nestful of eggs directly in the course of North Sea shipping. It would never do to spread the warning by wireless. The Huns had returned toward Helgoland, well satisfied with their Easter offerings.

Captain Percival left the new course to Solway. He returned aft and started upon his seventh sock since leaving Tompkinsville. Now and then, over the watches, he whispered orders to the gun crews and to the lookouts.

A winding shroud of fog drifted down with a northeast breeze from over the rocky shores of the Scandinavian Peninsula. It smothered the concrete freighter and proved far more effective than any camouflage of man. Through this fog she plowed like a barge, with her turbine whining and her gear-reducing mechanism grinding into mesh and into "sweetness," as Mike Monkey called it.

They entered troubled seas. The northern route to France was not always the safest one. Neutral ships by scores and hundreds had been sunk between Scotland and the Skager-Rack. From Rattray Head and Moray Firth to the Baltic, Von Tirpitz and his pirate crew took cruel toll of ships and trawlers. A hate was being sowed upon the waters that would never die. It was one thing to sink a converted cruiser or a cargo boat, and another thing to deprive God-fearing fishermen of their livelihood and their little ships.

Captain Percival made his preparations so unobtrusively that there were many upon the freighter who believed he was in league with the Wilhelmshaven corsairs. He swung the ship almost to the Naze and thence down along the Denmark coast. She felt her way through the fog by soundings made in silence from the port-anchor davit or cat, which was upon the low break of the forecastle peak.

Night followed day in a dripping silence, through which the Hatteras moved like a specter of gray vapor within a green veil. The ashes were blown out under water. The slight creak from the rudder chains had been silenced with grease. The turbine engines had found themselves and worked into calculated positions without more sound than a cream separator makes. The massive reduction gearing had received its final attention from Mike Monkey, who believed in plenty of oil when new surfaces are setting together.

Out of the mists, an hour after Captain Percival had intimated to Solway that he might swing for the center of the channel and the nets off the Wash, there came, with the speed of a flying cloud, the light cruiser which had seen the minelayers safely into Helgoland Bight. An uncanny premonition had caused this action on the part of the wolf pack at Wilhelmshaven. The Hatteras, despite its cautious passage where no allied ship should be, was discovered.

The mist lifted and revealed the stage. It fell again. Captain Percival was seen by most of the Hatteras' crew to lay his ball of yarn and half-knitted sock in the third bucket from the cabin companion on the quarter-deck. He stepped from the deck and down the weather steps to the waist of the ship. He moved not too swiftly along the weather rail and mounted to Solway's side on the bridge. There he turned and fluttered his pale eyelids in the direction of the hidden cruiser, which had been, at first sighting, not more than six knots away.

Solway tersely repeated orders to the fore and aft gun crews. They had no need of these orders. The two gun pointers and the ensign in command had prepared for the unexpected. Three hundred rounds of four-inch armor-piercing shells, especially designed for sub. strafing, were arranged in metal cases beneath the platforms that supported the guns. This ammunition could be passed up as needed by trained crews, who had been drilled to perfection in three years of Western Ocean warfare.

Mike Monkey stayed by his turbine. He had but glanced at the stokehold crew when the first whispered warning of the presence of the German cruiser floated down through the engine-room gratings. This glance was a threat and a menace. The stokers and oilers sprang to their positions. They built the steam in the triple-door Scotch boilers until the safety valves fluttered. They spread choice coal out upon the steel aprons for immediate consumption. They waited, then, for the first shot.

The rumor was that the pale skipper would cave and surrender the ship. No man of all of them believed there was any chance against a modern cruiser. The Hatteras was a ripe plum, which had blundered or had been thrown into the capacious maw of Von Tirpitz—the Captain of the Pit.

The battle of the mist had taught the German High Sea Fleet and its units that a British ship is always dangerous. Here, however, was an American freighter of a new and untried construction. It had but little freeboard; therefore, the commander of the Elberfeld—in the Danzig class of light cruisers—underrated much about the Hatteras that a discerning captain should have known.

Flushed with his return through the Grand Fleet with the minelayers, and somewhat disdainful of all things Western, he held his last sight of the freighter, allowed for drift and currents, and burst through the fog in time to receive three four-inch armor-piercing shells from the freighter's forward gun before he could starboard his helm and seek safety. The first salvo had been an eye opener.

He had expected a sow and met with a boar. He swung his cruiser on a long arc through a dripping pall of gray, ordered his six-inch guns loaded with shrapnel and ten-second fuses, and groped for the concrete ship, details of which had not yet reached Kiel or Wilhelmshaven.

Solway knew that the cruiser would sooner or later find them. The fog held; but it was light in patches, through which aim could be taken. He glanced at Captain Percival for instructions as they emerged from the mist and lay at quarter speed across a wide lane of oily waters.

"You may port thirty," said Captain Percival in a cold voice. "Port thirty and ring for three-quarters. We'll hold the eastern course until the snake shows."

The snake had some difficulty in locating the freighter. Its thrashing propeller gave the compass point finally. This time the Elberfeld held her fire, thrust a sharp, rather fragile-looking bow through the curtain and let go with both of the bow guns at point-blank range. The shrapnel burst astern and over the Hatteras.

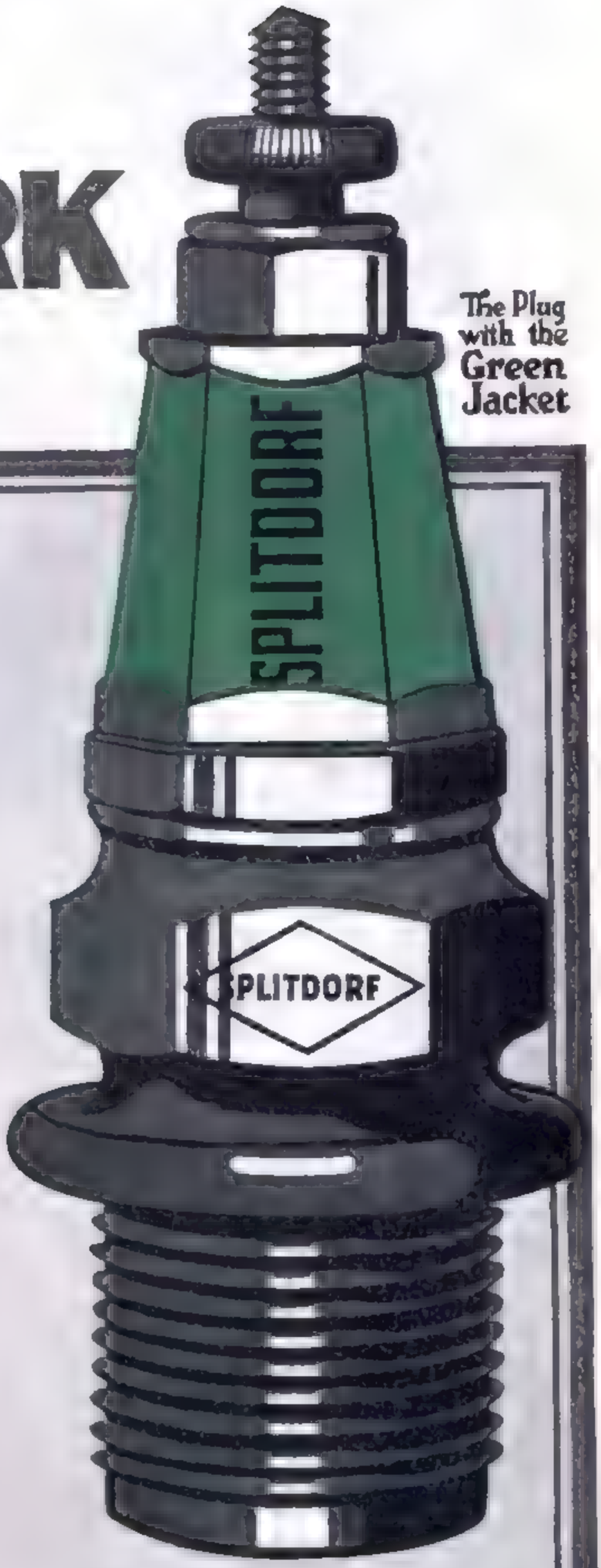
Some of the after gun crew were blasted from their positions and flattened to the deck. The short drab funnel of the freighter was pierced in a score of places. Flying fragments of three-cornered steel whipped the canvas of the bridge into streamers. The after gun, short-handed and without range, started its roaring—a shot every five seconds. The shells, falling over the cruiser at first, quickly reached the target. The forward gun, blinded by the capstan and the braces of the bridge to leeward, was brought into position by a whispered order given to the quartermaster.

Hell broke upon that patch of sea! The Hatteras, at full speed, with Mike Monkey flailing out at his stokers, wallowed at thirteen knots for the clammy fog bank over her low bow. The cruiser was punished, but able to stand this punishment vainly

(Continued on Page 69)

A Tug Shrieked Hoarsely at the Vision of a Concrete Ship Setting Forth Upon Her Maiden Voyage. The Hatteras Answered With a Bull-Like Bellow From Her Siren

for HARD WORK



The Plug with the Green Jacket

Every detail of a tractor must be built for continuous hard work. It must be able to "stand up" under severe strains and hard usage. It must operate always under severe conditions-usually with a time limit set by the seasons—far from repair shops and service stations.

Under such exacting requirements the breaking of a spark plug or the non-firing of a single cylinder means a serious loss of time and power. That is why so many tractor manufacturers and owners prefer SPLITDORF Plugs—they are more dependable than common porcelain plugs. They know that the laterally wound MICA core of the SPLITDORF Plug is practically indestructible; that it cannot crack or chip; and that it will never leak oil or gas. In short, that SPLITDORF Plugs give long-lived service that cannot be hoped for from porcelain-cored plugs.

There is a type of SPLITDORF Plug best suited for every engine. Get them from your jobbers and dealers

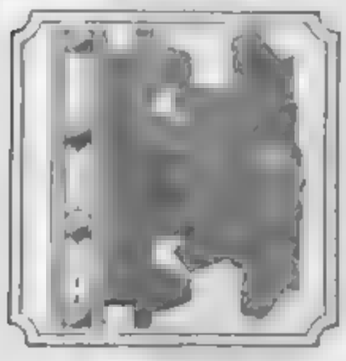
We have been manufacturing SPLITDORF Spark Plugs, and other ignition devices, magnetos, etc., for seventeen years, and if you are having trouble with plugs of any make the advice of our skilled engineers, with their many years of all-round ignition experience, is free for the asking

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, N. J.

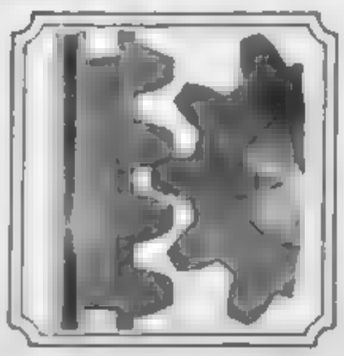
Manufacturers of DIXIE and SUMTER Magnetos and Plugoscillators

SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS

Actual Size
Bearing plates separated to show ball retainer



With Bailey Ball Thrust
Gears are always properly meshed—ball bearing stands up under pressure and holds the gears snug. The drive is exerted firmly on strong part of two teeth instead of on one, no noise, no lost power, no jerky "back-lash" and no stripping or breaking of gears.



With the Ordinary Washer
This shows the gears partly out of mesh because the washers at left side have worn thin due to gear thrust This results in drive being taken on one tooth only and on weak part of that tooth—resulting in loss of power, noisy gears, jerky "back-lash" and stripping.

"You'll Have No More Broken Gears

Because I have replaced the flat washers at the differential with a BAILEY BALL THRUST BEARING." Ford owners who install this frictionless bearing, practically eliminate the possibility of broken rear axle gears.

It being a ball bearing does not wear thin, hence keeps gears in proper mesh, thereby preventing breakdowns that may mean your being left helpless in a jammed street, on a railroad crossing or miles from home.

Has eighteen highest grade friction-eliminating steel balls, and therefore must effect a big cut in fuel consumption as well as add power.

For FORDS *and Those Chevrolet 490's Having Thrust Washers*

Every Bailey Ball Thrust is fully guaranteed. Is made of finest heat treated materials and has six times greater strength than necessary.

Fleet owners, large and small everywhere, are using Baileys, realizing that this bearing reduces up-keep cost and cars are always in service.

Your dealer will tell you what it will do and that we guarantee it. Should he be unable to supply you, write or wire us at once and we will see that you are supplied. Order one today. Price, **$3.75.** (In Canada $5.00.)

Dealers-repairmen:—Practically every jobber in the U. S. and Canada carries this bearing in stock.

Geo. D. Bailey Co., 1120 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

BAILEY BALL THRUST

A frictionless ball bearing to replace thrust washers on Fords and Chevrolet 490's

(Continued from Page 66)

sought to get in a finishing shot below the water line or shrapnel enough from fore to aft to force a white flag.

Captain Percival had dropped from the shattered bridge at the third salvo from the cruiser. He reappeared at the bow gun minus his coat. His cuffs draped the fife rail about the foremast, where the belaying pins held them from falling to the deck. His suspenders, over his stiff white shirt, splattered here and there with blood and flecked with powder burns, were lavender-hued and mild. His eyes matched these to a fractional shade.

His voice did not raise as he suggested a number of things to the badly shot-up gun crew. Their firing increased until they, too, were plumping shots at the roaring cruiser at the rate of twelve a minute, which is all the breechblock of a four-inch gun will permit.

Shells from the cruiser reached vital parts of the Hatteras. Splinters from shattered long boats marked their going. The deck house, chart house, wireless antennæ and mainmast went overside as they lunged for the first thin curtain of mist.

Solway succeeded in rigging an emergency wheel after a shell had carried away the quartermaster and ruined much of the wheelhouse. The surviving crew had assisted in unshipping spare parts for this contingency. The Scot stood at the quarter-deck rail with his feet braced, his white hands gripped upon the spokes of the after-wheel. His eyes were fastened upon the cruiser, whose leaping flashes of flame crossed the opalescent range, and whose German skipper was by this time wondering what manner of mystery ship he had tried to capture.

A series of four flags was flung to the cruiser's foremast. Translated it read: "Surrender or take the consequences!" Solway had the satisfaction of seeing the pale skipper sight the forward gun and plump a shell just where the conning tower of the cruiser nestled, at the foot of the foremast. The smoke and flame that rose at this occasion, the confusion on board the Elberfeld, her sheering off and presenting a perfect broadside, caused the Scot to run his lower lip above his upper and to twirl the wheel of the Hatteras as he felt the first clammy folds of the fog.

They secured breathing time to clean up the litter and the bodies on the deck. They rigged a hospital in the forecastle. They broke out fresh ammunition for the two guns that were still in commission. Then, and at the whispered orders from Captain Percival, the Hatteras started in search of the cruiser.

Solway, Mike Monkey, both gun crews and the remnant of the original group of seamen who had signed aboard at Tompkinsville were amazed. They had suffered cruelly from the guns of the cruiser. They had been laced and lashed by shrapnel. The ship had been hulled in two places forward of the stokehold on the starboard side. Stokers had closed the bulkhead doors in time. She listed slightly. The steel rails and the great cannon, however, had stopped the shells like armor plate. The concrete was a stubborn target for any projectile. There was no way of knowing, but many of the cruiser's shots had never penetrated the outer stone of the freighter.

Captain Percival made his preparations for a lifting fog. He ordered all the remaining boats thrown overside. He saw to it that the fight to come should not be altogether one-sided. A coincident range finder was remounted on the shattered taffrail beneath the stern gun's grating platform. At this he took his station in order to call the range. Along the deck, seamen were posted with hose and buckets. Forward the marines had succeeded in clearing the last of the bridge's supports and obtaining a circular angle of fire, save for the colanderlike funnel and the stump of the mainmast.

Sounds came down the wind to the waiting Americans. A hoarse shout in German bellowed through the fog. The cruiser was to windward. Captain Percival hitched his trousers by a jerk at the tag of his suspenders, motioned for Solway to come up with the wheel, then fluttered his pale eyelids for a first sight at the cruiser as the Hatteras swung, steadied and lunged into the thickest portion of the veil surrounding them.

They missed the Elberfeld by a scant cable's length. They plowed under her stern as her after guns roared vainly. They rounded on a slow arc and stabbed again in the dark. The little captain had grimly set his slight jaw. He climbed to the shattered rail and held up a wet finger to feel the wind. Satisfied, he dropped to the deck beneath the gun platform, and motioned to the Scot for a fifteen-degree change of course.

This course, instead of revealing the cruiser, brought the freighter out into a wild waste of open water, whose wall of fog lifted like a gray curtain and revealed the shadow of the German shore where it came down to the sea in Helgoland Bight.

The exclamations of the crew and Solway's hastily bitten oath brought Mike Monkey's greasy cap and oil-rimmed eyes above the shattered coaming of the engine-room companion. He took in the details of ship, sea and fog. He lifted himself like a gopher and studied the menace of the shore line. Then he staggered aft across the blood-stained planks and thrust his hand out to Solway.

"'Alf a chew!" he begged. "I'm dyin' for a bit ov slag. Wot's th' 'oly terror doin' now? We're close to shore."

"Th' skipper's bad. A doot if his equal exists. He's huntin' for the German cruiser."

"'Untin' for it! Woiy don't 'e get to sea an' awoiy from danger? We must be hard by 'Elgoland."

Solway lifted the wheel a spoke and glanced forward to where the fog was lifting over the North Sea and revealing an arch of purple through which a menacing shadow moved in their direction.

"Yon's th' cruiser!" he said.

"Set your course to head her off, Mr. Solway," said Captain Percival in dulcet tones from his position at the coincident range finder upon the broken taffrail.

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered Solway, lifting the spoke till the shattered bow of the freighter pointed into deeper fog ahead of the cruiser's blind course.

"Wot t' 'ell is this lad tryin' to do?" spat Mike Monkey. "'E's imperillin' 'is ship an' hengines. Ain't we 'ad enough?"

"Five dead," Solway remarked dryly.

"Five, an' one in th' stokehold. I laid him out with a shovel. 'Ad to!" he added in justification. "But wot ov that? Wot I wants to know is, who's this lad? Wot's 'e got against Fritz? I 'ates 'em an' you 'ates 'em; but 'e's different. 'E's a mild-mannered cutthroat—'e is."

"A nae doot ye'll find out who he is. Better get below! Th' fog's liftin' an' he's watchin' us like an Atlantic Ocean boson."

Solway turned and squinted at the little skipper as Mike Monkey slouched for the engine-room companion. The light purple ahead of the freighter resolved itself into opalescent mist; then into pellucid bridal veils of dripping clouds, which lifted like the dragropes of Zeppelins. Beneath this overhead billowing the Elberfeld loomed, took form and substance, and rounded like a dancer, with her bow guns trained upon the boat of stone and blood.

"Ten, starboard!" suggested Captain Percival with dry smiling. "Make it ten, Mr. Solway, please. You, at the breech there: kindly insert a four-inch shell of the C class and keep feeding them for six thousand five hundred range. No; make it six thousand two hundred and fifty. All right; you may fire when you are ready."

The skipper took a second squint through the range finder. He moved it so that its long barrel was at right angles to the cruiser.

The hell that broke loose as the Elberfeld secured the weather gauge added another unwritten chapter to the book of those desperate seas. A hurricane, followed by a tornado of shells, reached the freighter, swept her decks, cascaded water over her shattered rails and brought down many of her crew.

The forward gun, struck by an armor-piercing projectile with a light bursting charge, went by the board and down through the deck to the lower main forehold, where it jammed between one-hundred-and-twenty-pound steel and the staunch concrete of the ship's bow.

The after gun met no such fate. It bore a charmed life. Its shells, aimed by a gun pointer from Bridgeport and ranged by the quiet skipper, reached the black man-crowded deck of the cruiser and took their toll of German lives. Smoke broke out of the Elberfeld's chart house and wireless room. Flame followed this smoke. A hoarse shout from the powder-grimed remnant on the Hatteras greeted the explosion that lifted the cruiser's forward barbette high in the murk and opened her deck from forepeak to the shattered conning tower.

Captain Percival motioned for a change of course. Solway lifted the wheel a dozen spokes. The freighter sheered off and started for her Channel course to France. Her turbine whined and sang a litany of victory. Her fire-box doors clanged as Mike Monkey urged more steam for the attempt. They were in a fair way to escape to the sheltering fog and the coming vapors of night when Captain Percival flaunted the last red rag at the German bull. He mounted the broken rail, spliced the Stars and Stripes to a signal halyard, and jerked it aloft to the barking music of the short-muzzled gun on the after deck.

The German commander had suffered. He flamed at this. His orders were to loose two Schwartzkopfs. They came across the oily sea. They left a line of bubbles in the treacle that showed a full ship's length behind the tin sharks of death. The first torpedo missed the Hatteras by a safe margin. The second would have struck in the bunkers if it had not been for Captain Percival's foresight in ordering the freighter ported. It churned alongside, almost within reach of the staring crew at the rails; then disappeared toward the shores of Germany.

A defiant shout greeted the desperate commander's final attempt. His cruiser had been worsted in gunfire. His torpedoes had missed. His eyes had seen a lavender-suspendered individual on the shattered after deck of the Hatteras outmaneuver and outguess his intentions. There remained one course open for him, considering everything. He gave the order to ram the freighter before it escaped in the clammy fog. His guns were useless and his losses would be hard to explain to Von Tirpitz or the Sea Lords of the Junker party.

Grimly Captain Percival waited for the German's last card. He waved his hand toward the alert Solway, who brought the wheel down spoke by spoke. The heavy freighter settled deeper into the sea astern, as if crouching to meet the coming blow. Her crew braced themselves, with staring eyes and gripped palms.

The fast-flying Elberfeld lifted a bone about her slender prow. An after three-inch gun added its snarl to the attempt. Shells burst beyond the Hatteras. A merciful veil of trailing vapor brushed across the scene. It passed, revealing the cruiser with belching, flame-crowned funnels and a red resolve to cut down the source of much pain and suffering.

Captain Percival had the ship to his satisfaction finally. He steadied her in such a position that the Elberfeld would strike just forward of the shattered deck house in the waist. Here were the sixteen-inch guns from Bethlehem, the steel rails, and the staunchest futtocks, or crossribs, of concrete. Also, the compartment was flooded with water from the two shell holes made at the beginning of the fight.

A towering forepeak, a white bore of water, a tipsy mast which had been cut at the base, and a row of fanglike guns avalanched upon them as Captain Percival motioned for the final swing of the stone boat. The cruiser seemed to leap the gap. She struck the Hatteras a glancing blow, like a knife brought across a hard bone. The freighter staggered. She was lifted and thrown on her beam ends. Water cascaded over her lee rail. She righted sullenly. She shook herself like a boxer who had survived a knock-out blow. She tore loose from the cruiser and plowed on, with her deck shattered and water pouring into two compartments abaft the foremast stump.

The crew, the marines, Solway, Mike Monkey in the companion, and the smiling Captain Percival glanced astern. They said nothing for a long minute. No sound save the whine of the turbine was on the dark waters. The light cruiser Elberfeld, out of Wilhelmshaven, had contacted with a Tartar. Her bow, as far aft as the steam-filled funnels and broken mainmast, was crushed and crumpled like an opera hat, or an accordion after a tune is played. She had attempted to ram many thousand dead-weight tons of concrete, railroad iron and crucible-steel guns. She would have had better success against the rocky walls of Helgoland or Gibraltar.

It was Mike Monkey who compared her sinking so rapidly to a sea horse going down with a wild shriek of terror. Only flotsam and broken hatches marked the spot where she struck the ferro-concrete freighter. Over this wreckage, with its dots of struggling marines like flies swarming about dead cockroaches, the merciful heavens

(Concluded on Page 71)

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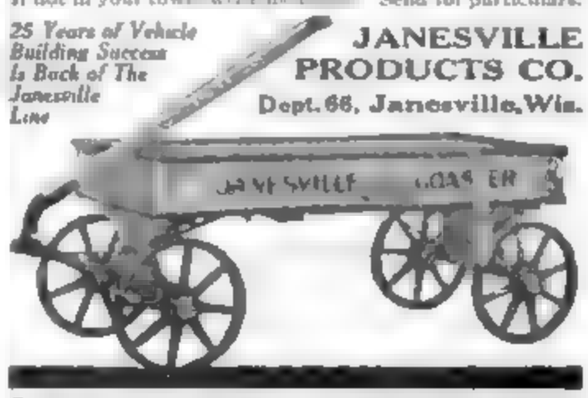

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"As I said before, you are doing well as buyer for the firm, but it will please me to see you buy as shrewdly when you buy for yourself.

"I have a cigar rule which you can safely adopt:

STICK TO Cinco - IT'S SAFE

(Concluded from Page 69)

dropped a pall and a winding shroud of gray-green vapor.

The first engineer needed no orders. He sprang down through the engine-room companion and hurried his force aft to the shattered bulkheads. Solway turned the wheel over to a marine, gathered together the survivors of the crew and started the pumps. It was touch and go all night whether the freighter would float or not.

Two of her compartments were completely filled with sea water. Two others leaked from the shattering impact with the German cruiser. These were pumped dry finally and the rifts in the concrete bulkheads were filled with spare sails and bedding. Her list to starboard brought the sea over her broken rails. Her bow went under at times. She wallowed through the fog and the Bight of Helgoland until discretion forced the skipper to change the course over the nine-fathom bank off the German coast and head for the channel.

Morning and a pale sky overhead brought Mike Monkey up through the gratings and upon the sodden blood-and-brine-soaked deck planks. He started in search of the skipper. He stopped on the dripping planks.

Captain Percival, in a halo of fog and peaceful atmosphere, sat perched upon the shattered taffrail, with the ball of gray yarn at his slippered feet and the ivory needles clicking in the single stitch of a war-time sock. Now and then, as the little engineer stared from his position before the engine-room companion, pink lids fluttered and two salmon-hued eyes swept the deck of the Hatteras and the work of reconstruction and salvage going on.

Mike Monkey regarded the lavender-colored suspenders. He blinked at the blood splotches across the captain's unshaved chin. Then he rounded on one heel and went forward in search of Solway.

The mate was busy with the details of erecting a tripod over the breech in the deck, in an endeavor to save the gun that had crashed through the planks. He stepped to the littered scuppers as the engineer touched his sleeve and intimated that he wanted to see him in private.

"A've much to do," suggested the mate.

"So've I. Wot with my turbines an' music box an' sixteen t' one contraptions, an' th' brine an' th' bilge over th' stokehold floor an' in th' fire boxes, I've m' 'ands full."

Solway passed over a badly bitten plug of tobacco.

"A doot if we float ta port," he offered.

"She'll float!" snapped Mike Monkey. "That Percy aft there, with 'is ball ov yarn, don't seem to be worryin' so y' could notice. 'E's got on my nerves—'e 'as!"

Solway glanced at the tripod and the watch tackle slung there.

"A bad actor, that!" he said, turning to the grimy engineer.

Micky leaped upward like a pop valve.

"'E's bad—yes!" he shouted for all the North Sea to hear. "'E's bad—I'll grant you. But woiy's 'e flyin' in th' face ov th' 'Un? Wot's he wallowin' inside ov Helgoland for? Wot's 'e think we are? Martyrs? I ain't no martyr!"

"Ye're off th' point. Ye're a beastly hero."

"'Ero! I like that! It's th' pink skipper that's th' 'ero. 'E'll get all th' 'onors they got in Europe—except th' Iron Cross. 'E must be known, by McGovern pickin' 'im out. Mac don't make 'is marmalade 'n' muffins sendin' old women to sea. It's th' likes ov Percival you see in th' windows ov th' clubs in Whitehall and Piccadilly—a skinny four-eyed lump ov slag with a cup of tea in 'is 'and. Wot's 'e done to earn it? 'E's let a crazy squarehead ram us—that's what 'e's done! Woiy don't 'e show 'is 'ate?"

Solway had no answer to this. The wreckage upon the Hatteras' scored deck, the shattered planks and rails, the colander-like funnel and the tipsy list to starboard all showed that they had pulled out of the very fangs of despair. The dawn, which was weirdly bringing the desperate seascape to them, was neither a harbinger of victory nor a requiem to defeat. They floated—that was all. Their speed was not more than six knots.

Captain Percival came forward by way of the weather scuppers. He climbed up the forepeak, shaded his eyes with his scrawny hand, then turned to the two seamen at the forehatch.

"Mr. Solway," he said in cold tones, "have the goodness to come here. What do you make of that light?"

Solway, forgetting his plug of tobacco, strode to the almost submerged forepeak and stood beside the captain. The light in question stabbed the fog on the port bow, disappeared; then came again, like the wink of an evil eye of green and yellow.

"Actinic," he said. "Yon's a fog piercer on some German shoal."

"A lighthouse?"

"A've no doot it is. Ye're headin' broadside on th' seven-fathom bank of Helgoland Bight."

"Are you sure?"

"I'll get the chart, sir."

"Never mind. I know the place now. Have the helmsman port—say, ten—no—fifteen degrees. Keep the light full over the bow."

"We'll run into it," exclaimed Solway.

"You have your orders," whispered Captain Percival. "Obey them. Get aft, all of you. Clear the foredeck. I'm commanding this ship."

There was no doubt about this last remark. The pale skipper climbed to the quarter-deck, leaned over the helmsman's shoulder and corrected the course until the heavy water-logged freighter bore down upon a stone-and-lattice lighthouse, which was very modern. Two broad red faces peered out and warned them away. The fog lightened. The ship lunged on over the shoal.

The lighthouse keepers gesticulated and shook their fists. They pointed to the sea, which lapped the cubic-foot piling of stone. They ducked within the glass inclosure as Captain Percival thrust the quartermaster out of the way, twirled the spokes of the wheel, and brought the Hatteras crashing through the supports and on over the foundation of the lighthouse, which scattered under the impact of the blow like a house of children's blocks.

Mike Monkey sprang to the low waist and shaded his eyes as the freighter swung, steadied, and plowed out to sea on a course that would reach midchannel and the High Sea Fleet if continued throughout the day.

The engineer had seen enough. Two Germans in the water, vainly struggling and alternately shaking their clenched fists on high at the figure of the skipper sweetly finishing a sock on the quarter-deck, was a convincer. The little Rotherhithe engineer removed his greasy cap, pressed it against his oily jacket, and tiptoed along the lee rail until he dropped through the engine-room companion like a man who had walked with kings. The destruction of the lighthouse, with part of its tangled wreckage draped over the freighter's bow, was Captain Percival's finishing stroke at all things German.

A sodden sea and sky was theirs as they took the Hatteras out across the Bight and into the channel. Fog wrapped them in clammy folds. Fog dropped down from the remote sky and blotted out all save the oily waves and the shattered deck of the freighter.

Through this opal citadel they floated, with the turbine whining and the gear-reducing mechanism sending a protest on high at the added indignity of bow under and two compartments awash with water. Their speed rose to eight knots, which was the best Mike Monkey could get from the boilers and the weary stokehold crew.

Night and a wild unreality dropped down upon the channel. Lights stabbed here and there through the pale vapor. Signals were flashed and repeated. A splinter of yellow fixed full upon the freighter and wigwagged a warning.

Captain Percival, who had no wireless and was not sure of the code, swung the ship for deeper gloom and kept the lead going at the starboard chains. He gave his orders in the soft manner of one who knew those seas and was being guided accordingly. Twice he examined silt scraped from the tallow in the bottom of the deep-sea lead. Each time he had checked his point on the Admiralty chart; then resumed his clicking single stitch upon a gray sock.

Lavender changed to purple and purple to a deeper shade of sea and fog. Midnight brought bobbing buoys ahead and about. They slowed for these. Nets were avoided, and also mines. The signal that rose from the freighter's quarter-deck was seen and answered. A destroyer, followed by two drifters, broke through the curtain and made a cautious survey of the stone boat before they closed in.

News of the sinking of the Elberfeld had already reached the High Sea Lords in Downing Street. Word was out to question the Hatteras as to the why and the wherefore. Two survivors of the German cruiser had stated that the prow of the Elberfeld had struck a floating island. Their description of the island closely tallied with the overdue freighter, which had been reported as last seen west of the Orkneys.

A perfect day swept the fog from the channel. The water sparkled like rare white wine. The outline of England's shore was over the starboard bow. The freighter followed the destroyer through the first of the guarding nets. She wallowed, wormed and plowed on down the road to France.

It was off Dover where a smart patrol boat, with a one-pounder in its bow, darted out from the Castle and rounded the Hatteras to a snug broadside. An admiral came aboard, shot a keen, deep-thatched glance at the long deck; then mounted to the poop, where stood Captain Percival, intent upon his knitting.

"Are you the skipper?" asked the admiral.

"I am."

"Did you allow the Elberfeld to ram you, or was it an accident?"

The admiral moved toward the rail and examined the concrete side. He turned for his answer.

"They courted trouble; so I let them come," said Captain Percival, with a sly flutter of his pale eyelids.

The Sea Lord braced his short legs and pinched his lower lip with his fore and middle fingers. His staff was about Mike Monkey, who related his personal version of the details of the voyage.

"Come here!" ordered the admiral.

Captain Percival deposited his knitting in a water bucket, and lifted his chin until his eyes were fixed upon the Castle flag of Dover.

The admiral coughed, removed an order from his bulging breast, and started to pin it on Captain Percival's blood-flecked shirt.

"For strafing the Hun!" he declared.

"There is no call for a reward," suggested Captain Percival. "Also, Admiral, I have a mark of honor."

A far-away light glazed over the captain's pale eyes. He drew his shirt open and revealed upon his chest a great livid scar, which throbbed with his lifeblood.

"How did you get that?" asked the Sea Lord.

"The Huns gave me that almost at the beginning of the war. I have never forgotten. I have done what I could in my small way to pay them back. I shall keep doing what I can. I hope yet to smash this stone boat into one of their submarines. I shall sail these seas until I do."

"What have they done to you?"

"I was one of the mates of the Lusitania," said Captain Percival, with a voice like an epitaph.

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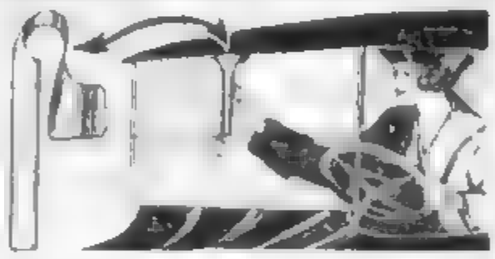

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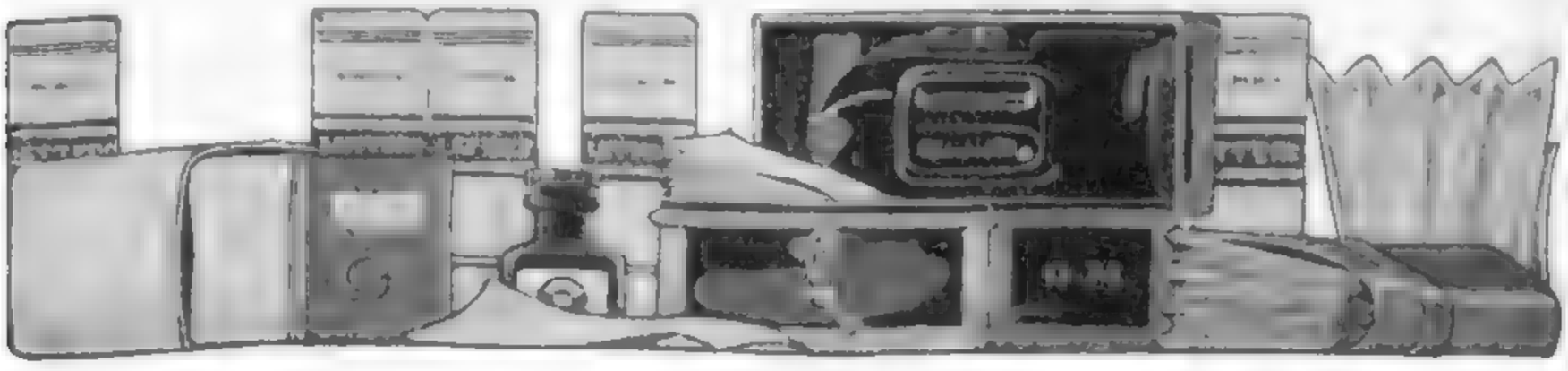

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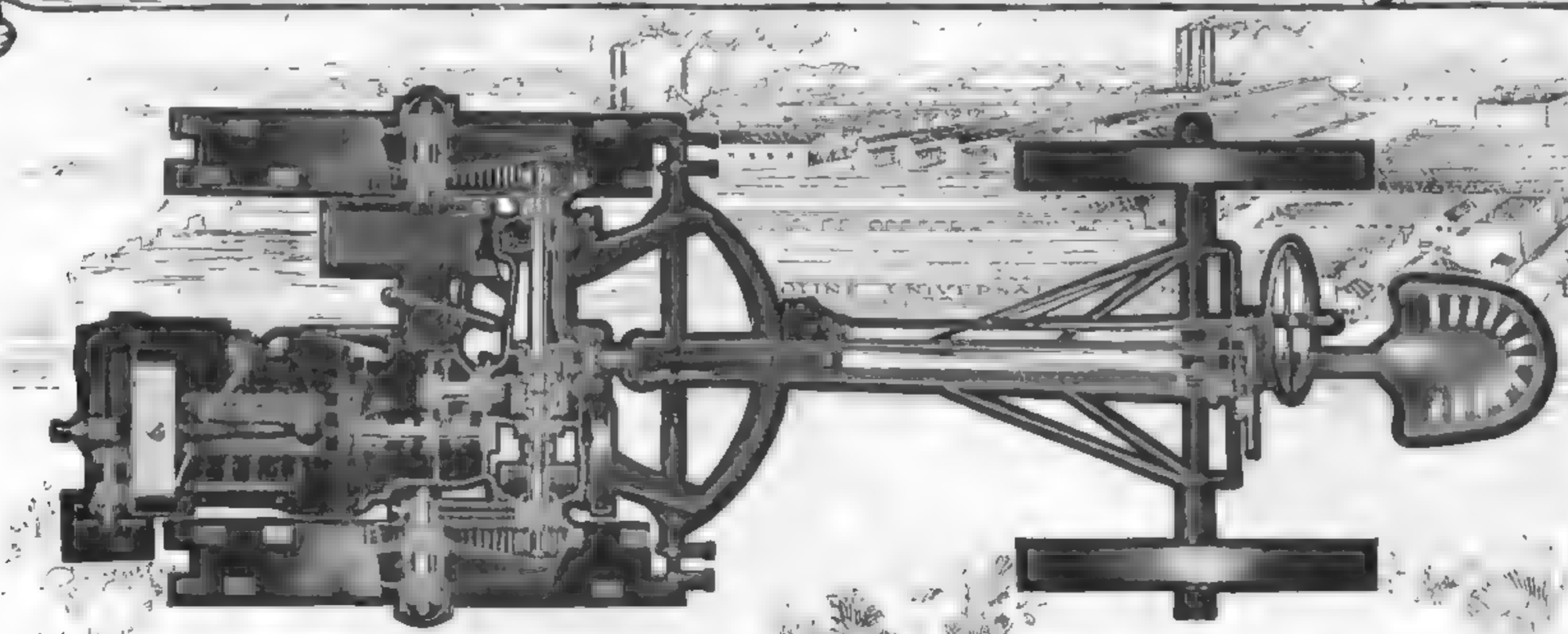

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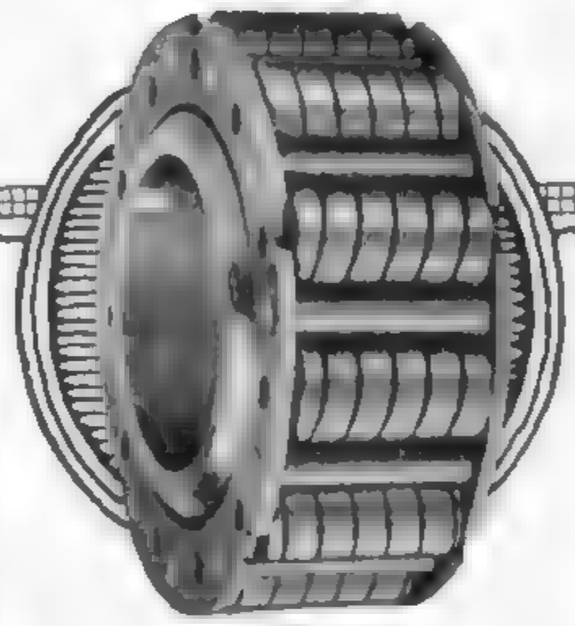
Out of the experience that we have gained by selling almost ten thousand Universal Tractors—tractors that have gone to almost every civilized country on earth—we have finally come to KNOW that the most important—the most desirable feature that a tractor can possess is "POSITIVE RELIABILITY." Any improvement or any accessory that does not make for reliability is a bad investment AT ANY PRICE.

In deciding upon the bearing equipment for our "Model D" Universal Tractor, we were, naturally, favorably inclined toward Hyatt Roller Bearings because of the excellent performance these bearings have given us in Models "B" and "C," of which there are almost ten thousand in operation. As a matter of fact, it would be folly to expect that any other bearing COULD give better service, for we have had almost NO TROUBLE.

With this fundamental "Positive Reliability" always in mind, we have on this late model replaced the bearing formerly used in the radiator fan with Hyatt Roller Bearings, because they do not require adjustment and because experience has taught us that by using the Hyatt Nonadjustable Bearing we are able to eliminate trouble.

That we believe Hyatt Roller Bearings are entitled to the classification "Positively Reliable," is certainly evidenced by their adoption for Model "D" after three years' use, and especially when we assure you that we paid a higher price than quotations from other bearing manufacturers.

Yours very truly,
MOLINE PLOW CO.
T. B. FUNK,
Eng. Mgr. Tractor Branch.



Bearings of Proven Success

For years Hyatt Roller Bearings have been used continuously by the majority of tractor builders from their first models up to those of the present day.

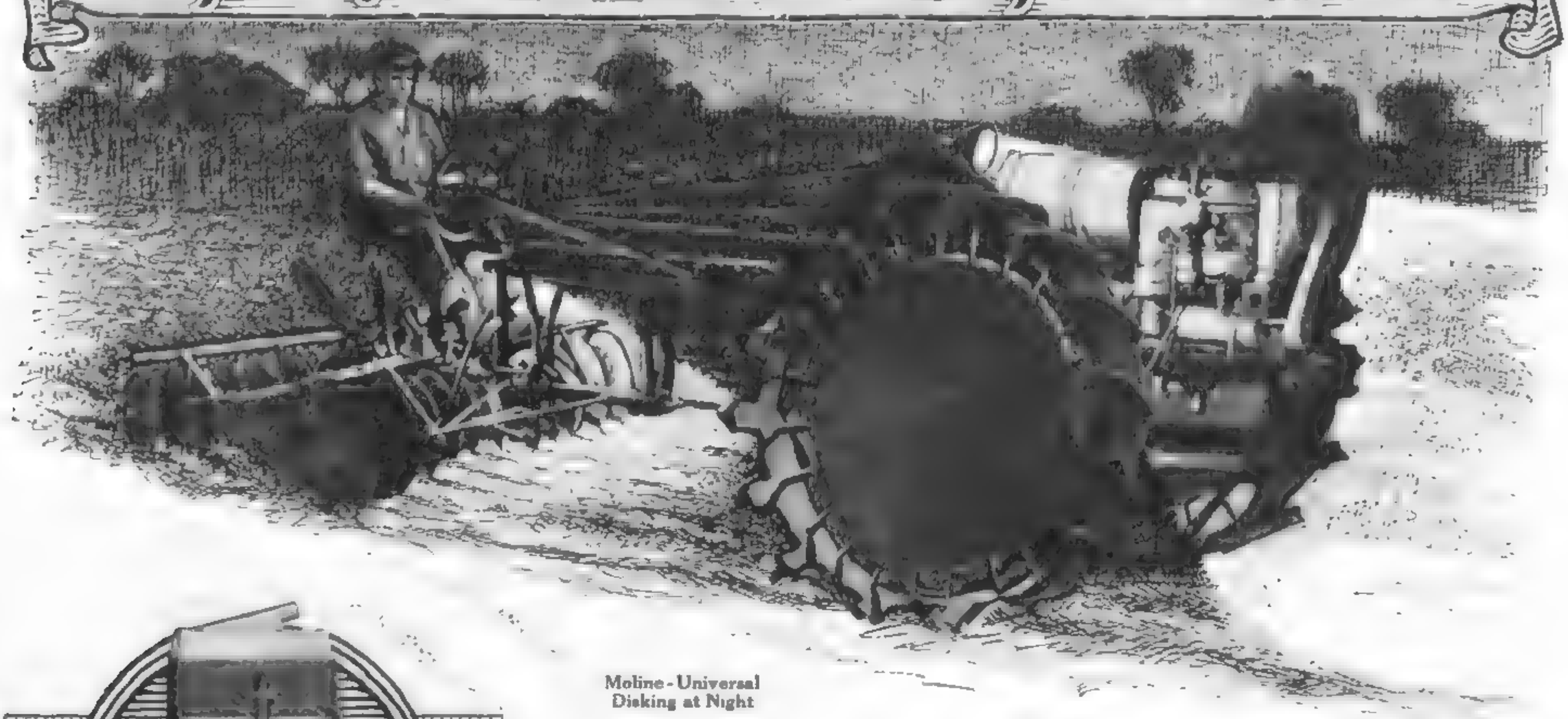
This continued use proves the dependability of Hyatt construction—it demonstrates that a bearing designed right will stay right under the most gruelling farm tractor service.

More than ninety per cent of the tractors on the market are Hyatt-Equipped—assuring the owner of reliable bearing performance at all times.

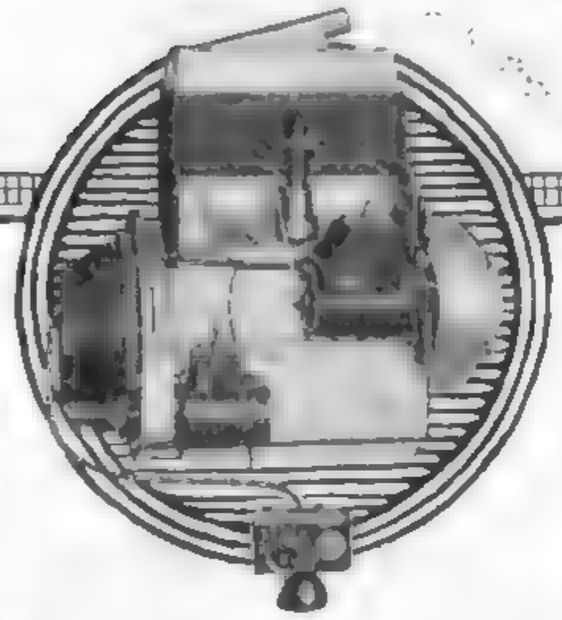
HYATT ROLLER BEARINGS

HYATT ROLLER BEARING CO., Chicago, Illinois

Engine Speed Controlled with Remy Electric Governor



Moline-Universal Disking at Night



Remy electrical equipment comprises the distinctive Governor Generator—a dependable starting motor—and the handy control box—shown above applied to a tractor engine.

The Governor Generator—an exclusive Remy feature—automatically controls the throttle—keeping the engine at proper speeds under all working conditions.

Through the control box always within easy reach—starting, lighting and engine regulation are at the ready obedience of the operator from his seat.

REMY

STARTING—LIGHTING—IGNITION

M O L UNIVERSAL Model D

THE announcement of the new Moline-Universal Tractor is also an announcement of a tractor equipped with Remy Electric Starting, Lighting and Ignition.

It was always accorded that the Moline-Universal Tractor had reached a high standard of excellence, but the new model is an even more efficient machine, as Remy-Equipment easily doubles its daily working capacity—besides adding many important advantages.

With Remy lighting equipment the Moline-Universal Tractor can now be used twenty-four hours a day, making it possible for the owner to farm a maximum acreage—to make up for delays caused by bad weather—and have an emergency power always at hand when night work must be done.

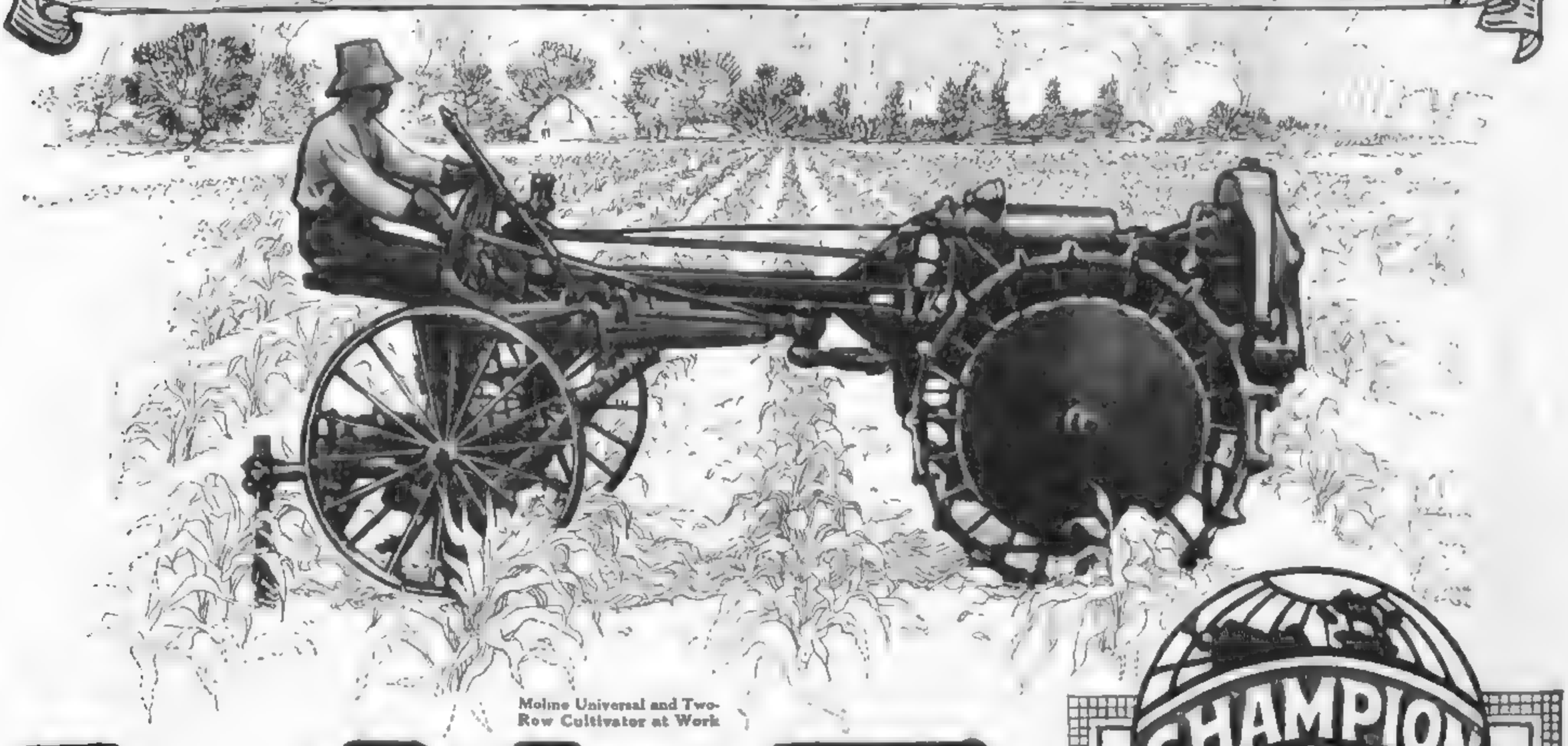
The Remy self-starter relieves the back-breaking strain of cranking and makes tractor operation just as easy for non-robust labor as for the sturdy farm hand. This self-starting feature is of vital importance because labor is always scarce and the demand for food constantly increasing.

The new Remy electric Governor Generator—a still further improvement—enables the tractor operator to maintain desired engine speeds under all conditions—and in addition makes practical the application of storage battery ignition to farm tractors.

Our booklet on starting, lighting and ignition for tractors is very interesting—send for it.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois

Motor Equipped with Champion Dependable Spark Plugs



Moline Universal and Two-Row Cultivator at Work

I N E TRACTOR
Model D

THINK of the work the Tractor Motor must do—as compared with the work of the automobile motor.

The Tractor is always pulling through more or less uneven ground, plowing, cultivating, reaping or harvesting—the Tractor Motor working close to capacity practically all the time.

The Spark Plugs in a Tractor Motor must therefore stand constant strains such as they are subjected to in an automobile motor only when pulling through deep sand or up long, steep hills.

The Moline tests for spark plug dependability were thorough and conclusive.

Champions were selected above all other makes of spark plugs and are standard factory equipment on all Moline Tractors.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Co. of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.

Champion
Dependable Spark Plugs

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Champion Heavy Duty Price $1.00

for Outdoor Active Men

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Savings Banks in Wartime

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

AS THE war progresses and encroaches upon one after another of the institutions of civilized society we are obliged to take stock more and more frequently. Or to put the same thought in different language, we have to ask ourselves "Where does so-and-so get off?"

Now it is clear that no institution lies more directly and immediately in the path of wartime financial change and possible upheaval than the savings bank. Millions of dollars of Liberty Bonds and war savings stamps can be sold only by drawing upon the savings of the people. But it is the savings of the people which create and sustain the savings banks. Where then does the savings bank get off?

Smaller and of possibly less importance in the American scheme of things than the institution of life insurance, nevertheless the savings bank is one of the foundation stones of our whole business and credit structure. It is a prop which must not and cannot be undermined. There is more than five billion dollars of the peoples' savings in these banks, and this huge sum is credited to more than ten million owners.

Like the life-insurance company the savings bank has collected from America's teeming millions the driblets of money which, brought together in vast reservoirs, have made possible the railways and public works of this country. Any serious impairment of either institution would destroy the confidence of the common people and make further prosecution of war an industrial impossibility.

Though in certain respects a smaller institution than life insurance the savings bank is more venerable in this country at least, and I believe more ingrained in American habit—that is, we should be more surprised to wake up some fine morning to find no savings banks than we should be if we discovered that life-insurance companies had ceased to exist. In those great centers of accumulated wealth on the Atlantic seaboard—Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore—the savings bank has already rounded out a century of continuous existence. The institution has gone unscathed through a hundred years of panics and wars, and "is still going strong."

Government Competition

But the wars of the past were such trifling financial affairs that we have no precedent on which to base comparisons or draw conclusions. Here is the bald question: Will not savings-bank depositors, either from patriotism or because the rate of interest on the third Liberty Loan is higher than the bank rate, withdraw enough deposits to injure these banks seriously? It should be said at once that the question involves a fear for the future rather than a present reality. Withdrawals from savings banks during the first and second loan campaigns were not sufficient in themselves to cause apprehension. But the rates on the first and second loans were no higher than the savings-bank rate. It is higher on the third loan, and may conceivably be still higher on future loans. Moreover it is a progressive and continued withdrawal that the banks fear.

Nor is this all. The campaign for the sale of war savings stamps may at least prevent the making of new bank deposits, and the ever-mounting cost of living may make it impossible for millions of people to save anything.

If withdrawals increase and new deposits fall off the banks must sell their investments to raise funds. But for several years there has been no adequate market upon which to sell the high class of securities in which savings banks invest. Prices of the best railroad and other corporation bonds have been abnormally low, and as the war goes on the Liberty Loans may so completely monopolize investment markets that any large-scale liquidation of other securities will become impossible. Under such conditions forced sales mean ruinous sacrifice regardless of the intrinsic merit of the goods themselves, and the larger the offerings the worse the situation becomes.

No amount of education or publicity will ever wholly prevent people from taking money out of savings banks and putting it into war bonds. It requires no deep knowledge of economics to realize that if great numbers of people generally follow such a course they will be impeding rather than aiding the conduct of the war. But there are perhaps millions who will never be reached by even this most elementary scrap of economic truth. Even more serious, perhaps, is the fact that each person always considers himself an exception to the general rule, no matter how wise he knows the rule to be. Here is the way almost any man or woman will reason:

"This war is getting pretty serious. We've all got to buckle down. Here are my dollars. Uncle Sam needs them. It is the least I can do. I have only a few hundred and it is in the savings bank. What difference will it make to that bank with its fifty millions of deposits if I draw down my little account? So I guess I'll cash in and buy Liberty Bonds."

To repeat, this is more fear for the future than a present reality. Accurate figures for the whole country are difficult to obtain as yet, but in New York state, where two-fifths of all savings deposits are, the new deposits in 1917 were eleven million dollars less than in 1916, and withdrawals were nearly ninety-four million dollars more. One of the large Philadelphia banks reports that average monthly deposits during the period of 1917 when Liberty Loans were being floated were nearly a million dollars less than during the period before the first loan was launched.

Banks in Strong Position

There is no doubt that since this country entered the war new savings deposits have faltered. Possibly there has been a nominal increase of total deposits the country over, but a close analysis would probably show that even so, the small increase is due to the year's interest left on deposit. In the early months of last year there were heavy withdrawals on the part of the more ignorant German and Austrian elements who feared a government seizure of savings-bank deposits, somewhat after the German fashion. Even Austrian workmen who subscribed freely for Liberty Bonds insisted upon withdrawing savings deposits. This apparent inconsistency was explained on the ground that they were perfectly willing to subscribe for bonds of their own accord but feared to leave any money where it could be taken without their consent. Some of these withdrawals have been returned recently.

But after all, the astonishing thing is that the savings banks have held up so well in the matter of new deposits and withdrawals. When we consider that during this period people subscribed for many billions of Liberty Bonds, bought more than one hundred millions of war savings stamps and greatly increased the deposits in the Postal Savings banks, it is, I repeat, nothing short of astonishing that the savings banks suffered no greater loss than they did.

This, however, is the experience of other countries, generally speaking. France at one time lost heavily in savings deposits, but the extent of her invaded territory precludes comparison. Savings deposits in Germany and Canada have shown enormous increases, while in England the general tendency has been more toward a moderate increase. It is clear then that other and more cheerful forces are at work upon savings institutions than any we have yet considered in this article.

To begin with the savings bank has little to fear from the war savings stamp. At first there were many bankers who could not see this, and they feared that petty savings would be diverted from the banks. It soon became evident, however, that people would not withdraw money from a bank to buy a twenty-five-cent stamp. Indeed people do not deposit less than a dollar in a bank as a rule. Much less do they withdraw a smaller sum than that. But stamps cost only twenty-five cents, and it is now evident to all that thrift stamps are bought out of change in pocket.

The man who buys cigarettes or the girl who buys candy decides to be virtuous and invest in thrift stamps. In this case the appeal of patriotism has been answered not by any transfer of money already saved from one institution to another but solely by a trifling self-denial too small to interfere seriously with another box of cigarettes or candy a few days later. One of the most far-sighted of the savings-bank men is Mr. John J. Pulleyn, who happens to be president of the largest savings bank in the country. As long ago as March first his bank had actually sold more than five hundred thousand dollars of war savings stamps, and he emphatically stated that in his opinion the bank would gain rather than lose in the long run.

When it comes to the more serious question of Liberty Bonds we must not forget the psychology of the savings-bank depositor. He regards his deposit as ready money, something that can always be got at. It is always available at a moment's notice. It is a bulwark, an insurance against trouble, and it never depreciates in price. A bond on the other hand, even a Liberty Bond, is a permanent investment. It has a market price which even the experts do not fully understand and which is utterly incomprehensible to the savings-bank depositor.

Admitting every argument in favor of Liberty Bonds and admitting the widespread knowledge concerning their merits, yet the fact remains that to millions of people it will always remain simpler, easier and less puzzling to deposit money in a savings bank than to buy any sort of bond. Then, too, the experience of other countries, as well as an investigation among several savings banks in New York City, brings out the fact that many people are striving hard to keep their savings deposits intact and at the same time buy and pay for as many government bonds as possible. In one New York bank patronized largely by waiters and other restaurant employees of Greek nationality it was said that the Greeks would sell their last possessions before withdrawing a cent, but that most of them were buying Liberty Bonds at the same time.

Probably the savings banks have suffered somewhat from the high cost of living, but it is true that many persons who have savings accounts already possess such strong habits of thrift that nothing will prevent them from saving. Indeed one of the most searching criticisms ever made of the savings bank is that it does not do much to encourage the unthrifty to change their ways but merely provides a secure and rather inconvenient method of saving for those already thriftily inclined.

Savings Bank Assets

In institutions like life insurance and the savings bank, which collect the pennies of the poor, safeguards and precautions must go to extremes. Bankers therefore are concerned with what might happen if the war continues for a long period and Liberty Loans follow each other in a steady procession. In no country can any financial institution stand wholly unaided through the terrible strain of war. Government support has been given to many parts of the business structures of England and Germany ever since the beginning of the war. And it may be said that in a way the ordinary commercial banks of this country have had a form of government support, or at least of government-inspired coöperation, in the Federal Reserve system.

But the savings banks do not fit into that system at all. They have had no house of refuge from the storms that pass all human reckoning and probabilities. Briefly explained the reason is this: One of the underlying characteristics of the Federal Reserve system is the strictly commercial and purely liquid character of its assets. Desire to bring about such a condition was perhaps the compelling reason for the enactment. But savings banks, especially those in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and to only a slightly less degree in other states as well, have very few assets other than bonds and mortgages. These are not commercial and in the aggregate are liquid only when the bond market happens to be high, which it has not been for years.

The savings banks for the most part have no "eligible" paper in the Federal Reserve sense. The whole spirit, tradition and principle of the Federal Reserve Act is opposed to the inclusion of investment securities other than government bonds. John Smith,

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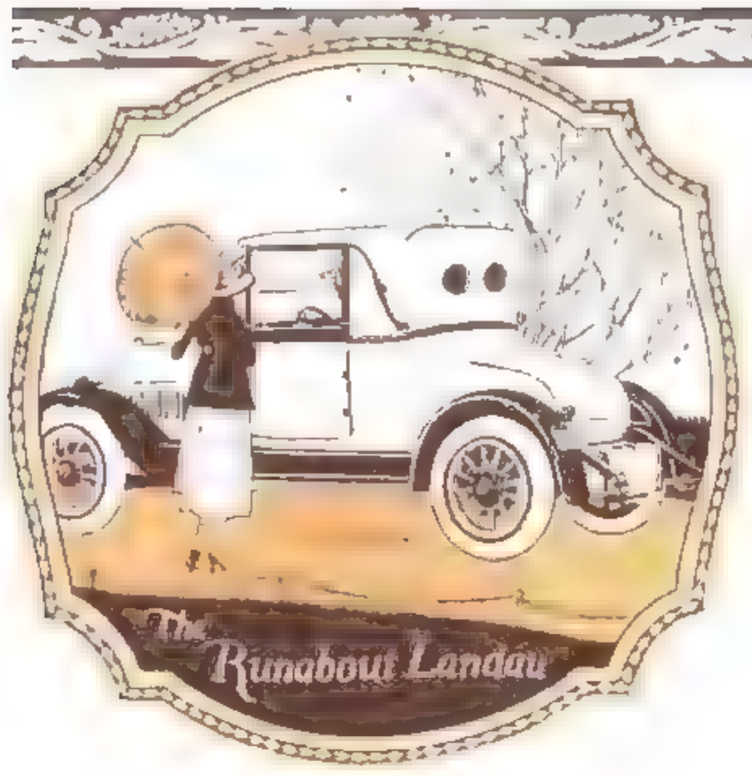

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No car is more suitable for town, country or touring. It is just the model for the owner who frequently does his own driving, who wants a closed car, and, on occasion, a roadster. It is, in fact, an economy car.

To those who have followed the performance of the different makes of automobiles it is unnecessary to explain the endurance qualities of the Hudson Super-Six chassis. There is hardly a person who does not know the intimate performance history of one or more Hudson cars. More than 50,000 Super-Sixes are in service.

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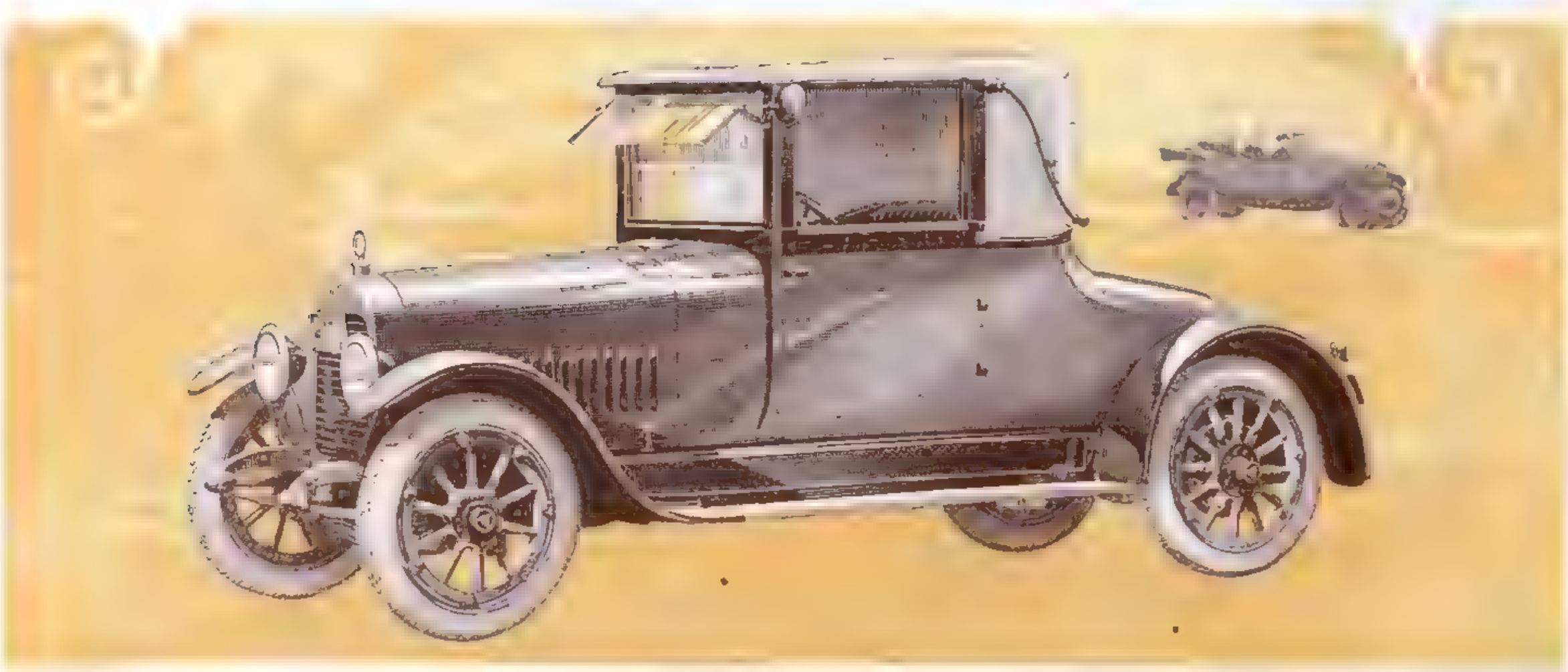
You can get a Super-Six in any body type you may desire.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.



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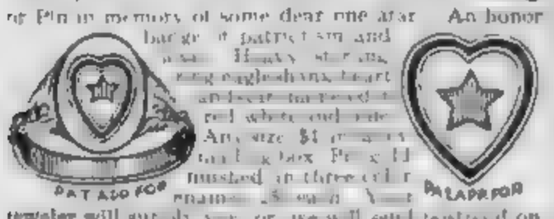

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THE H. H. TAMMEN CO., Mfrs., Denver, Colo.

(Concluded from Page 76)

a leather dealer in Troy, who sells a consignment of hides to a big shoe company, can take to the bank an acceptance which bears the shoe company's name as well as his own and borrow upon it or sell it. The bank can discount the acceptance with the Federal Reserve bank at a small interest charge. At any rate the acceptance is paid off at the end of ninety days and the transaction is closed.

But a savings bank in Troy cannot discount a first-mortgage bond of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, for no matter how intrinsically sound it may be the market for railroad bonds is down and the bond will not mature for the next forty years. Moreover, many savings banks are "mutual"—that is, have no capital stock, and so have nothing upon which to base their subscriptions to stock in the Federal Reserve. They are not in a position to make a capital contribution to the system, which is necessary to afford them full membership.

It has often been said that the savings banks have gained strength and experience from each crisis or panic through which they have passed. The panic of 1837 taught them the need of a surplus. The panic of 1857 taught them the need of diversifying their investments. They learned caution as regards farm mortgages in the panic of 1873, and much about railroad bonds in the panic of 1893. The present war is teaching them the need of having part of their assets in liquid commercial paper, and perhaps even more the desirability of so arranging their bond purchases that near-by maturities will always be enough to provide sufficient cash.

Indeed a bank may be almost as liquid if its bond maturities are skillfully arranged as if it holds much commercial paper. In a recent issue of the official organ of the American Bankers Association an example of a Baltimore savings bank is cited to show that nearly twenty-five per cent of the assets can be liquid without holding any Federal Reserve paper. But the New York savings-bank law has just been changed to permit banks to invest not more than five per cent of their deposits in bankers' acceptances. As soon as the president of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, the largest in the country, received a telegram that Governor Whitman had signed the law he purchased a ninety-day acceptance for a hundred thousand dollars, thus seeking to start the fashion.

Of course the laws governing the investments of savings banks vary in each state and are applied with varying degrees of skill by each banker. Paul M. Warburg, vice governor of the Federal Reserve Board, recently commended most highly the progressive laws of California, Michigan and Connecticut, especially of the first-named state. Until the recent amendment the New York law was found under present conditions to be too conservative, even to the point of leaning over backward. But making all allowances for the differences in state laws and for skill in management there has, generally speaking, been a demonstrated need for changes in savings-bank investments. The bankers are thoroughly awake to the needs of the hour and the changes are actually being made.

Nor has the Federal Government been asleep. There is little doubt that the deciding motive which led to the taking over of the railroads was to prevent a further slaughter of high-grade railroad bonds, which are so extensively owned both by insurance companies and by savings banks. There has been no marked advance in bond prices since Mr. McAdoo assumed control, but the decline has been pretty well checked and the complete demoralization which was just beyond the horizon is no longer possible. Now that the Government has practically guaranteed the payment of bond interest the inherent strength of the country's savings banks is about one hundred per cent greater than it was only a few months ago.

Mr. McAdoo also has fathered the War Finance Corporation, which is in reality a government bank empowered to extend aid in directions not covered by the Federal Reserve. It is especially provided that loans can be made to savings banks on their present investments.

If, therefore, the unthinkable does happen, and practically all savings depositors withdraw their five billion dollars of funds to buy Liberty Bonds, the Government will simply provide the banks with money to pay off the depositors, accepting railroad and other securities now held by the banks as collateral.

But it is to be hoped that agitation will continue for the inclusion of savings banks in the Federal Reserve as limited or associate members. Another reform which needs discussion is the proposal that deposits in Postal Savings banks be turned over to the regular savings banks for investment rather than committed to the care of the commercial banks as at present.

There need be no fear for the future of the savings banks. The course of lessons which the country is now taking in economy will create millions of new depositors after the war. As Mr. Pulleyn says there are seed time and harvest. It is not many years ago that bankers were almost as much afraid of the effect of the Postal Savings as they are now of Liberty Bonds and war savings stamps. But the banks have not been injured to any extent by the Postal Savings.

Indeed new avenues for savings only seem to increase the total amount.

Recently one of the big East Side banks in New York City lost many depositors because the president decided he would take no more accounts from persons who could not sign their names in English, and the older Jews, who knew only Yiddish, had to withdraw. But the loss was almost made up because by a mere coincidence the Jewish principal of one of the near-by public schools had just started a thrift campaign, and the new accounts from school children near-by offset the loss from their foreign-born elders.

THE OTTER PLAYS ON

By Enos A. Mills

A LONG bodied, yellow-brown animal walked out of the woods and paused for a moment by the rapids of a mountain stream. Its body architecture was that of a dachshund, with the stout neck and small upraised head of a sea lion. Leaping into the rushing water it shot the rapids in a spectacular manner. At the bottom of the rapids it climbed out of the water on the bank opposite me and stopped to watch its mate. This one stood at the top of the rapids. It also leaped in and joyfully came down with the torn and speeding water. It joined the other on the bank.

Together they climbed to the top of the rapids. Again these daredevils gave a thrilling exhibition of running the rushing water. They were American otter and this was a part of their fun and play. A single false move and the swift water would have hurled and broken them against projecting rocks. In the third run one clung to the top of a bowlder that peeped above the mad swirling water. The other shot over its back a moment later and endeavored in passing to kick it off.

Though I had frequented the woods for years and had seen numerous otter slides, this was the beginning of my acquaintance with this audacious and capable animal whose play habit and individuality so enliven the wilderness.

Play probably is the distinguishing trait of this peculiar animal. He plays regularly—in pairs, in families or with numbers who appear to meet for this special purpose. Evidently he plays when this is not connected with food getting or mating. He plays in Florida, in the Rocky Mountains and in Alaska, in every month of the year; in the sunlight, the moonlight or darkness. The slippery, ever freshly used appearance of bank slides indicates constant use.

The best otter play that I ever watched was staged one still winter night by a stream in the Medicine Bow Mountains. The snowy slide lay in the moonlight, with the shadow of a solitary fir tree across it. It extended about forty feet down a steep slope to the river. The slide had not been in use for two nights, but coasters began to appear about nine o'clock. A pair opened the coasting. They climbed up the slope together and came down singly. No others were as yet in sight. But in a few minutes fourteen or more were in the play.

Most of the coasters emerged from an open place in the ice over the rapids, but others came down the river over the snow. As the otter population of this region was sparse the attendance probably included the otter representatives of an extensive area. Tracks in the snow showed that four—possibly a family—had come from another stream, traveling over a high intervening ridge four or five miles across. Many may have come twenty miles or farther.

The winter had been dry and cold. The few otters recently seen by daylight were hunting over the snow for grouse and rabbits, far from the stream. Otter food was scarce. Probably many, possibly all, of these merrymakers were hungry, but little would you have guessed it from their play.

It was a merry-go-round of coasters climbing single file by the slide while coaster after coaster shot singly down. Each appeared to start with a headforemost vault or dive and to dart downward over the slide with all legs flattened and pointing backward. Each coaster as a rule shot straight to the bottom, though a few times one went off at an angle and finished with a roll. A successful slide carried the coaster far out on the smooth ice and occasionally to the farther bank of the river.

After half an hour of coasting all collected at the top of the slide for wrestling contests. A number dodged about, touching, tagging, rearing to clinch and then to roll over. Several exhibitions were occurring at one time. A few times one chased another several yards from the crowd. Once a number stood up in pairs with forepaws on each other's shoulders and appeared to be waltzing. Finally there was a free-for-all mix-up, a grand rush. One appeared to have an object, perhaps a cone, which all the others were after. Then as if by common consent all plunged down the slide together. At the bottom they rolled about for a few seconds in merry satisfaction, but only for a few seconds, for soon several climbed up again and came coasting down in pairs. Thus for an hour the play in the frosty moonlight went on, and without cry or uttered sound. They were coasting singly when I slipped away to my camp fire.

The otter is one of the greatest of travelers. He swims the streams for miles or makes long journeys into the hills. On land he usually selects the smoothest, easiest way, but once I saw him descend a rocky precipice with speed and skill excelled only by the bighorn sheep. He has a permanent home range and generally this is large. From his den beneath the roots of a tree, near a stream bank or lake shore, he may go twenty miles up or down stream; or he may traverse the woods to a far-off lake or cross the watershed to the next stream, miles away. He appears to migrate sometimes—goes to live in other scenes.

These long journeys for food or adventure, sometimes covering several weeks, must fill the otter's life with color and excitement. Swimming miles down a deep watercourse may require only an hour or two. But a journey upstream, often to its very source, through cascades and scant water, would often force the travelers out of the channel and offer endless opportunities for slow progress and unexpected happenings. What an experience for the youngsters!

They may travel in pairs, in families or in numbers. The dangers are hardly to be considered. The grizzly bear could kill with a single bite or stroke of paw; but the agility of the otter would discourage such an attack. A pack of wolves, could they corner the caravan, would likely after severe loss feast on the travelers. But the only successful attack that I know of was by a mountain lion on a single otter. Yet so efficient is this long-bodied, deep-biting fellow that I can imagine the mountain lion usually avoiding the otter's trail.

The long land journeys from water to water appear to call for the greatest resourcefulness and to offer all the events that lie in the realm of the unexplored. Between near-by streams and lakes there are regular and well-worn ways. By easy

(Concluded on Page 81)

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It Takes a Real Lamp to Stand This

THE alarm sounds. Instantly the apparatus is on its way. Bump—bump—bump—over car tracks and rough spots. Not a halt until the fire is reached.

Hair-raising, this dash through the night—but made safe by the shrieking siren and the white unfaltering beam from the headlights equipped with sturdy, efficient, long-lived Edison MAZDA Auto Lamps.

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Edison Lamp Works of General Electric Company
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EDISON MAZDA

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 78)

grades they follow mostly open ways across rough country. It is likely that even the long, seldom used and unmarked ways across miles of watersheds are otter trails that have been used for ages.

Fortunate folks, these otters, to have so much time, and such wild romantic regions for travel and exploration! After each exciting time that I have watched them I have searched for hours and days trying to see another outfit of otter explorers. But only a few brief glimpses have I had of these wild, picturesque, adventurous bands.

In all kinds of places, in action for fun or food, frolic or fight, the otter ever gives a good account of himself. He appears to fear only man. Though he may be attacked by larger animals this matter is not heavily on his mind, for when he wants to travel he travels; and he does this, too, both in water and on land, and by either day or night. To a remarkable degree he can take care of himself. Though I have not seen him do so, I can readily believe the stories that accredit this twenty-pound, weasel-like fellow with killing young bears and deer, and drowning wolves and dogs.

The otter is a fighter. One day I came upon records in the snow far from the water that showed he had walked into a wildcat ambush. The extensively trampled snow told that the desperate contest had been a long one. The cat was left dead, and the otter had left two pressed and bloody spaces in the snow where he had stopped to dress his wounds on the way to the river. On another occasion the fierceness of the otter was attested to by two coyotes that nearly ran over me in their flight after an assault on the rear guard of a band of overland otter emigrants.

Probably the only animal that enters a beaver pond that gives the beaver any concern is the otter. One morning I had glimpses of a battle in a beaver pond between a large invading otter and numerous home-defense beavers. Most of the fighting was under water, but the pond was roiled and agitated over a long stretch, beginning where the attack commenced and extending to the incoming brook, where the badly wounded otter made his escape.

Both beaver and otter can remain under water for several minutes and during this time put forth their utmost and most effective efforts. Several times during this struggle the contestants came up to breathe. Twice when the otter appeared he was at it with one large beaver; another time he was surrounded by several, one or more of which had their teeth in him. When he broke away he was being vigorously mauled by a single beaver, which appeared content to let him go since the otter was bent on escape. It was an achievement for the otter to have held his own against such odds. The beaver is at home in the water, and moreover has terrible teeth and is a master in using them.

Though originally a land animal, the otter is now also master of the water. He has webbed feet and a long, sea-lionlike neck, which give him the appearance of an animal especially fitted for water travel. He outswims fish and successfully fights the wolf and the beaver in the water. He still has, however, extraordinary ability on land, where he goes long journeys and defends himself against formidable enemies.

The otter is a mighty hunter and by stealth and strength kills animals larger than himself. He is also a most successful fisherman and is rated A1 in water. Here his keen eyes, his speed and quickness enable him to outswim and capture the lightninglike trout. Fish is his main article of diet, but this must be fresh—just caught; he is a fish hog. He also eats crawfish, eels, mice, rabbits and birds. However, he is an epicure and wants only the choicer cuts. He never stores food or returns to finish a partly eaten kill. The more abundant the food supply the less of each catch or kill will he eat.

Food saving is not one of his habits, and conservation has never been one of his practices. Though he hunts and travels mostly at night and alone, he is variable in his habits.

Like all keen-witted animals the otter is ever curious concerning the new or the unusual. He has a good working combination of the cautious and the courageous. One day an otter in passing hurriedly rattled gravel against a discarded sardine can. He gave three or four frightened leaps, then turned to look back. He wondered what it was. With circling, cautious advances he slowly approached and touched the can. It was harmless—and useful. He cuffed it and chased it; he played with it as a kitten plays with a ball. Presently he was joined in the play by another. For several minutes they batted it about, fell upon it, raced for it, and strove to be the first to reach it.

The otter is distributed over North America, but only in Alaska and Northern Canada does the population appear to have been crowded. In most areas it might be called sparse. In reduced numbers he still clings to his original territory. That he has extraordinary ability to take care of himself is shown in his avoiding extermination, though he wears a most valuable coat of fur. In England he has survived and is still regularly hunted and trapped. Like the fox he is followed with horse and hounds.

Relentless in chase for food and fierce in defense of self or young, yet he is affectionate at home and playful with his fellows. If an old one is trapped or shot the mate seeks the absent one, wandering and occasionally wailing for days. I believe they mate for life.

The young, one to four at a birth, are born about the first of May. They are blind for perhaps six weeks. They probably are weaned before they are four months old, but run with the parents for several months. Both parents carry food for the young and both appear devoted to them. As soon as they are allowed to romp or sleep in the sunshine they are under the ever-watchful eye of one of the parents. Woe to the accidental intruder who comes too close. A hawk or owl is warned off with far-reaching snarls and hisses. If high water, landslides or the near presence of man threatens the youngsters they are carried one at a time to a far-off den.

The hide-and-seek play appears to be the favorite one of the cubs, kits or pups, as they are variously called.

They may hide behind mother, behind a log or beneath the water.

The otter has a powerful crushing bite and jaws that hang on like a vise. A tug-of-war between two youngsters, each with teeth set in the opposite ends of a stick, probably is a good kind of preparation for the future. They may singly or sometimes two at a time ride on mother's back as she swims about low in the water. When they are a little older mother slips from under them, much to their fright and excitement. She thus forces them to learn to swim. Though most habits are likely instinctive they are trained in swimming.

The otter's two or two-and-a-half foot body is carried on four short legs, which have webbed and clawed feet. One weighs from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. Clad in a coat of fur and a sheet of fat he enjoys the icy streams in winter. He also enjoys life in the summer. Though with habits of his own he has ways of the weasel and of the sea otter.

He sends forth a variety of sounds and calls. He whistles a signal or chirps with contentment; he hisses and he bristles up and snarls; he sniffs and gives forth growls of many kinds.

His active brain, eternal alertness, keen senses and agile body give him a rare equipment in the struggle for existence. He is in this struggle commonly a conqueror. "Yes," said a lazy but observing trapper one evening by my camp fire, "the otter has more peculiarities than any other animal of the wilderness. Concealed under his one skin are three or four kinds of animals." And this I found him. Doubtless there are many interesting unrecorded and unseen customs concerning this inscrutable and half-mysterious animal.

Possibly the otter heads the list in highly developed play habit. The otter slide rivals the beaver dam when wild folks' ways are discussed. It is interesting that this capable animal with a wide range of efficient versatility should be the one that appears to give the most regular attention to play.

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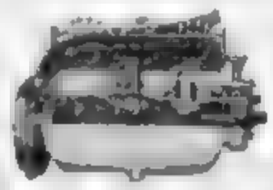

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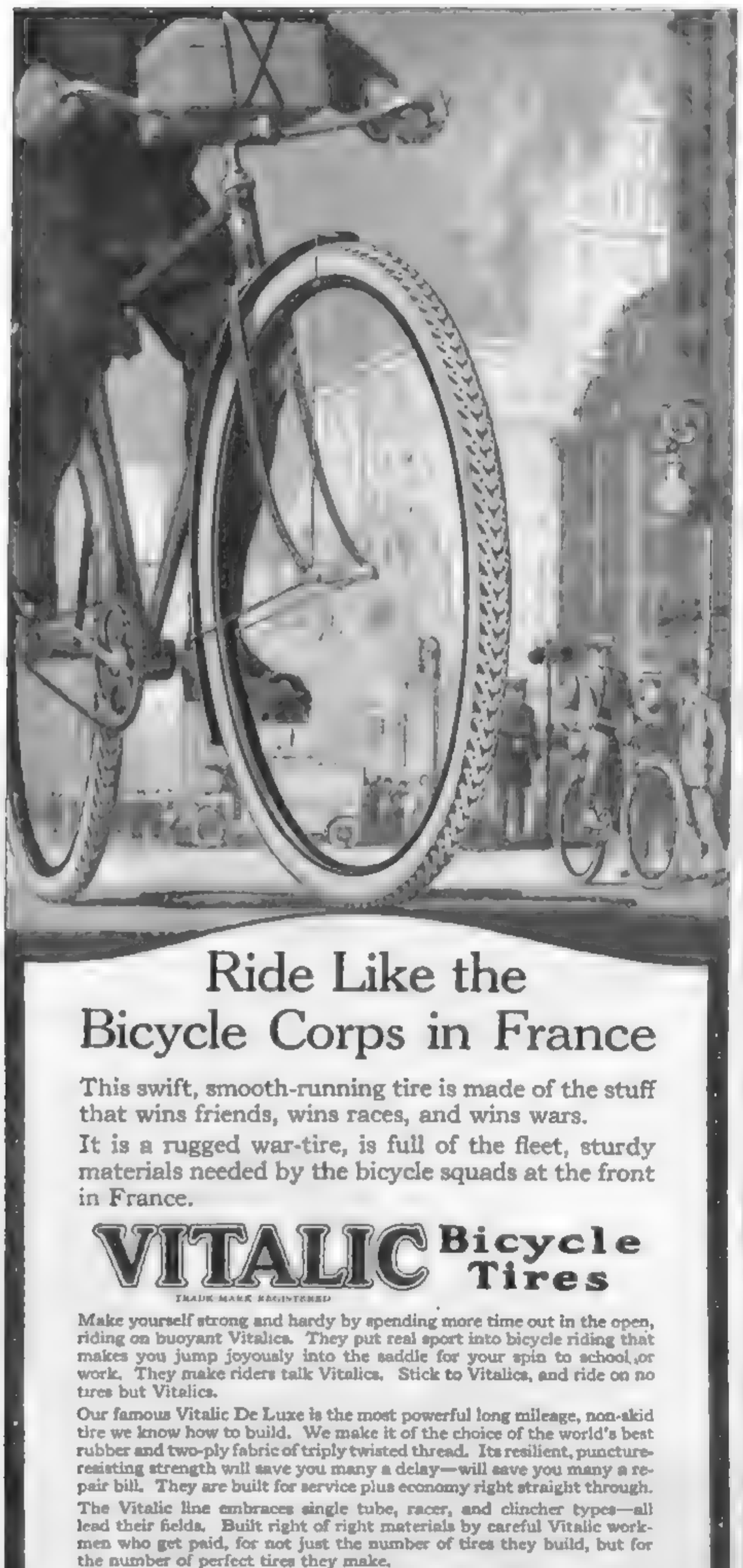

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CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS

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SHOOTING STARS

(Continued from Page 21)

The medical orderly almost fainted when he saw blood pouring down the major's sleeve. It turned out that when he had been diving to save me, a chance bullet from one of the Huns, who was sitting safely at the edge of the fight, had struck his machine, actually hitting the switch, where it exploded, one fragment of it entering the major's forearm and going right up above the elbow. It made a very nasty wound indeed. The bullet, as well as smashing the switch and his arm, had done other damage, destroying several instruments and breaking an oil indicator.

The moment he realized that he had been hit the major carefully set about with his other arm to turn off the oil and adjust the switch so that it would work properly. It was a delicate job, and all the time he was bleeding freely. Then it was necessary to get clear of the fight. This, of course, is a difficult thing to do at the best of times, but in a case like the major's it seemed almost impossible. Luck, however, favored him, for at just that moment a chance came and he took it. He slipped away toward our lines, and losing height came toward home. The next thing he feared was the fact that he might faint in the air from loss of blood; so, terrified of this, he held his arm over the side in the cold air, and that partially stopped the bleeding. He then came down and landed.

The people at home were having a most exciting time. The sudden leaving of the rest of us for a job over the lines had been quite a dramatic affair, and now, as they sat on the ground, first appeared one of the machines back in half an hour with its pilot wounded; then not a sign of the rest for what seemed a very long time. They wondered if we had all been shot down or what in the world could have happened. However, in an hour and a half the rest of us were back. We had been looking carefully, in the hope that we could find some more of the enemy, but had seen only two of them, whom we were unable to catch up with.

Christening the New Machine

We did not know what had happened to the major until we landed, by which time, of course, he had gone to the hospital. Four days later we were all pleased to see him back on the job again, though, of course, unable to fly. He had been operated on; but to lie in bed in a hospital was agony for him, so slipping away he managed to get back to the aërodrome, where he stayed. A few weeks later, unfortunately for us, he was promoted to the rank of colonel and left. The squadron felt very badly at his loss for some time, and only the fact that the man who took his place was also of the same caliber ever reconciled us to it at all.

When our first job on the new machines came it was a great moment for me. I felt that at last the time had arrived when I could really do some good work, so I went after it with my heart altogether in it. To get on these new machines, after the old ones, made you feel that all you had to do was to open fire on any old enemy at all; just get near enough to him to do that and he was bound to be yours. As a matter of fact, it was almost that easy, and the strenuous days of fighting that I had experienced on a Nieuport were really gone. The new job was much less of work and much more of pleasure.

One evening I went out to do a patrol just on the German side of the lines. Faithfully I stayed at this place for over an hour, but then it became more than I could stand, as there was not a single German machine in sight. I decided to take a look into Hunland. I flew about fifteen miles in before I saw a single German, and then well off to one side there were three of them. I did not care whether they had seen me or not; all I wanted to do was to get right into the middle of them and mix it up, so I came straight at them.

They had seen me, however, and one detaching himself from the rest came in my direction. He came straight at me, and we approached head on, both of us with our engines in front and both firing two guns. I could see his bullets streaking by about five feet to the left of me, and mine, as I watched them through my sights, seemed to be making better shooting. He suddenly swerved, but I managed to get into a favorable position behind him in the course of one or two turns, and again opened fire. This time I was altogether successful, as his machine suddenly burst into flames. The others had kept well away and were now escaping as fast as they could. I did my best to catch one up, and if we had only been a little higher should have done so, but I felt I was getting too close to the ground that distance behind the lines, so opening fire from long range I shot away about one hundred rounds, then turned and headed toward home. It was my first Hun shot down in this new type of machine, and the first in the squadron.

Bad weather then held for more than a week, and it was impossible to fly at all. The evening that it cleared up I was leading my patrol, all of us on the new machines, when I sighted eight of the enemy two miles the other side of the lines. It was just a half hour before dark and the light was very bad. I put my engine full on and headed in their direction. My machine being slightly faster than the remainder of my patrol I managed to get a bit ahead of them, and carefully picking out the leader of the enemy formation opened on him.

The Silver Flying Fish

After I had fired about twenty rounds he turned completely round and headed under me. I turned my sights on to another of his formation and tried to catch him. Then over my shoulder I suddenly saw the machine I had first fired at burst into flames in a most extraordinary way. It happened quite near two of the rest of my patrol, and incidentally rather frightened them, as the machine, which had been smoking slightly, suddenly burst into the whitest flame and fell to the ground like a ball of fire. The man had evidently not been killed, as the machine was not falling out of control but diving almost vertically toward the ground. Several times out of the corner of my eye I glanced at it as it still fell. Probably it was the bad light that made the flames show so white, but the glare was seen for twenty miles round by people on the ground.

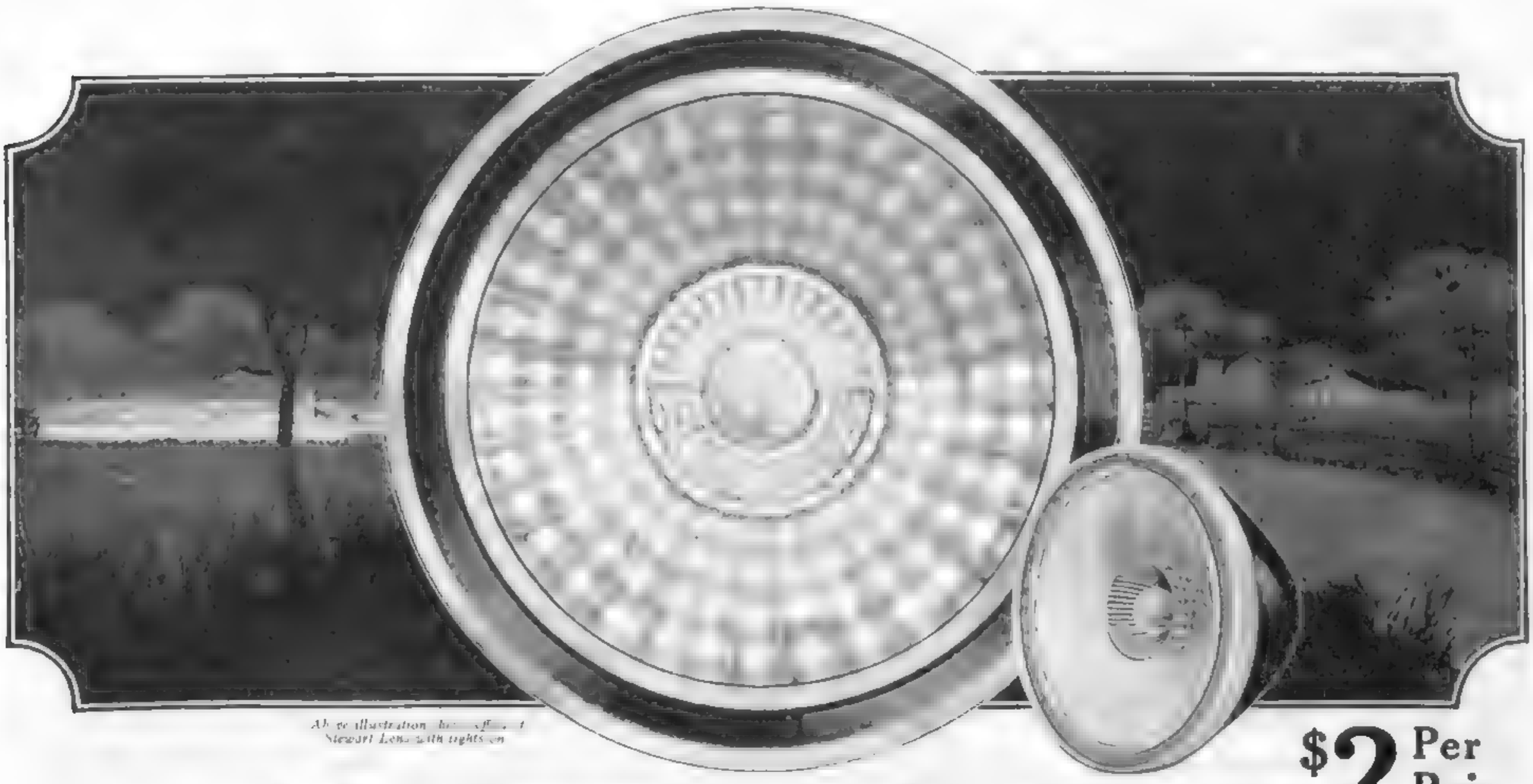
I then made an acquaintance whom I grew to know quite well during the next week or so. It was a silver machine with small black crosses on it. The pilot had carefully painted his machine, as the silver had been put on to represent the scales of a fish and covered his planes as well as the body of his machine. During this fight he caused me a lot of worry. Several times I was just able to concentrate on one of two others, when this flying fish would butt in and force me to a great deal of maneuvering to escape him. Over and over again while under me he would pull up his nose and open fire. I would then point my nose down and open back at him, and he would turn away. This was his one weakness; he would not come head on, so I tried that bluff whenever he began to fire at me.

It was well that I knew this during the fights that followed in the next week. In the middle of this fight both of my guns suddenly jammed and I could not get them to work. I struggled with them, all the time maneuvering round so that I should not be hit myself. One of the enemy, besides the silver man, had noticed that my guns would not fire, and the two of them came at me, and came right up close on one occasion. Just as they did this I managed to get my guns to work, and opening fire I sent the second man down, out of control. Old "Silversides," however, had been too wily even to get near the range of my guns, and did nothing but cause me a lot of worry.

It was getting dark now and time to break off the fight, so I decided to escape. Once again the silver fellow came butting in. Every time I would turn toward the lines he would come at me and open fire. I would dart across his sights, giving him a hard shot, then suddenly turn as if I were going to fire at him. He would turn the nose of his machine away immediately, and I would again have a chance to make a dart for the Front. In this way I managed to reach the lines, where he left me. I then returned home, with two more machines to my credit. The next machine I got was the fortieth aëroplane I had brought down, and counting my two balloons the forty-second victory to my credit.

One day just at this time I had truly a wonderful surprise. It had been a very rainy day, and as there was no flying I went

(Concluded on Page 85)



Above illustration shows effect of Stewart Lens with lights on

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Legalize your headlights. The laws of most cities and states demand it. You must "kill the glare"—but why "kill the light" by employing unscientific, light-destroying dimmers and lenses?

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42-inch height limitation means nothing to the Stewart Lens. It has no limitations or restrictions because it is always a safe light at any height, from any point, and any angle. There is no point of high or low danger light. If you want a shaft light simply tilt your headlights down and you can comply with any height limitation—but you will still have nothing but a shaft light with its points of danger.

The Stewart Lens is independent of the front glass. If the plain glass in front is broken you still have your perfect no-glare light from the Stewart Lens.

The Stewart Lens adds to the appearance of any car. When lights are on, they give the car a rich, distinctive appearance.

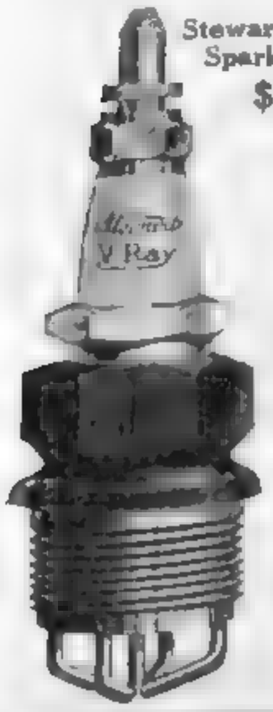
Stewart Lens is scientifically designed. It is the result of continuous research and experimentation. Not a hurry-up makeshift to meet a demand. It is "tailor-made" to serve a real purpose—to meet real road conditions—to solve the headlight problem.

Consists of a cup-shaped glass bowl which surrounds the light bulb. Light is diffused at its source (the light bulb) before it reaches the reflector. That is why you get 100% light with the Stewart Lens.

Easily installed—anyone can do it in a few minutes. Made in one size—one model—which fits any size headlight. Gives the same perfect "no-glare" light on any size headlight. Within reach of all motorists at $2.00 per pair.

Don't let your interest in the Stewart Lens cause you to overlook the other Stewart Accessories. Of course you want the Stewart Lens, but you also need the Stewart V-Ray Searchlight, Warning Signal, Spark Plug, Autoguard, etc. They are all "tailor-made" accessories—accessories of quality, service, and good looks. They add to the efficiency and appearance of any automobile.

Stewart Automobile Accessories are sold by leading accessory dealers, jobbers and garages—everywhere.



Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug $1

Stewart V-Ray Searchlight $5

Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal $6
Hand Operated Type $3.50

Stewart Autoguard $9
(Western Price $9.75)
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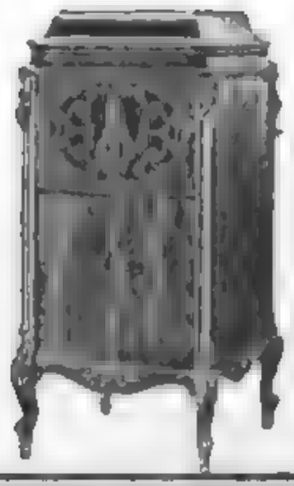

The Brunswick

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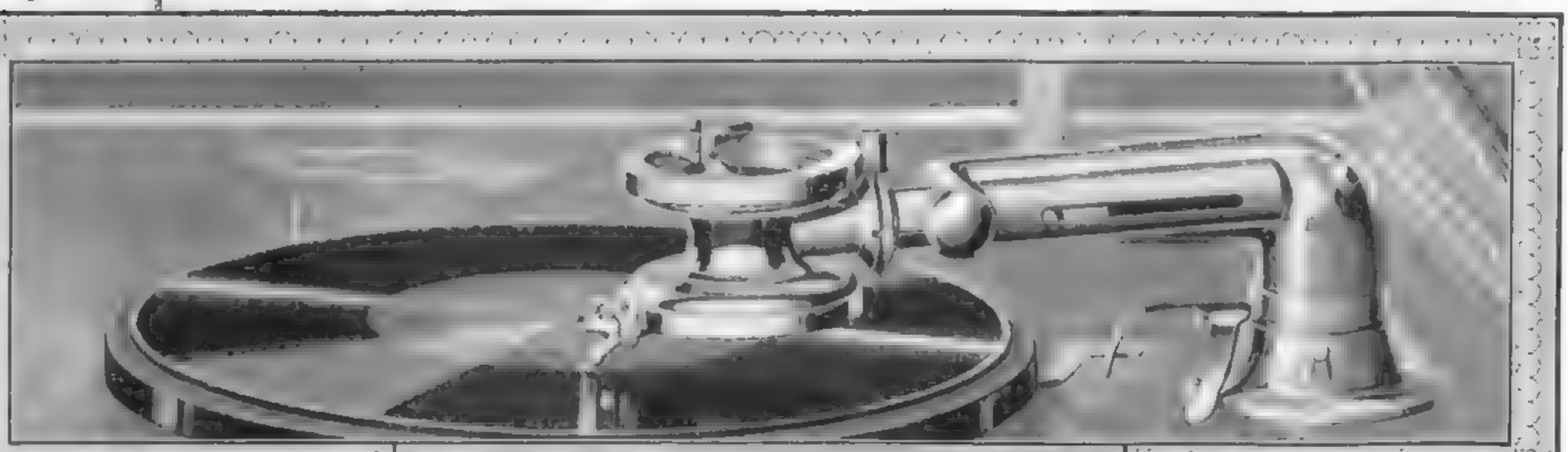

A distinctive feature of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is The Ultona, pictured above, in position for playing a Pathé Record. The Ultona is instantly adjustable to play any record, whatever make.

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THINK of the finest toned phonograph you ever heard, the loveliest record—then think of it played infinitely better.

Such is no longer an ideal—but an accomplished creation—an actual, buyable improvement.

Once you hear the new Brunswick Phonograph you'll voluntarily discard old conceptions, old standards. Each record gains new significance!

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This is one of the greatest achievements in phonographic history—opening a new epoch.

Brunswick Tone now commands first consideration. And people are asking themselves if they can be content with less. Few can.

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On The Brunswick, piano notes are piano-like. Reproduction is perfect.

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(1196)

(Concluded from Page 82)

over to lunch with a cousin of mine who was stationed only three miles away. After luncheon I returned, and upon seeing my new squadron commander went up to speak to him. He told me that the general in command of the flying corps had been trying to get me on the telephone, and said he wanted to speak to me when I came in. I could not imagine why so important a person as the general should want to speak to "little me," but rang him up. My cup of happiness overflowed when he told me that he wanted to be the first to congratulate me upon being awarded the Victoria Cross.

I could hardly hold myself down after hearing the great news. Walking across the aërodrome to the squadron headquarters, which was stationed on the other side, I had tea with the men there and then came back. The next night we had a big celebration in the way of a dinner, and managed to collect guests who came quite big distances to be there. It was a wonderful success, lasting until after midnight, and several of our guests remained all night and returned early the next morning.

In a few days I was to go on another leave to England, so I put in every moment that I could in the air, trying to increase the number of machines to my credit. In this way one evening I came upon three, and managed to surprise them in the old way that I had done so often when I was flying a Nieuport. I dived on the rear and highest one, but found I did not have the patience to crawl up to my usual range. Two guns hardly made it necessary as before, so I opened fire at a little more than a hundred yards. As in the old days there was no second stage to it at all; down he went, completely out of control, and I stayed above, the two others having escaped, and watched him falling eight thousand feet.

To London for Decorations

This was my forty-fifth victory, and the next day I had my forty-sixth and forty-seventh, in two fights shortly following each other. These were my last fights in France, for the next day I went to England on leave, and also to attend an investiture at Buckingham Palace, at which I was to receive all three of my decorations.

When I left the aërodrome to start for England I had a vague feeling I should not be back again. I remember when leaving the old place, turning round to have a last look at it. I was lucky to find a car going all the way to Boulogne that day, and with four others, one of whom was going back to England for good, we made the trip. On the way we stopped off at a village where there was a famous farm for French police dogs. We spent an interesting hour there, while the French lady who owned the dogs showed us all round her beautiful place. The dogs were of all ages, from two-week-old puppies to full French champions. We left there just in time to reach Boulogne for luncheon—my last meal in France, as I managed to catch a boat for England at two o'clock.

Eight o'clock that night saw me in London, and I was certainly glad to get there. At nine o'clock I was in the middle of a big dinner given by several of my friends, after which we went to a dance. It seemed years since I had been near London, and every sight and every sound was joyful to me. A few days later, though, I left town and went to the country.

About this time word came through that I was not going back to France. I was very disappointed. I reported for duty, but was given a few weeks' more leave in which to rest up. During this time I went to the investiture by the King.

I had on the previous day received a telegram of instructions, telling me to report at Buckingham Palace at ten-thirty in the morning dressed in service uniform. At ten-ten I was there, not wishing to be behind time on such an occasion, and realizing I had better find out before it happened just what was expected of me. Walking into the palace I came to a hatstand, where everybody was checking things. I handed in my hat, gloves and stick, whereupon I was told to hang on to the gloves, wearing one on my left hand and carrying the other. Then following a number of other officers, also there to be decorated, I came to a room in which a general was standing. I asked him where I was to go, and he asked me what I was getting.

I began the long rigmarole of V. C., D. S. O. and M. C., but before I had finished he told me to go in with the D. S. O.'s as I was the only V. C. So I slipped away into a room where there were about one hundred and fifty other officers. After waiting there for more than half an hour another general came in and gave us explicit instructions as to what to do in the King's presence. It was a terrible moment for all of us.

The Ordeal at the Palace

Finally the doors opened and we were headed toward the room in which the King was standing with his staff. Following some generals and colonels, who were being admitted to the Order of St. Michael and St. George, it came my turn to march in. I knew my instructions well. Ten yards across to the middle of the room, and then a turn to the left and bow. Imagine my consternation when, at the first of those ten paces, one of my boots began to squeak.

Somehow or other I managed to get to the proper place, where I was facing His Majesty. Here I had to listen to an account of my own deeds, read by one of the staff, while I myself stood stiffly at attention. Then approaching the King he hooked three medals on my breast. These he had been handed on a cushion. He congratulated me upon winning them, and told me it was the first time he had been able to give all three to any one person.

After a short one-sided conversation, in which my only attempt to speak failed utterly, though all I was trying to say was "Yes, sir," he shook hands with me, and I bowed and backed away, turning and walking thirty squeaky paces to a door in the corner of the room.

The moment I reached the outside of this door I thought I had been thrown into the arms of a highway robber. A man suddenly stepped from one side and before I could stop him had snatched the three glittering medals off my chest and was fifteen yards ahead of me on the way down the hall before I realized what had happened.

I took after him, not knowing what to do, but he picked up three boxes from a table, put the medals in, and handed them back to me. Then he returned to meet the next man coming out, who incidentally was a great friend of mine and also in the flying corps.

The next thing to be faced was the crowd at the palace gates, and the photographers.

Luckily I had a car waiting in the inclosure, and by getting into this managed to evade everybody.

A week later I was promoted to the rank of major, and also learned that I had been awarded a bar to my Distinguished Service Order ribbon. Good news, like bad luck, never comes singly. A few days after that I had been granted permission to go home to Canada for a visit. The notice was short, but within eighteen hours I had made all arrangements and was on a train to catch the boat sailing from Liverpool next day. Within two weeks I was home.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Bishop.

HEAVEN WILL PROTECT THE WORKING GIRL

(Continued from Page 15)

A hearty chuckle. "Keeping it for a little surprise—eh, Miss Glaub?"

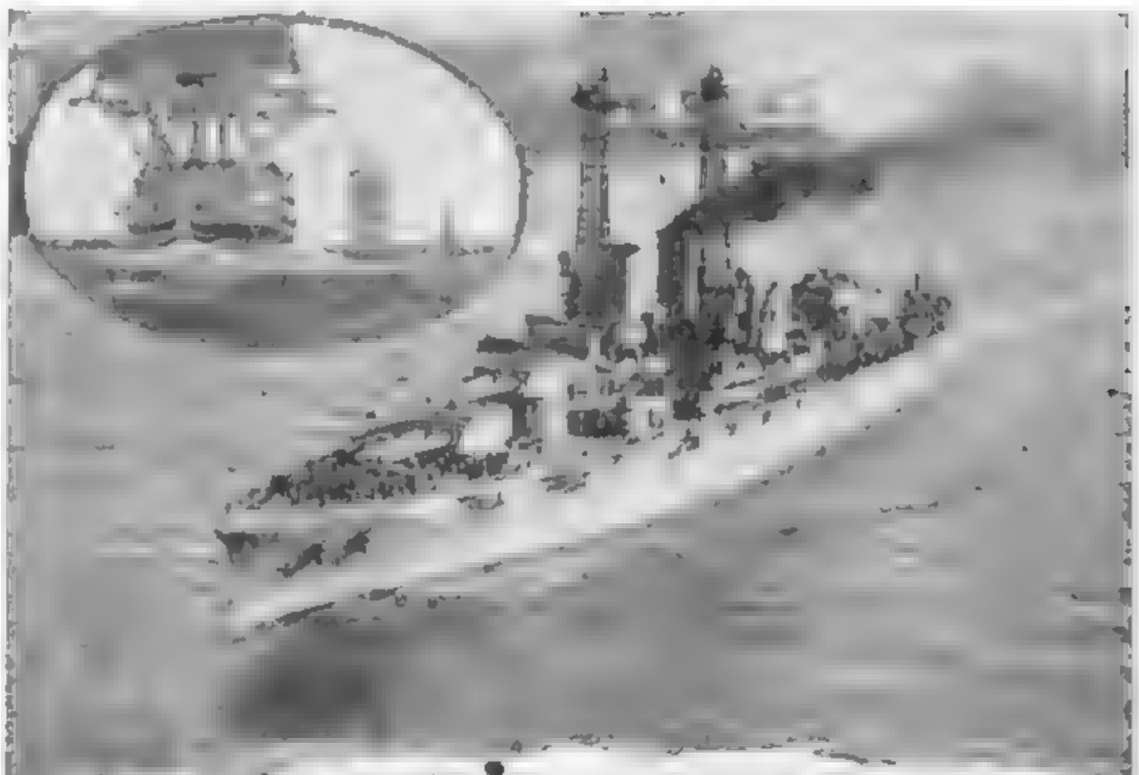
"Yes," she assented; "that's it."

The great man chuckled again. "All right!" he agreed; and then with heavy pleasantry, "I hope it hasn't anything to do with that old department store ditty."

"What's that?" suspiciously.

Mr. Bibker continued to be amused. "That heaven will protect the working girl," he finally enunciated.

Down the elevator a few minutes later the usually light and airy head of the waist department paused for a moment before the self-same mirror and reached for the jet earrings. Halfway to one pink ear she



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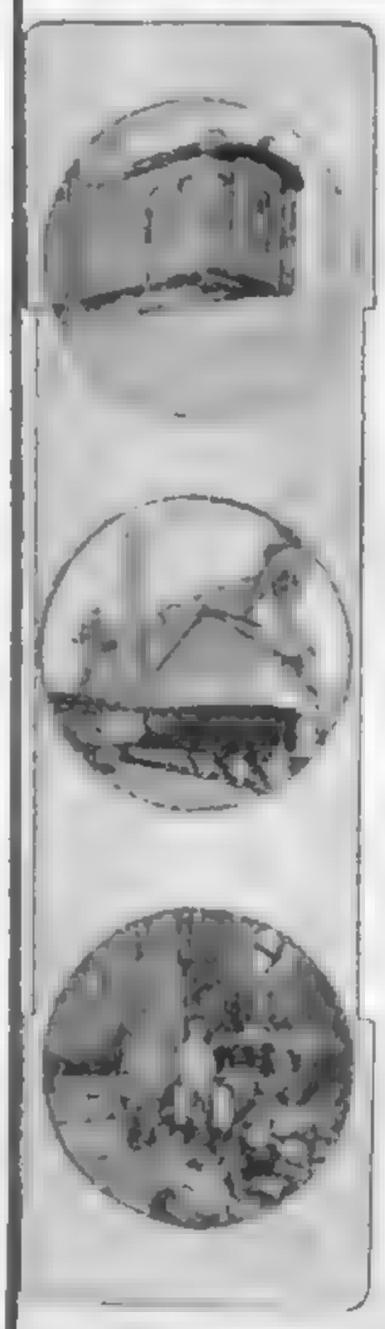

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The multiplied use of electricity in the last decade has multiplied the importance of properly fusing the circuits to guard against the fire and accident hazards of overloads and short circuits.

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hesitated, then slowly returned them to her pocket. She even neglected to grimace at the rather white frightened face of the poor little boob of a mistaken patriot that fronted her in the glass.

II

AT OTHER times and in other places the name of Mr. Uthas Garbey has been mentioned in connection with other little ventures, both of heart and of business, of Miss Adele Glaub. Recapitulating briefly it may be said that Mr. Garbey was the director of publicity for that wonder of wonders in the circus world, The Allied Wonders of the World. Also, dating from twenty minutes following his introduction to Miss Glaub, he was her frankly avowed suitor. In addition, Mr. Garbey had been the means on several occasions of helping Miss Glaub through the tangles of poor business months.

Though proposing, occasionally in person, often by telegraph and regularly by mail, Mr. Garbey had never been able to obtain a definite decision either for or against the plaintiff. "Some day—maybe," was the only sop that was thrown to his hungering heart and, as Mr. Garbey himself often said, it was some hunger.

Often when business was dull—or worse—or when some particularly trying day came slothfully to a close, Miss Glaub, looking very unlike her vamplike contemporary Miss Beda Thara, wondered if after all a little home—a little vine-clad cottage—wasn't to be preferred to the wearing grind of business; if after all she wasn't a fool to go slaving along for a big fathead to whom all the effort and loyalty in the world meant nothing but wages, and—bitterly—not enough of that.

And it was thus that she communed on the night following the interview with Mr. Harvey Bibker. With cold-cream jar in hand she gently sought to erase the cares of the day and find a way out—some way to save her from the haunting blue-glazed stare. Oh, if she hadn't been such a little fool—if she only had had sense enough to remember that a salesman is a salesman even if he is a soldier! Rubbing upward under the white-cupped chin she decided savagely that after all he was probably in one of those jobs where you don't even go near the firing line. It would be just like him—those guys who talk so big about killin' an' all that. Maybe he was a inspector in some ammunition factory.

But the little jar and the soothing massage brought no ideas, as they often had. And there just had to be an idea! And then the cheery visage and the slangy, airy confidence of Mr. Garbey floated over the Glaub mental horizon. If he was only here! Thrusting aside the little jar that had proved so comforting in the past, Miss Glaub sought the comfort of her kimono and a decrepit rocker in preference to the more artistic chaise longue. But this was no time for artistic things. There was six thousand dollars' worth of blue-edged waists to be sold. And to whom? And how? A picture of the blue-glazed eyes of the great man grew in the shadows behind the artistic wicker piano lamp. With a very unvamplike sob Miss Glaub buried the dark head glistening with blue-black lights in a convenient cushion and indulged in a good old-fashioned cry.

Who was there to care whether another poor working girl lost her job? And merely because after all she had merely tried to do her bit. Who? Only Mr. Uthas Garbey, and by his last letter—she recalled with an added sniffle that in it he had spoken again of the little cottage on the hill—he was out on the road arranging a wartime billing for the Allied attractions.

Oh, if she hadn't been such a little boob an' fallen for a uniform that was only camouflage for a sharp, shrewd, tricky, brazen, sneaky salesman bent on selling stickers! With a deep "faugh!" of intense loathing Miss Glaub sought her bed of dreams and restful quiet, only to find its heavy shadows framing a seemingly numberless assortment of little pictures, which included a large man with a cold eye that sought the molding with a vestige of kindly feeling; a man in a military uniform who smiled with fiendish glee; and another one of a smiling, well-dressed gentleman who beckoned earnestly from the doorway of a little vine-clad cottage.

III

THERE is an old saying that the darkest moment is just before the dawn, but to Miss Adele Glaub it seemed as if the sun of business happiness would never rise again. For two days—long hateful days, filled by quick dodgings and circuitous traveling to avoid the path of the pleasant Mr. Bibker, who would probably be eager for the details of the plan that was not—in vain did she beseech the cold-cream jar for an idea, and call upon thin air for the cheery presence of Mr. Garbey.

And then did Mr. Garbey prove the saying right. It was the beginning of the third day and by all indications another dodging, hateful day. But at ten a lanky bundle girl shrilled "Oh, Mizz Glau-aub! Telegram!" It was nearly a hundred feet to the bundle desk, but it is no wild exaggeration to say that the usually languid undulating figure accomplished it in nothing, flat.

"Here!" she commanded hoarsely and ripped the gummed yellow flap with fingers that trembled freely and likewise frankly. And no dawn was ever brighter than the ten words that stood out in blue against the yellow: "My spats are packed so expect me by Wednesday eve"

Wasn't he the kidder! And wasn't he the welcome kidder! With a sigh of deep content the siren of the waist department tucked the dawn away in the bosom of her gown and turned happily and cheerily to her work—so long neglected.

"What is this," she demanded of the bundle counter: "a pink tea or a place you get paid wages for workin'? Get busy!"

Undulating gently to the lee of a convenient pillar she disappeared, only to reappear a moment later with the artistic jet earrings of prosperous times.

A moment later in the same happy mood, "Who walked over this waist counter, dearie?" she inquired languidly of a gaping clerk. "A tank or sompthing?"

Two minutes later: "Honest, some of you girls must think this is a convalescent ward!" Then, as they blushingly denied the allegation: "Well, it ain't. Spread round! We ain't holdin' any mass meetings this morning."

Which all goes to prove what a wonderful thing a little confidence in another's ability may do. It also proved that Miss Glaub was her old unworried efficient self.

And when Mr. Bibker passed through the waist section on his morning inspection tour she languidly toyed with a large jet earring and said in response to the great man's good morning that she expected to start selling the blue-edged waists by the end of the week.

The great man's face was wreathed in smiles. "At a profit?" he questioned.

The gracefully languid hand deserted the jet earring to twist the huge jade dinner ring to a more becoming light. She smiled almost pityingly.

"Honest, Mr. Bibker," she inquired almost tartly, "you don't think I'd just be sellin' them for the fun of the thing?"

"Wonderful! Great!"

Miss Glaub smiled and admitted it playfully. "It's a gift."

The great man smiled and passed on. Miss Glaub decided on a Peach Melba for dessert for the first time in nearly two long months.

And Wednesday evening found the decrepit comfortable rocker, carefully disguised with an artistic throw of velvet, and Miss Glaub, equally artistic, in purple with a single large rose at her bodice. She also reclined on the artistic chaise longue in a posture that Mr. Garbey had often declared was a picture that no artist could paint.

Never had she greeted him so warmly. "O-o-oh, Mr. Garbey!" she trilled. "Pos-i-tive-lee you don't know how glad I am to see you!" And she held out both hands—but then, of course, you remember the impulsive girlish heroine in Love Watches.

"Lady," said Mr. Garbey with characteristic flash of teeth, "that goes double; only Uthas is the name—U-t-h-a-s."

Miss Glaub smiled brightly at his clever boyishness as she trailed slowly to the chaise longue. "Very well, Uthas," she said softly.

Almost instantly Mr. Garbey was beside her. "Lissen, sister," he commanded, "we don't havta beat round the bush. You know why I am here. That little cottage over in Jersey is waiting—now."

Leaving the small white hand with its huge jade ornament firmly clasped between two fervid brown palms, the dark eyes closed and the dark red lips sighed—a sigh that it was plain to see meant "O-o-oh, if it could only be!" but the words uttered presently were different.

(Continued on Page 89

Each Cord Moves As If On Ball Bearings

TO understand a tire you must realize that it is an intricate machine with parts that move upon each other constantly while your car is in motion. As in all mechanism, one of the chief difficulties that tire engineers must conquer is FRICTION.

That problem has been solved in the Firestone Cord Tire by a construction that allows each cord to move as if on ball bearings. There is no rub or rasp. Cord cannot touch cord. Each powerful strand is supported in a continuous unbroken "bearing" of fine resilient rubber.

Every cord is free to turn and to move as the action of the tire demands. It meets strains instantly. The response is as spontaneous as that of a highly developed motor.

Reduce friction to the proper point and internal heat and wear become negligible. Internal heat rots the best of rubber. Internal wear cuts the strongest of cords. Both these destructive elements are practically nullified by the "ball bearing" idea.

This is only one of the many excellent features of Firestone Cord construction. But it is one of the most important factors for Most Miles per Dollar. Study the Firestone Cord cross section. Your dealer has one.

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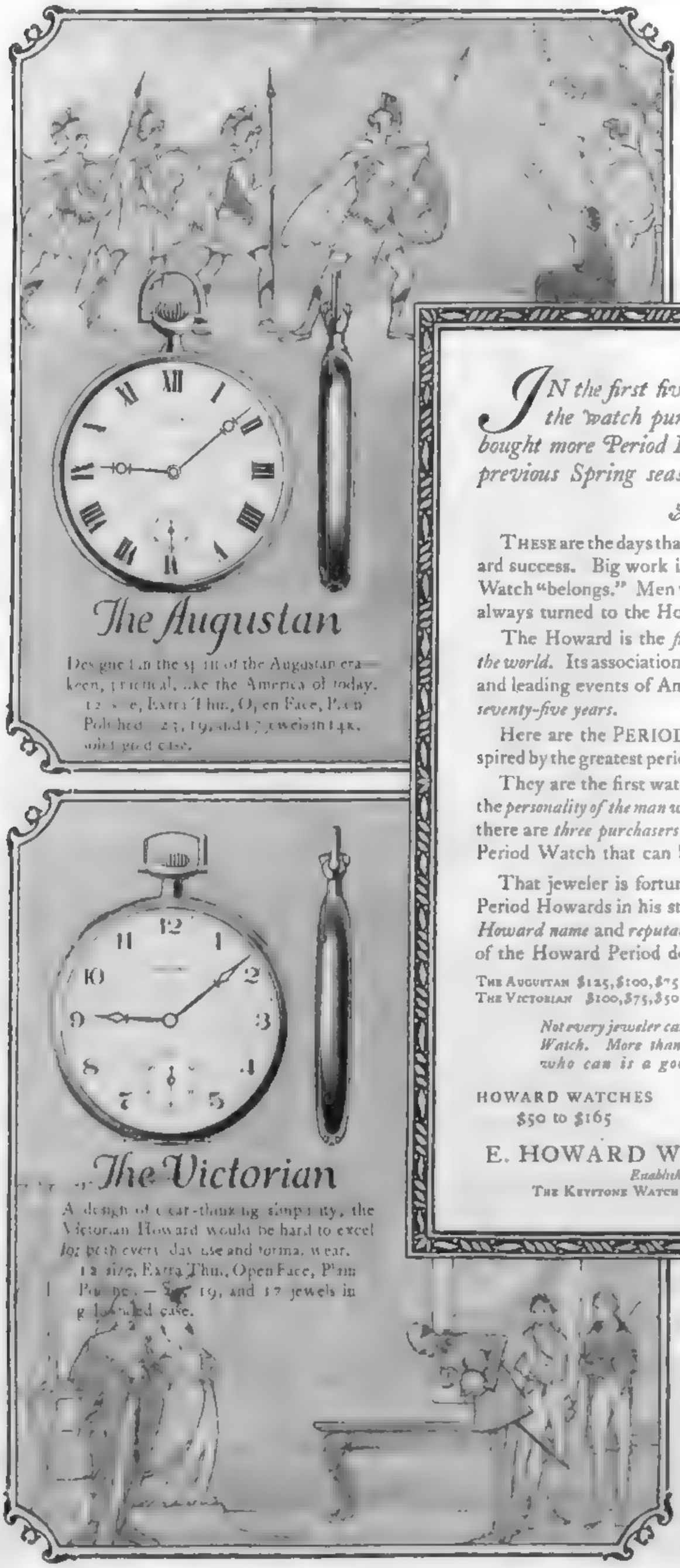

The Augustan

Designed in the spirit of the Augustan era—keen, practical, like the America of today. 12-size, Extra Thin, Open Face, Plain Polished—23, 19, and 17 jewels in 14k. solid gold case.

The Victorian

A design of clear-thinking simplicity, the Victorian Howard would be hard to excel for both every day use and formal wear.

12 size, Extra Thin, Open Face, Plain Polished—23, 19, and 17 jewels in gold-filled case.

IN the first five months of this year, the watch purchasers of America bought more Period Howards than in any previous Spring season on record.

THESE are the days that test and prove the Howard success. Big work is at hand. The Howard Watch "belongs." Men who are doing things have always turned to the Howard Watch.

The Howard is the *finest practical timepiece in the world.* Its association with the prominent men and leading events of America runs unbroken for *seventy-five years.*

Here are the PERIOD Howards—designs inspired by the greatest periods of the world's activity.

They are the first watches designed to express the *personality of the man who carries the watch.* And there are *three purchasers* today for every Howard Period Watch that can be produced.

That jeweler is fortunate, indeed, who has the Period Howards in his store—the backing of the *Howard name* and *reputation*, and the individuality of the Howard Period designs to offer.

THE AUGUSTAN $125, $100, $75
THE VICTORIAN $100, $75, $50
THE IONIC $100, $75, $50
THE TUDOR $125, $100, $75

Not every jeweler can sell you a Howard Watch. More than ever, the jeweler who can is a good man to know.

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The EDWARD HOWARD model at $350

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12-size, Extra Thin, Open Face, Plain Polished—23, 19, and 17 jewels in gold-filled case.

The Tudor

Embodying that cosmopolitanism which was so characteristic of the Tudor period as it is of our own times.

12-size, Extra Thin, Open Face, Plain Polished—23, 19, and 17 jewels in 14k. solid gold case of special decorative construction.

(Continued from Page 86)

"O-o-oh, Mr. G—Uthas, I'm in trouble." Also a tiny quiver.

"Why, sister?"

With a warm rush of words she told him, dwelling particularly and at length on the cold blue glaze and the mean low trick used to dupe a patriotic girl.

"The nasty little fish!"

A gentle pressure of the soft little palm. "That goes double too!" she said fervidly.

"But what do you care if you don't sell 'em? What difference does it make—as long as the little cottage ——"

The lady shook her head sadly, regretfully. "No," she decided. "Don't you see that I gotta show those two up—regardless of anything else?"

Mr. Garbey laughed, quite bitterly for him. "In other words," he suggested, "once more we talk business before—before we talk about something else."

The little hand withdrew itself abruptly. "You'd talk that way to a lady in distress. To the girl you— you ——" A sob.

"No! No! Lissen, sister; it ain't that! Of course I will help you with your childish little problem—an' help you show that poor fish up—but after that?"

With a smile the little hand stole back. "After that—why, we will see."

Mr. Garbey nodded. "All right, sister," he assented. "That goes with little ol' John W. Myself. Now describe that waist."

Miss Glaub, face aglow, did.

"An' you say that the reason they don't sell is because of this two-inch band of blue Georgette round the big square collar?"

"Yes."

"An' the rest of the waist is white?"

A nod.

Mr. Garbey whistled a blithe bar. "Let me sleep on it," he said finally, "an' then we'll start after them the first thing in the morning."

Another gentle pressure and lips slightly parted in charming wonder. "O-o-oh, Uthas, ain't you the most wonderful man!"

Masterfully Mr. Garbey reached for the other hand and imprisoned it. "Say that in another way after this is over," he said softly.

IV

IT WAS characteristic of Mr. Garbey that when engaged on a business problem he invariably conducted himself as a business man. And so it was Thursday morning found him briskly walking across the soft green carpet of the waist section and uttering a crisp good morning.

"An' you got an idea?"

Actually Mr. Garbey seemed to ignore the warm light in the dark eyes.

"Sure!" he agreed almost abruptly. "Can you getta hold of about six power sewin' machines in a hurry?"

"But, Uth– Mr. Garbey ——"

"Can you?"—still crisply.

Miss Glaub nodded, and matching his tone mentioned the alteration room.

"Fine!"—without noticing the tone. "An' about fifty yards of red Georgette?"

"But I ——"

Mr. Garbey thrust his hand into his checkered vest and sought a pencil. "Can't stop to explain now! Wait!"—and calmly ignored the wound his abruptness had caused.

Miss Glaub said rather tartly that this, too, might be obtained.

"Good! Now go an' collect about five of the best-lookin' girls in your department."

An angry protest at such high-handed methods rose in Miss Glaub's throat—rose, hesitated and died. After all if he was goin' to save the day there wasn't any sense in

"Well, What Has That Got to Do With Us?" Demanded Mr. Garbey With Deep Practicality—"with Our Little Cottage in Jersey?"

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Internal Gear Drive
MOTOR TRUCKS
Dependable Delivery
THE LONG HAUL
The success of the long haul is always up to the truck—and the famous Bethlehem "Dependable Delivery" gets more and more valuable to the Bethlehem owner the farther and farther the truck goes away from the Service Station.
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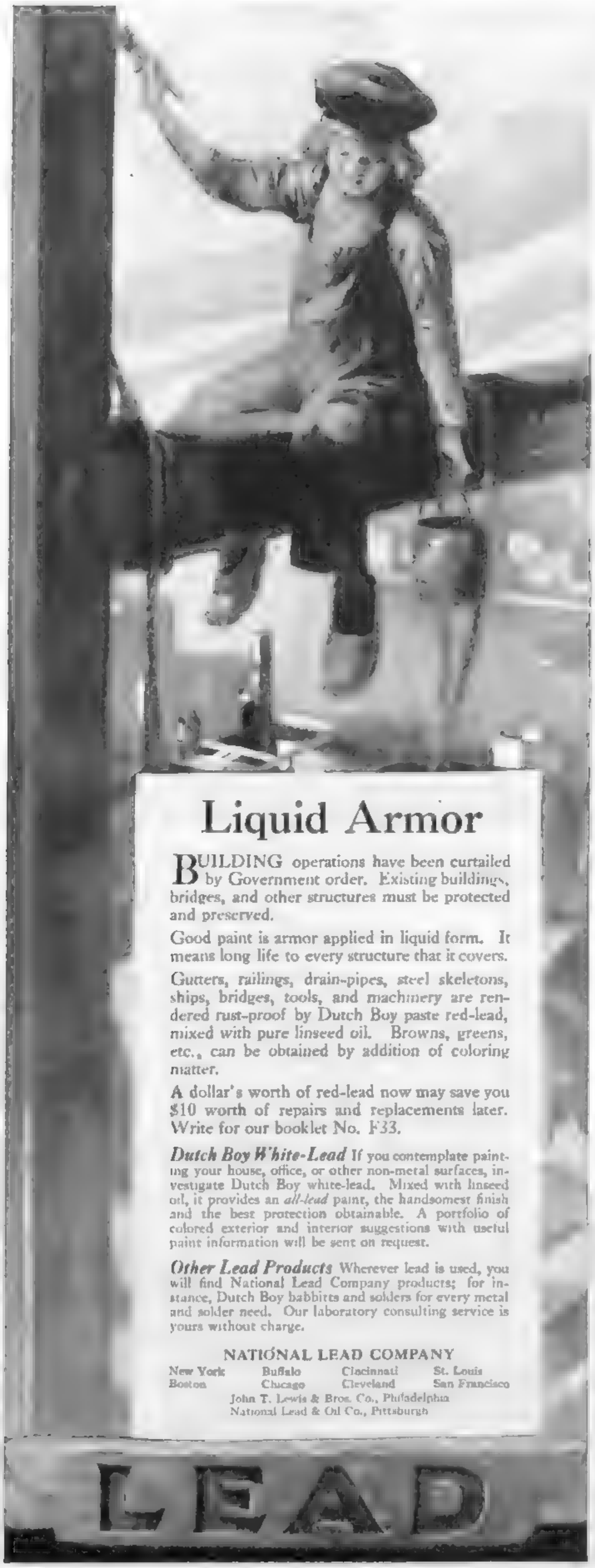

Liquid Armor

BUILDING operations have been curtailed by Government order. Existing buildings, bridges, and other structures must be protected and preserved.

Good paint is armor applied in liquid form. It means long life to every structure that it covers.

Gutters, railings, drain-pipes, steel skeletons, ships, bridges, tools, and machinery are rendered rust-proof by Dutch Boy paste red-lead, mixed with pure linseed oil. Browns, greens, etc., can be obtained by addition of coloring matter.

A dollar's worth of red-lead now may save you $10 worth of repairs and replacements later. Write for our booklet No. F33.

Dutch Boy White-Lead If you contemplate painting your house, office, or other non-metal surfaces, investigate Dutch Boy white-lead. Mixed with linseed oil, it provides an *all-lead* paint, the handsomest finish and the best protection obtainable. A portfolio of colored exterior and interior suggestions with useful paint information will be sent on request.

Other Lead Products Wherever lead is used, you will find National Lead Company products; for instance, Dutch Boy babbitts and solders for every metal and solder need. Our laboratory consulting service is yours without charge.

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LEAD

bein' Besides, how strong an' masterful he was. So different from that smart Aleck parading as a hero. Almost humbly Miss Glaub undulated to his bidding. When the five stood lined against the wall in the little office behind the bundle counter Mr. Garbey began by questioning the first girl, Miss Virgie Tupper.

"Do you love your country?" he said abruptly.

With wide eyes Miss Tupper admitted her patriotism.

"Got a sweetheart in the service?"

"No-o."

"A brother?"

"Say, Mister"—with a touch of acid—"is this a ——"

"It ain't!" said Mr. Garbey curtly. "Any relation at all?"

"A cousin of mine is in the marines."

"Good!" said Mr. Garbey crisply. "You get Friday afternoon off with full pay."

Miss Tupper was noted throughout the third floor as one who under no circumstances allowed herself to be perturbed or to show any signs of anything but blasé worldliness, but an afternoon off just because she had a cousin in the marines!

"Say, Mister"—with frank suspicion—"is this a joke, or are you merely tryin' to show me a good time?"

"Patriotism," Mr. Garbey assured her earnestly. "We merely want you to take the afternoon off an' show Capitol Avenue that you are proud to have it known that you have a relative fighting for your country."

"But ——" Still suspiciously.

"If it's rainy we make it Saturday. A girl can't be patriotic on a rainy day. Next!"

It was a very crazy proceeding, as Miss Tupper and the next three—Miss Irene Beeley, Miss Eulalie Hieber and Miss Agnes Tierchy—viewed it; but why look an afternoon off in the face? All found some friend or relative of whom they could be justly proud. And then came the blonde. Of course she had another name, but to the floor she was known only as the blonde. The blonde almost tearfully, as she saw a perfectly free afternoon slipping away, admitted that no relative or dear friend was in the service.

"Too bad," said Mr. Garbey; "but this thing must be according to Hoyle. So we can have names an' addresses for the reporters. Miss Glaub, will you find another ——"

But the blonde refused to lose her holiday that easily. "The shoemaker that lives next door to us had two sons in the first draft," she suggested, "an' they were nice boys, so ——"

Mr. Garbey clapped his hands with quick approval. "Fine! That gives us a little variety! Two, eh? Fine!" Then as the five stared in unison, "Friday afternoon come to the alteration room."

Ten minutes later Mr. Garbey was briskly buttoning his light topcoat. "Getta hold of a first-class die cutter," he directed, calmly ignoring the mute Glaub plea for soft confidences, "an' have him get ready to make a die from the pattern I'll send over this afternoon. I gotta hurry now"—as the siren of the waist department prepared to speak—"I gotta hurry over an' see Jerry McCabe, city editor of the Star, so's we can arrange for a photographer for Friday afternoon."

As he strode down the aisle the anger melted from the classic Glaub features and there remained only glowing admiration and deep content.

"O-o-oh," she breathed softly to the huge dinner ring, "ain't it wonderful to have a big strong man to take the burden of all your cares!"

What a wonder he was; an' after all a little cottage on the hill ——

V

THIS chapter deals only with the Sunday issue of the Bigburg Star that appeared on the following Sunday. One of the items with which this story is concerned ran on Page Two of the Magazine Section and was surmounted by a three-column picture of five different young ladies, all taken at different sections of Capitol Avenue on the sunny Friday afternoon preceding. The heading ran as follows:

Latest Society Fad Comes to Bigburg
Wear a Service Blouse for Sammee!

And the story, written by a leading lady sob artist, was a credit to the smiling faces that topped it. With light airy touches it told how Eastern society—supplied by Mr. Garbey—had surmounted the difficulty of showing its loyalty and patriotism by wearing waists with collars that resembled service flags—with a star for every man. It was new hot stuff, Mr. Garbey had said, and Jerry McCabe, always eager for a chance to print a pretty face, had agreed.

The second item was a half-page advertisement in the news section, which read as follows:

THE NEW SERVICE BLOUSES ARE HERE!
No other local store can show
you these new patriotic blouses that have just swept the country from exclusive Eastern style centers.
SHOW YOUR PATRIOTISM! WEAR A SERVICE BLOUSE!
Blouses with from one to three stars—other stars furnished free if desired.
SPECIALLY PRICED AT $5.75

VI

"WELL, sister?"

Mr. Uthas Garbey faced the languid lady under the soft glow of the wicker piano lamp, and his hands went out to cover the green-eyed asp that was extended to greet him.

"O-o-oh, Mr.—Uthas, it was wonderful! Oh, what a wonderful man you are!"

Mr. Garbey sought and obtained the other hand that toyed with the long jet necklace that completed the symphony of black.

"Do you mean that?"

"It was perfectly wonderful! They came an' came, till I thought we would have to get the fire warden—honest. Oh, how marvelous you are! So full of ideas—an' everything."

Mr. Garbey pressed his thanks and murmured halting deprecation.

"An' now," he finished, "we can talk about ourselves—now that we have handed the qui-ee-tus to that poor little cheap crook that played on your patriotism."

Slowly, almost reluctantly Miss Glaub withdrew the imprisoned hands. "Plee-ease, Mr. Garbey!" she begged.

"But ——"

"I have been thinkin'."

"Well, but what has that to do with us?"

The large dark eyes reproached him silently. Then after a moment: "I have been thinkin' that maybe after all I misjudged him—that after all he was tryin' to do me a favor. An' you know those waists were dirt cheap."

"But it was me that ——"

Miss Glaub nodded, and it was plain that the subject pained her deeply.

"I know," she agreed softly, "but now that it's all over I can't see my way clear to hold a grudge against a man who may die any day for his country. It wouldn't be right."

Mr. Garbey reached in vain for the hands. "You mean ——" he began as they evaded him. "You mean that ——"

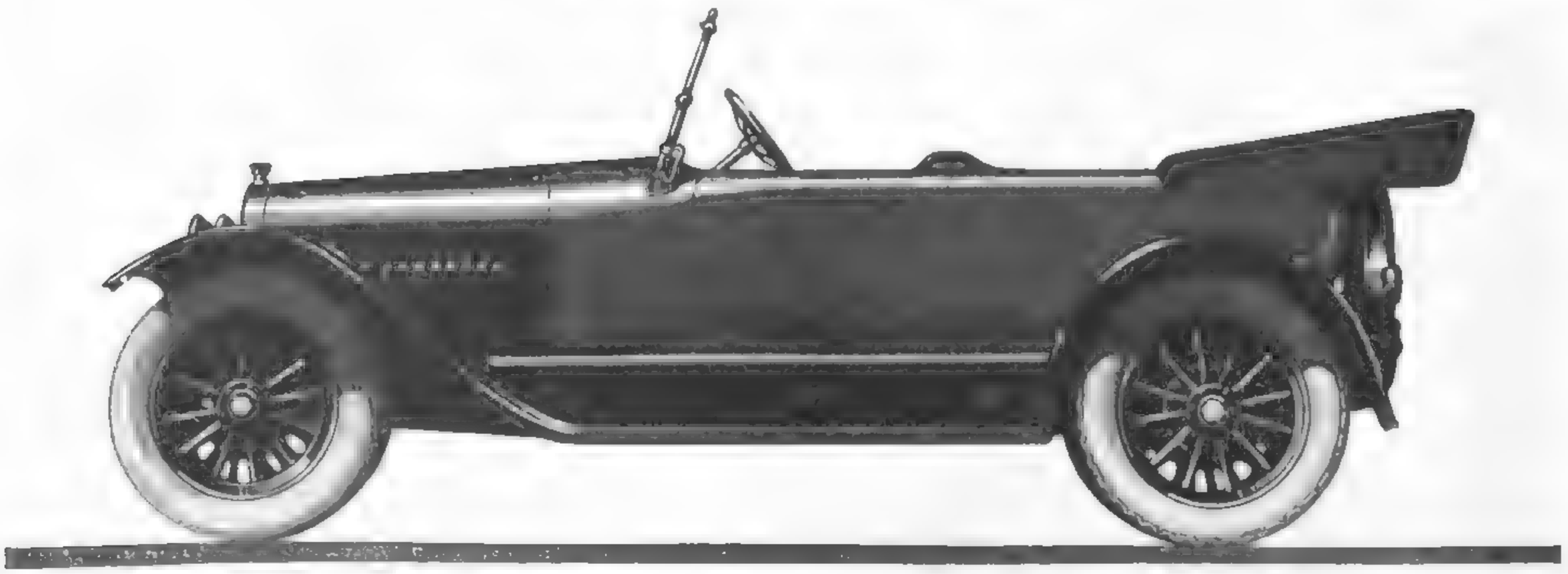
"—— that after all he is a soldier an' doin' his bit at the expense of his life—maybe."

"Well, what has that got to do with us?" demanded Mr. Garbey with deep practicality—"with our little cottage in Jersey?"

Slowly she turned from him and Mr. Garbey in a detached way noticed that her waist was of white Georgette—that it looked familiar.

"I don't know—yet!" she confessed and walked slowly toward the passionate ease of the chaise longue.

And it was then that Mr. Garbey discovered that the waist really was familiar—that it was one of the blue-edged Georgettes. And in the exact center of the wide collar nestled a single large red star!



The Last $1250 Six

Of This Size, Power and Class

Here is the last fine Six with 120-inch wheelbase to hold to the $1250 price. The production is limited by war-time requirements. Costs are still advancing. The price cannot be guaranteed. But today this superb Six, with all improvements, still sells at the $1250 price. It stands unique and alone in the fine Six field in the value it gives for the money.

It Is Built to Today's Requirements

This new Mitchell Light Six is a vast improvement on last year's like-size model. Yet it sells at last year's price.

This car was brought out under new conditions. Good service men are becoming scarce. So, to minimize service, we have for one thing doubled our tests and inspections.

Then Mitchell has won a large export demand, in countries with difficult roads. The requirements there are extreme. Last year we decided to build every Mitchell car to meet them. So these new Mitchells are built to those new standards.

Experts in Endurance

A considerable number of the ablest men in Motordom have been added to the Mitchell staff. Most of them are experts in endurance. They have specialized on over-strength requirements under every road condition.

These men have studied every Mitchell part. They have fixed new tests, new standards. Never in one year has a Mitchell model been so improved as this one.

Yet last year's Mitchells were a 14-year development. Again and again they have proved themselves able to render 200,000 miles of service. So this year's Mitchells are extraordinary cars.

A Master Designer

A famous expert has been placed in charge of our body-building plant. This new Mitchell is by far the handsomest car in its class. It is long, low and impressive —a distinguished car.

It is finished in a new way which gives enduring luster. Its equipment is unusually complete. It stands supreme in easy-riding comfort, because of shock-absorbing rear springs.

Scientific Savings

What we save is in factory efficiency. We have spent years to equip this plant to produce the Six type economically. Our savings are simply what old-time methods waste.

We build the complete car — chassis and body — under ideal conditions. And these extra values are all due to that.

They are just as conspicuous in our $1525 Mitchell. That also undersells any comparable Six. And that also is built to new standards.

These two models in their 16 new-style bodies form a line of wondrous interest. Every man who considers a fine car should see what Mitchell prices buy. Write for our new catalog, then see the cars themselves.

Mitchell D-40
120-inch Wheelbase, 40-Horsepower Motor

Touring Car	$1250
2 Pass. Roadster	$1250
Touring Sedan	$1950
Coupé	$1850

Mitchell C-42
127-inch Wheelbase, 48-Horsepower Motor

Touring Car	$1525	4 Pass. Surrey	$1625
3-Pass. Roadster	$1490	Touring Sedan	$2275
Club Roadster	$1560	Club Sedan	$2185
Coupé	$2135		

Also Cabriolet, De Luxe Sedan, Town Car and Limousine, from $1960 to $2850

Prices subject to change without notice.

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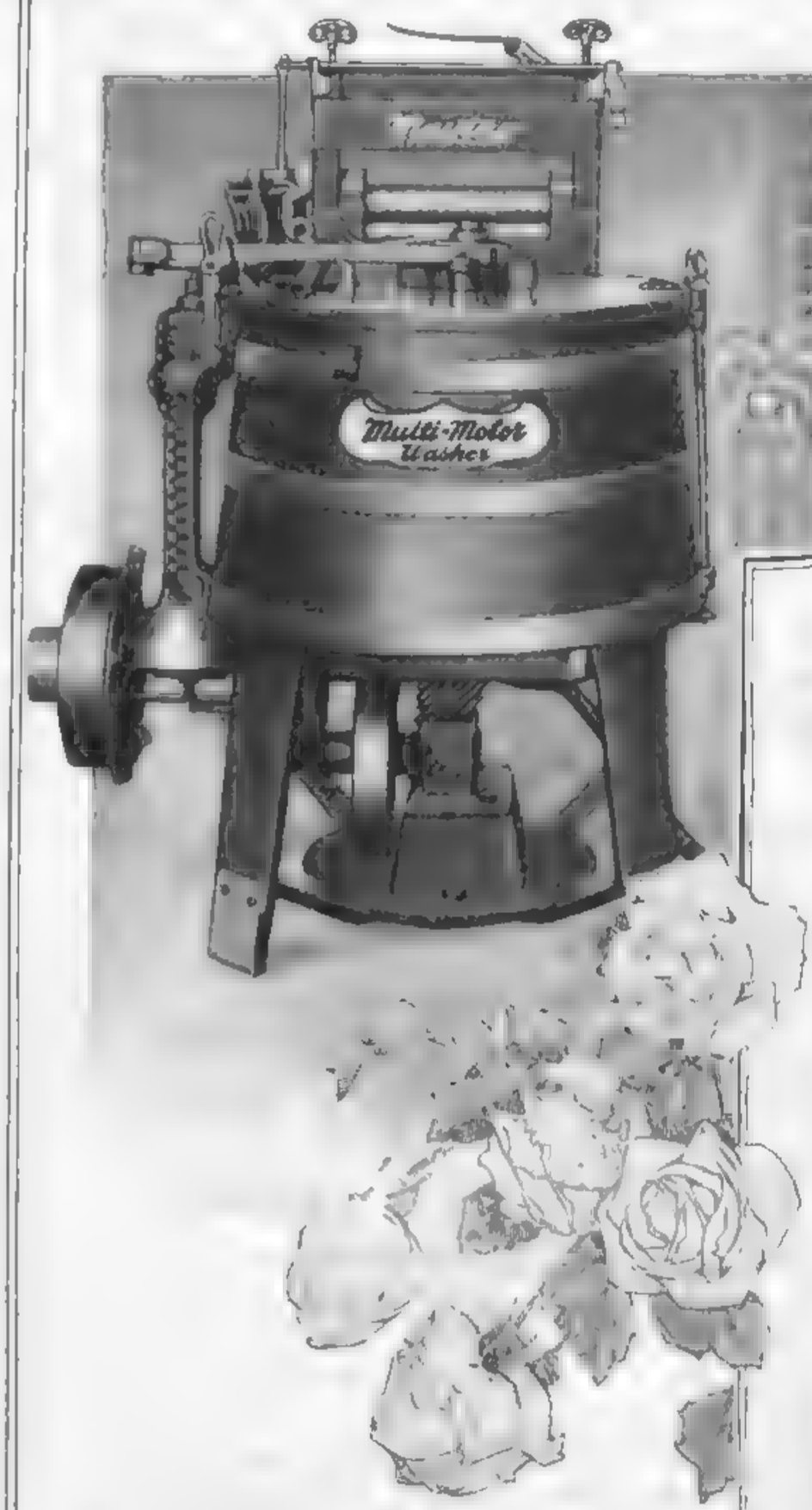

A Fitting Gift To The War Day Bride

The urgencies of the hour suggest practical economies in home-making. To conserve time and labor is a patriotic obligation of the American housewife. Now, more than ever, *the ownership of a washing machine is a domestic duty.* On the farms and in communities where electric service is unobtainable or limited, the

Maytag
Multi-Motor Washer
with
Swinging Reversible Wringer

is accepted as the ideal exponent of laundering efficiency. Always ready for service anywhere—in the laundry, on the porch or in a convenient, shaded spot out of doors. No matter when or where you want to wash, the little built-in engine—the Multi-Motor—supplies the power. Like the Maytag Electric Washer, it has established a standard of accomplishment that is actually and visibly present.

The Maytag Laundry Manual suggests many thoughts of helpfulness to the home-maker. It's free.

Address Dept. 259.

The little built-in Multi-Motor is an engine designed and constructed for woman's use

The Maytag Company
Newton-Iowa

TOWARD MORNING

(Continued from Page 19)

The Mannheimer did not answer, and they sank into a brooding, exasperated silence.

Helmut lay with his face in his arms, trying to hide from the mingled stench of straw and dirty bodies and saturated clothing. The wet cold had eaten through to his bones, but in the very heart of him there was still a flicker of life—of something that thought and reacted to exterior stimulus. And strangely enough it was the Mannheimer who kept the flame alive. Helmut had seen the would-be rebel's face in that brief firelight. They had exchanged glances significant, deadly. The sunken, burning eyes had stared back into his with a tragic triumph—with the look of a man who has come through shame and anguish to some releasing, expiating purpose.

"You wait!" it had said. "You wait! You shan't jeer at me again!"

In the dead quiet of the village street the thud of marching feet sounded ominous. It came nearer; it stopped to the rattle of grounded arms. The listeners rolled over with a stifled cursing.

"The patrol!"

The door flew open and a lighted lantern flashed searchingly over their dazed faces. An underofficer followed on the heels of the lieutenant, who had evidently left the feast to carry out this last irksome duty. The splash of mud on his patent-leather boots enhanced their brilliancy. He brought in with him the warm scent of wine and cigars.

"*Auf-stehen!*"

They lurched stiffly, with agony—to their feet. All but one. And he did not move. He sat with his back to the wooden wall, his arms clasped about his knees, his face a white wet mask in the light. A queer little smile twitched at the corners of his tight lips.

The underofficer stumbled over the straw toward him.

"Get up! What's the matter with you? Are you drunk, or mad, or what?"

"I've had enough. That's why I'm not getting up. I've been driven like a beast. In the name of my suffering comrades over the whole world—I protest!"

The voice was high-pitched and quavering. It was terror-wracked. Yet he sat there. The underofficer made a movement of sheer helplessness. He was more than half afraid of that set, wild staring figure. Only madness could explain it. And he had met madness before after the maneuvers.

The lieutenant motioned him imperiously aside. He was young, and the cruel march and deep drinking had inflamed his temper. He was going to make an example—prove to himself perhaps that he could uphold his authority like a veteran.

"Get up!" he said quietly and dangerously. "Get up!"

The Mannheimer glanced across at the pale line of tense watching faces. He sought out Helmut, the same smile of childish triumph about his mouth. He did not move.

"Get up! Do you hear? For the last time ——"

The lieutenant kicked the crouching figure with his delicately shod foot.

Then grotesquely—like a jack-in-the-box released by its spring—the Mannheimer bounded up. His arms whirled. His flat open hand struck full across the lieutenant's face.

It was as though a hidden mine had been exploded under their feet. In the falling dust and débris they heard the shrill rasp of steel—a light flashed up. But before it fell Helmut lurched between. He flung himself upon the frantic soldier, bearing him down, pinning him to the ground. In a strange convulsive embrace they held each other.

When at last they were dragged apart the Lieutenant's sword had slipped back into its sheath.

It was quite still now. They dared not look at one another. Something had been shattered—something that had seemed fundamental and inevitable. For the moment authority, rank and caste were wiped out. They were like men struggling out of the ruins of a fallen house, asking themselves: "What has happened? Who are we? What remains?"

There was disaster in the dark, evil-smelling atmosphere. Only the Mannheimer seemed unconscious of it. He looked about him vaguely, seeing no one until his eyes met Helmut's, and then his brows twitched with a kind of pathetic puzzlement.

The lieutenant's hand lay clenched white on the hilt of the sword he had drawn too late. He was a mere boy now—a boy who had played clumsily with a machine that had no mercy on clumsiness. He knew, and the men whom he commanded, and the underofficer, who stood baffled and horror-stricken beside him, knew that there could be no mercy.

The red stain was spreading over the bloodless cheek. Twice he tried to speak. His lips quivered with the effort. They could almost hear the sob in his throat.

And at last it was the underofficer who blustered out an order.

Two soldiers from the patrol closed in smartly on either side of their prisoner.

"*Vorwärts!*"

The door slammed to and they were again in darkness. They crouched down in the wet straw, listening.

The interminable waltz music from across the way flowed over the dull receding footsteps.

XII

THE next day they were marched back. It seemed to Helmut that the light in him had gone out finally. He had become a mere physical organism that moved at a word and stopped at a word—that hungered savagely for food and rest and for vague, unnamable things. The desire of them writhed like newly hatched serpents at the bottom of his darkness.

He stood at the gates of the barracks and stared brutishly in front of him, brooding over nothing. He still suffered—suffered even acutely as a paralytic suffers in the first hours of atrophy—but he did not know that he was suffering. His mind registered no emotion. He could not have taken a decision—could not have moved suddenly to save himself. Yet when a gray-coated figure turned in at the *Kaserne* gates he stiffened sharply, and the middle finger of each hand found the outer seam of his trousers in a lightning reaction.

Lieutenant Müller glanced at him and stopped.

"Why, you're the fellow I've been thinking about. We want extra help at the *Liebesmahl* to-night. You you seemed to me the sort of fellow who knows how things are done. Do you think you could lend a hand without disaster?"

"*Jawohl, Herr Leutnant.*"

"Good! Report yourself to the mess sergeant. Tell him I sent you."

"*Jawohl, Herr Leutnant.*"

The other did not pass on. He stood there with a set, earnest expression on his pleasant face. It was almost as though he were trying to overcome a certain embarrassment.

"Look here!" he jerked out suddenly. "You don't belong in this *galère*. I can see that. You're educated—different. Why aren't you an *Einjähriger?*"

"I failed—three times, *Herr Leutnant.*"

"Ah, yes yes." He dug his hands deep into the pockets of his greatcoat, shivering a little. "Pretty rough for you, eh?"

Helmut did not answer quickly. He shrank from the question as from a surgeon's knife.

He was afraid—resentful. Why was this man, this officer, trying to make him feel and remember—when he had almost forgotten? He stared stolidly.

"*Jawohl, Herr Leutnant.*"

"*Ach! Um Gottes willen*, answer like a human being for once! It's my duty to know something about you. I asked you a question, Fehe."

Helmut set his teeth sullenly. This stranger could probe and dig as much as he liked. He should not get through. He should not hurt. If there was a living nerve left he should not find it.

"I don't know what the *Herr Leutnant* means."

Then his interrogator looked at him—so straightly, with so much goodness that he faltered.

"It was bad at first, *Herr Leutnant.* One gets accustomed ——"

"Hardened, you mean. And that's bad. These other fellows—they're living about their own level, some of them. They'll come out all the better for it. But you'll be roughened—as the best must be. It won't do. Remember—you've got to go back to your own life."

Comfort

In Every Position and Posture

"Our experience with Men's Underwear has taught us that the DROP SEAT Union Suit is the most comfortable form of Underwear a man can wear."

Statement from one of America's Largest Department Stores

Imperial TRADE MARK

"DROP SEAT" Union Suits

Made both in loose fitting Athletic styles—Nainsooks, Soisette, silk mixtures and other woven fabrics—and in light weight knitted fabrics—Lisles, Mercerized Lisles and summer weight worsteds.

The "DROP SEAT" construction does away with the necessity of closing the openings with double thicknesses or folds of cloth and eliminates all possibility of chafing.

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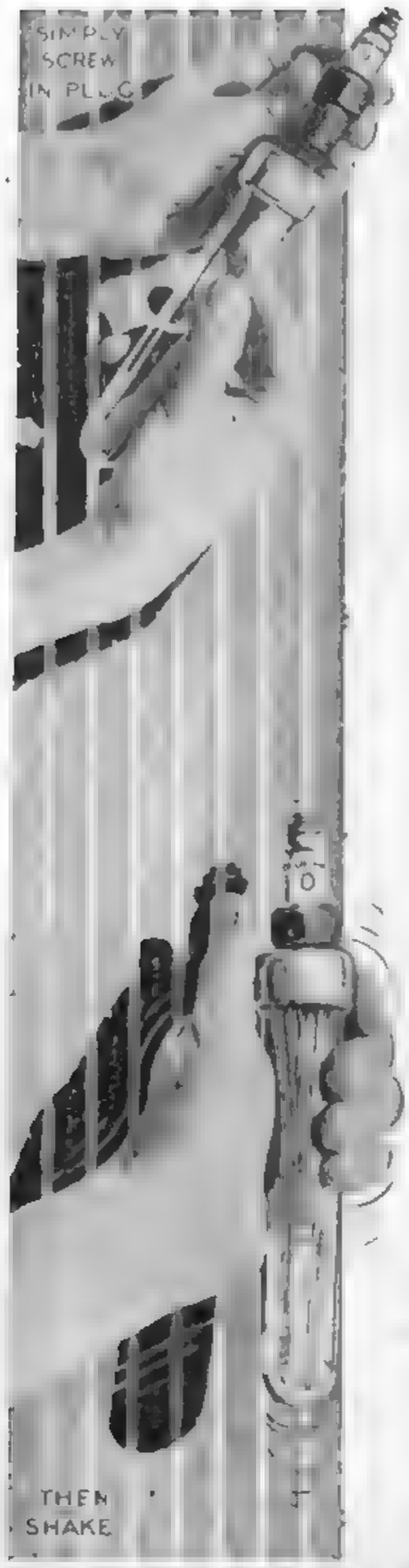
THE IMPERIAL UNDERWEAR COMPANY

Piqua, Ohio



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"Minute"
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Cleaner

Cleaning Spark Plugs
—a Quick, Clean Way to Do a Long, Mean Job

Don't take the plugs apart and scrub and scrape to *half* clean them—and thoroughly soil your hands and clothes.

Let little flying needles, loose in the tube of a Champion Cleaner, do the work.

Just half fill the tube of the cleaner with gasoline, screw the spark plug into the socket at the top, and shake vigorously—that's all.

Your plugs will be cleaner than you could possibly get them in the old scrub-and-scrape way—and in a jiffy.

Any garage man or dealer in auto supplies will sell you a Champion Minute Spark Plug Cleaner for 75 cents (a dollar in Canada).

It comes in a neat wooden box that packs snugly away in your tool case.

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NEW KIND OF PIPE
At Last! A pipe that removes the cause of moisture-laden residue. The drilled in the only pipe that loads from bottom and has straight open cylinder in place of curved, closed bowl. No place for a heel to form.
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We will buy it and pay you a good price for it. Wouldn't you like $50.00 extra in June?

Scores of spare-time representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will earn more than $50.00 this month.

Why not you too? You need not invest a single penny to learn all about our plan. Experience is unnecessary. Profits begin at once. Just clip the coupon and mail it today.

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He had found the nerve—at one sure glance. And it was alive. It hurt incredibly. It was like coming back out of a narcotic to the bitter knowledge of pain and disfigurement. And yet under those loyal, friendly eyes Helmut came back gladly. There was something sweet, almost voluptuous in this surrender to the other's will.

"I haven't anything to go back to, *Herr Leutnant.*"

"Your people?"

"They don't know what to do with me. They're ashamed."

"You must make them proud. And anyhow, there's yourself. If yourself isn't ashamed ——"

He broke off. Perhaps he remembered who he was—what his brother officers would say if they heard. Perhaps just for that moment he, too, was afraid. And for just so long they stood there, staring at each other, a pace's distance between them, two boys, almost of an age, oddly alike with their fair round faces, divided by a gulf which by the law of caste they must not cross. The *Leutnant* lifted his head sharply.

"Next year you can be my orderly if you choose," he said. "Then I could make things easier for you. I could lend you books—and things; help you. You'd be in my quarters. Only"—a youthful sternness hardened his glance—"only it's for you to choose. You'll have to show that you want it. You know what I mean. If you let yourself go now, in a year's time you'll be finished. You've got to keep your soul alive. It will be hard going. You'll have to hold out alone."

Outwardly they were just officer and man. Helmut had not moved. He stood rigidly at attention. But all the thwarted affection, all the passionate idealism and hero worship of youth was in his throat as he answered:

"*Herr Leutnant*—I'd do anything—put up with anything—I'd be glad—if only there was something to work for—I'd ——"

He could have fallen on his knees and kissed the other's hand. He would have died for him. Perhaps the little *Leutnant* knew, for he turned away, blushing hotly.

"Until next year, then, Feldo!"

"Until next year, *Herr Leutnant!*"

"And to-night you serve in the mess?"

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Leutnant!*"

A faint, rather bitter smile twitched at the corners of the officer's mouth. He nodded and passed on quickly. But Helmut stood and watched him until the slight gray figure had faded like a wraith into the dusk.

The dinner was over. The mess orderlies moved about briskly, clearing the long table, carrying liqueurs and coffee. Chairs were pushed back. The harsh ceremoniousness of the earlier hours was relaxed. Men lounged comfortably in their places. A fragrant amethyst veil of smoke rose up like incense, through which a portrait of Bismarck looked down inscrutably.

"No; it's a pity our good comrades from Karlstadt cannot take a beating," Major von Schönau remarked. "All this fuss about detail strikes me as unsportsmanlike. Because some fellow drops down with heart failure and another goes off his head doesn't alter the fact that we beat them. If it had been a question of maneuvering for a position in wartime we should have won."

"Undoubtedly." The colonel, at the head of the table, shrugged his broad shoulders. "But you know what *Majestät* is—it's the all-round standard that counts. Two links in our chain snapped, and it will go against us in *Majestät's* opinion. You will see that I am right."

The conversation drifted down the table to the subalterns.

"Good Lord! All that swot for nothing!"

"And to-morrow the old grind again."

"Drilling blockheads that can't tell their right foot from their left and don't know how to use a pocket handkerchief!"

There was a laugh.

"Rehearsing a play that never comes off!" the red-faced major muttered bitterly. "That's what soldiering means these days."

Hauptmann von Theobald patted him on the shoulder with a slim white hand.

"Just wait a little, my friend. It will come"

"You think so? Ah, yes, for our sons' sons. Meantime we rot here in this Godforsaken hole—in a ghastly monotony of routine that is idiotic unless it leads to war; not even able to relax in it—with not a soul to speak to but ourselves—not even able to live with our families, because no family could be brought up in such a place; rotting in soul and mind—for nothing. To no purpose. And when we've given our best years—when we're too old, too petrified to be anything else—we get a blue envelope dropped on our breakfast table and we know that *Majestät* is grateful for our services but has had enough of them."

A silence answered the bitter tirade. The younger men half smiled, but there was an uneasy, irritable look on the faces of their seniors. The one commoner among them leaned forward eagerly.

"The truth is that soldiers, unless they are fighting, are a sort of organized lunatics," he said. "We spend our days doing things that have no sense in them. If we have a talent for anything intelligent or beautiful we have to suppress it and suppress it in others. Von Liebenau there has a voice that would have taken him all over Europe, and he has to crack it on parade. Von Theobald is an artist, but if he dared to paint a picture that was worth anything he would be ruined as a soldier; and quite rightly, because nobody with an artist's mind could do futile, ugly things intelligently. It is the same with everything. A soldier is simply a negation."

They were silent a moment, turning to him with an overemphasized consideration.

"Except when he is fighting," Von Steuban observed with his Berlin drawl. "You made that reservation yourself, *mein Lieber.* When he is fighting he is the high priest of his country. And we shall fight! This is only the preparation."

"But when—whom, in heaven's name?" Müller exclaimed.

"Soon—and perhaps everybody. You cannot go on sharpening a sword forever. If you do, the time comes when it will snap in your hands. Our government knows that. There are signs already that if we do not fight soon it will be too late. At present we are firmly welded—of one mind; but to-morrow—who knows?"

"Why should we fight at all?"

There was again the silence, the invisible stiffening. Von Steuban laughed.

"Our friend is trying to tell us that we are anachronisms as well as lunatics and negations," he said. He leaned his elbow on the table, his long chin in his hand. "He forgets that it is quite open to every man who feels that he has wasted himself to take off the king's coat to-morrow."

Müller moved sharply in his place, and the eyes of the two men met and held. The red-faced major interposed noisily.

"Well, and who is our next whetstone to be? France? We should beat her, eh?"

"*Aber gluit!*"

"Russia?"

"A tottering Colossus."

"Both together?"

"So much the better."

"England?"

"Ah!"

They considered the point gravely, dispassionately. The colonel broke the silence with his harsh strong voice.

"The English are great fighters," he said. "They are brave. But they are stupid. No, that is inaccurate. They like to seem stupid and they have pretended so long and so well that the appearance is almost as good as a reality. To be efficient in England is to be bad form—not quite the gentleman. It shows too much eagerness—too much interest. The English people like to bungle a thing two or three times just to show that they don't really care. Then they put their back into it. When they've won they say: 'You see—we can't help winning when we try.' Of course, it's expensive; but then, that just emphasizes the inexhaustibility of their wealth."

"If they blunder against us ——" Von Schönau put in.

The colonel smiled.

"Exactly. Then that will be rather different. That will be very expensive indeed. Very painful even."

"Nevertheless, they are to be taken seriously. They are sportsmen."

"And we are in deadly earnest. One cannot be both. To be a sportsman one must be sufficiently detached to see the other side of the argument. In war one must be passionate. War is not a game."

"They are tough," Von Schönau persisted.

"So are we. They don't think so. They think they are the only people who can be

(Continued on Page 97)

MUNGER
"Always Tight" Piston Rings

The MUNGER "ALWAYS TIGHT" EXPANSION JOINT

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A ring so easy to install that anyone can slip it over the Munger Ring Insertion Tool without breakage or trouble of any kind.

A ring that will give you increased power, greater speed, smoother running, a lower gasoline consumption and an unusual freedom from excess carbon.

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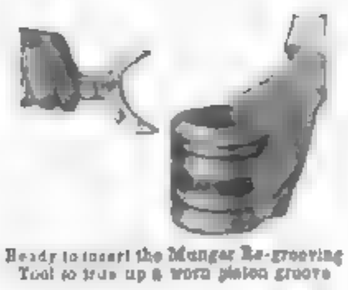
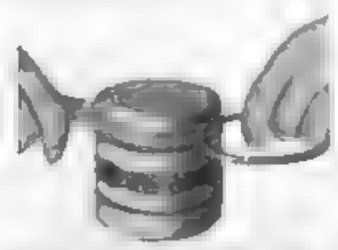


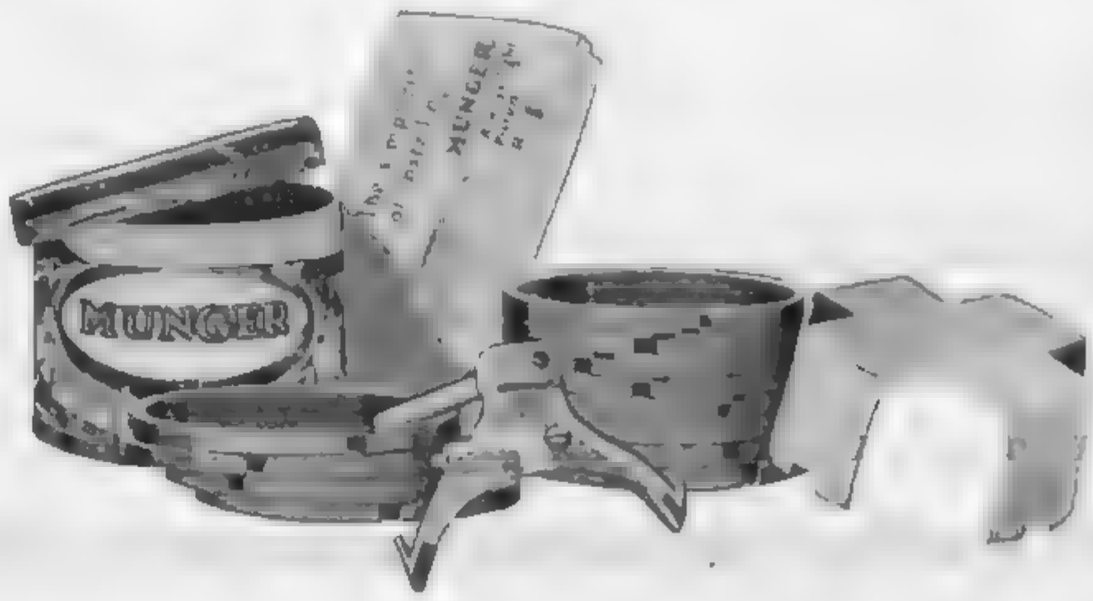
Ready to insert the Munger Re-grooving Tool to true up a worn piston groove



The Munger Re-grooving Tool in position for cutting. Testing width of groove with an overwidth ring

Showing how easily Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings can be placed in the piston grooves with the Munger Ring Insertion Tool

Get them from your accessory dealer or garage man. List price for all sizes up to 3¾ in. diameter, $1.25 per ring.
With each complete outfit of rings a *Munger Piston Re-grooving Tool* and a *Munger Ring Insertion Tool* are supplied without extra charge.



The MUNGER "ALWAYS TIGHT" PISTON RING OUTFIT—

8 Always Tight Rings
4 Always Tight Rings Over Width
1 Regrooving Tool
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Chains—Which?

Will you put them on your tires?
—or have ***the Law*** put them on your wrists?

For ***you*** are to blame if your car skids. ***You*** are responsible if it swings into a pedestrian.

Knowing how to drive a car means knowing its limitations.

A chainless car on a slippery pavement is an uncertain car. ***You are expected to know this and be prepared.***

Make your choice now—or Fate may make it for you.

Put chains on your tires.

Safety! For pedestrians, for yourself.

—Take Care!

A campaign against Death and Disability by accident

This advertising is done in an effort to conserve life and promote efficiency by the following Manufacturing Interests, Financial Institutions, Public Service Corporations, Insurance Companies, Firms and Individuals:

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B. T. Babbitt, New York, N. Y., Soap, Cleanser, Soap Powder and Lye.

Above is a reduction of a page advertisement that appeared in The New York Evening Post—one of a series supported by leading business concerns and individuals whose object is to protect and conserve human life.

The above injunction to Mr. Motorist by the conservative, unselfish, far-seeing business men is of the same spirit that inspires the advertisements of Weed Tire Chains which prevent thousands of accidents and save thousands of lives.

For a number of years we have advertised the fact that the chief cause of automobile accidents is skidding and that Tire Chains are the only mechanical device that is absolutely dependable to make slippery roads safe. But printers' ink does not seem to make any impression on some drivers.

Only two things can reach and weed out the driver who persists in driving with chainless tires on wet-slippery-skiddy roads—fear of the law and the mighty power of public opinion. Help us ***chain*** him to safety.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Incorporated

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

(Continued from Page 94)

defeated without being broken. They are mistaken. So much the worse for them."

"It will be a bitter struggle."

"Undoubtedly. For them it is life or death; for us it is a question of now or later."

The major lifted his liqueur glass.

"Well, may it be soon—before they push me on to the scrap heap!" he said, twinkling good-humoredly.

"Like poor Leiprandt," Von Theobald remarked. "He sent in his papers last night. He cried like a child."

"He was only a child," Müller said quietly. He still leaned forward a little, his hands clasped as though he were struggling for self-possession. His eyes sparkled and there was a feverish color in his cheeks. Across the table Von Steuban watched him, smiling faintly and steadily, so that his lean face was like a mask.

"He did the only possible thing," he said.

"Why?" Müller flashed out. "What was his crime? A delirious soldier struck him? Was that his fault? Why should his whole career be blasted?"

"The *Herr Kamerad* is very full of whys to-night," Von Steuban interrupted amusedly. "One might almost imagine oneself in the Reichstag, listening to a socialist interpolation. True, the blow was not Leiprandt's fault—though a more experienced officer might have prevented it. But the blow having been dealt, he had only one course open to him: He had to punish instantly—effectively. He should have run the fellow through."

"A madman? Damnable!"

"Ah, you think so? Yet the king's regulations are explicit on that point; Leiprandt failed to protect his uniform and his honor."

"An honor that is so easily insulted is no honor at all."

A ripple of movement passed down the length of the table. An undercurrent, invisible on the flat surface of their boredom and discontent, had none the less been carrying them forward to the edge of a cataract. Subconsciously at least they had felt this moment coming. They stiffened to meet it, turning their imperturbable faces to the two men who waited on each other's moves in unmasked antagonism. And in their attitude there was something prepared, expectant, almost eager.

"One would think our friend had been studying Bebel," Von Steuban murmured—"if one could think such a thing of a Prussian officer."

"*Meine Herren! Meine Herren!*"

But for once the harsh voice carried no authority. Leutnant Müller had not moved. He spoke quietly, very distinctly.

"I did not surrender my intelligence or my conscience when I put on the king's coat," he said. "I say it would have been damnable to have killed a sick, exasperated man. A law that insists on such an act is a bad law."

Perhaps he knew then—suddenly—that they were prepared. He looked about him, meeting their expressionless, unflinching stare with a flash of understanding.

"Ah!" he said under his breath.

And now Von Steuban moved. He had been hovering—waiting. He dropped like a hawk:

"Then in your opinion, *Herr Kamerad*, the life of a swine of a socialist is worth more than the honor of your regiment?"

"I respect life more than a fetish."

"Ah, our uniform is a fetish? Is the *Herr Kamerad* sure that the fetish fits him?"

Their voices were hushed, and yet in the tense stillness they sounded overloud—brutal. Von Steuban waited. The young man opposite him had turned white to the lips, but he had not flinched. So they remained facing each other for an interminable minute.

"You meant that, Herr von Steuban?"

"I have said nothing that I regret."

"Von Theobald, will you act for me?"

The good-looking captain assented courteously.

Müller rose. He stood for a moment in his place, very straight and slender in the close-fitting uniform. His face was faintly flushed again, but pinched and old looking.

"With your permission, *Herr Oberst*."

He bowed and they bowed back to him, gravely, ceremoniously. Helmut held the door open and he passed out, leaving behind him an unbroken silence.

An orderly caught Helmut up as he went down the servants' steps of the casino.

"The Herr Leutnant Müller says you're to drive out with me in the *Krumper-Wagen*," he panted—"to-morrow morning at daybreak—seven o'clock."

Helmut nodded dully.

"All right."

"You can come round half an hour before and help me harness up," the man added with a wink.

"Yes, yes. I'll come."

But he hardly knew that he had spoken. He was listening to a voice that said over and over again:

"And we'll get our little Müller out soon—freeze him out or kick him out—somehow—you'll see!"

And so when the first gray light broke over the distant hills the ramshackle old *Krumper-Wagen* with its occupants rattled over the cobbles of the *Kaserne Hof* and two tired sentries presented arms. A few minutes more and the little town was rubbing its sleepy eyes behind them and they were out in the open country.

It had been raining in the night, but now the gray mantle of clouds was wearing thin. In the air there was a keen sweetness—a breath of spring blew over the furrowed fields.

Helmut sat on the box beside the orderly. The carriage was open, and in his mind's eye he saw the *Leutnant*, wrapped in his long military cloak, with his two companions facing him. He could hear their voices, calm and untroubled—the casual everyday comments, as though nothing had happened—as though nothing ever could happen.

The Zigéuner-Wald lay about a mile outside the town. Helmut knew it well. A clearing had been cut through its heart and twice a week they were marched out there for musketry practice. Though it was quite small and insignificant, to Helmut it had always seemed the most beautiful wood in the world. When he had first seen it it had been a green pool in the hot ugly plain, and he had run into it like a thirsty desert wanderer, drinking its shadow gratefully. Then the autumn had come and burnished it to a bronze shield. He remembered the pungent flavor of decay, the mellow tang in the mists that had hung over the golden floor. And now in the last days of winter only the fir trees remained clothed in their old dress. They stood out somberly—a little plebeian—amidst the austere loveliness of barren branches.

Another carriage had arrived before them and a group of men waited at the foot of a great beech tree. They stopped talking as the newcomers alighted and two of them detached themselves from the rest and came forward, saluting.

Leutnant Müller's companions advanced to meet them and they stood together in calm consultation. Presently both parties returned to their places. The *Leutnant* slipped off his cloak and tossed it into the carriage. He wore a gray Letewka, and the short close-fitting jacket made him look even younger.

He nodded to the soldier on the box.

"You won't forget, Johann?"

"*Ach, nein, nein, Herr Leutnant*—but God forbid!"

He smiled at both of them. His blue eyes lingered rather sadly on Helmut, and for a moment he seemed about to speak, but he said nothing and turned and joined his companions.

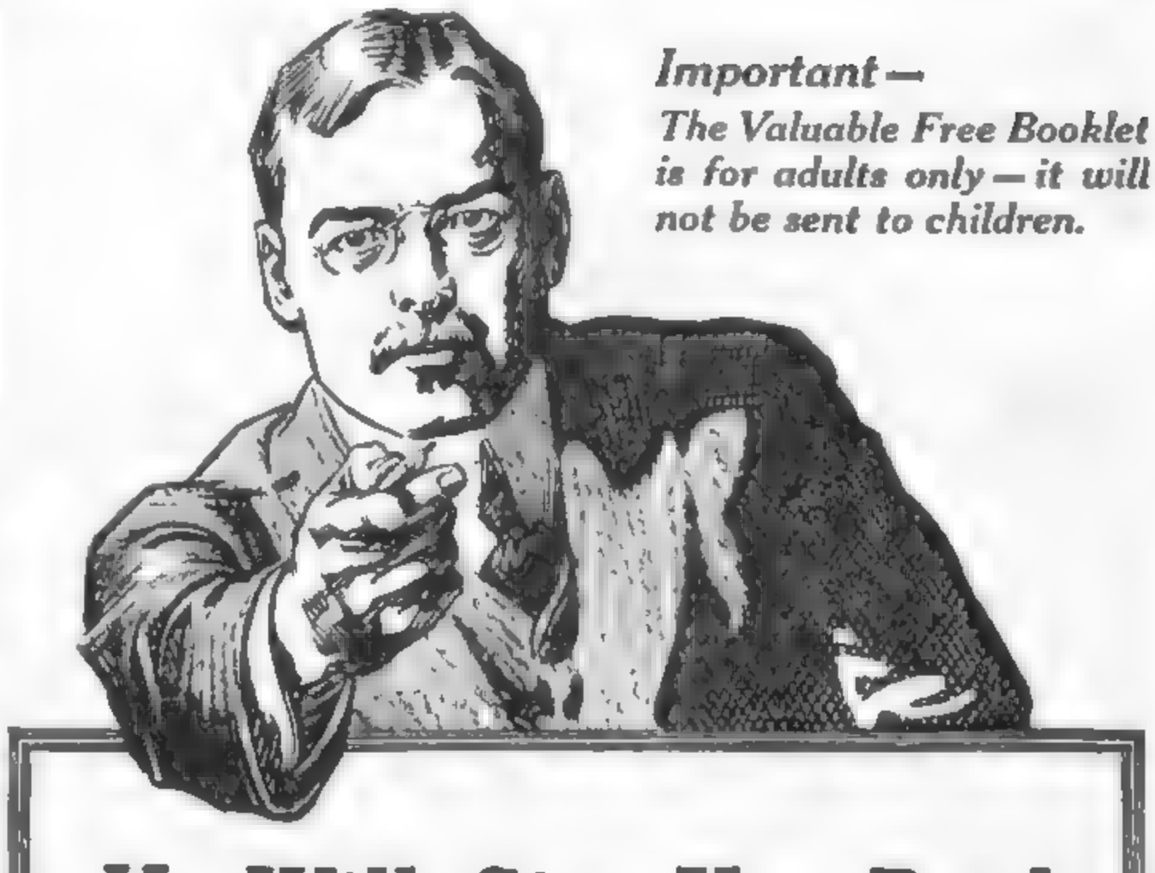
It was very still. Yet when one listened every now and then a sound fluttered up—the soft jingle of harness, the thud of an impatient hoof, the cracking of a twig under some mysterious tread. The moisture from the overhanging branches dripped with a silver-toned splash onto the dead leaves. A pale, rain-washed sunlight shone behind the gray fretwork. It painted the stark stems of the trees with luminous color. One saw for the first time that the sap was rising.

There was life in the stillness—the first stirrings of a sleeper.

The orderly moaned to himself:

"*Ach, Gott! Ach, Gott!* If it is only not my young gentleman—*so'n braver junger Herr!*"

The thick tears rolled down his cheeks and he rubbed them away shamefacedly with his rough red hand. "He is so good to me. And look here! He gave me a letter before we set out—to me—as though I had been a friend. He might have given it to a brother officer, but no. 'Johann,' he said, 'Johann, you'll post this if it's necessary. It's to my mother.' Look, here it is, I carry it in my tunic."



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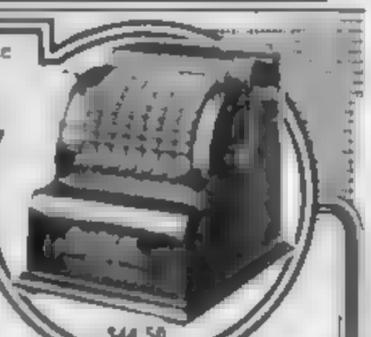

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Helmut glanced at the inscription. "To the *Frau Doktor* Müller." He thought: "If we had lived in the same town my mother might have known her. They might have talked together about their sons and of the plans they were making for them."

He began to imagine what she was like. Gray-haired and little, grown hard, perhaps, with life, like his mother. Or happy and pretty. Yes, surely the mother of the *Leutnant* would be happy and pretty—and proud, too, that her son should be an officer in the Forty-fifth among such fine people. She was asleep now, dreaming no evil, not knowing what the fine people were doing to her son.

The orderly gripped his arm so that his fingers met through the flesh. An instinct must have warned him, for a full minute passed before the thud fell. They sat rigid, staring blindly. And now there was no other sound in the whole world. A second thud came—after an eternity of time—and it was quite different. It was deliberate—ominous. It echoed interminably.

"*Ach, Gott! Ach, Gott!* My young gentleman! My poor young gentleman!"

Suddenly Helmut noticed a tiny sparkle of green amid the dead leaves. In a few weeks the children would come here and gather *Maienglöckchen.* He remembered how he and his mother and father and Heini and Schnäutzchen had gone out to gather *Maienglöckchen,* and how his father had explained things to him:

"You see, the sap is like our blood."

Two officers strolled out from among the trees; they were still talking calmly. One of them motioned to Helmut and his companion, and they jumped down and began to close the carriage.

Helmut knew then.

But he had known from the beginning.

And presently two more officers followed and they carried the *Leutnant* between them. Behind at a discreet distance walked Von Steuban with his friends and the regimental doctor. They, too, were talking. It was as though they had come back from a day's sport.

Helmut saw the *Leutnant* before they laid him back among the cushions. He was pale, but very untroubled. There was a little round hole in the middle of his forehead.

His comrades stood together for a moment.

"He fired high—deliberately."

"That was his affair."

"I shall report myself at once at headquarters," Von Steuban said.

Von Theobald bowed.

"You will permit me to accompany you. As *Herr Leutnant* Müller's second I should like to assure the court that the proceedings were perfectly in order."

"*Tadellos!*"

"In every respect."

They saluted each other in mutual congratulation.

And so they drove the *Leutnant* home. The *Krumper-Wagen* bumped and rattled over the cobbles. It was a disgraceful old bone shaker, and they drove with painful caution, as though in its dark recess someone were asleep.

And Johann cried. The tears splashed on to his tunic and made big stains on the blue cloth.

But Helmut did not cry. His eyes were empty—stupid looking.

■■■

THERE were five of them, with the red-faced soldier in charge, and they had reached a squalid, tight-lipped house on the outskirts of the town when Helmut overtook them. He had been running. His eyes were red-rimmed and bloodshot and his breath came in hard jerks. It was as though he had been trying to escape from someone.

"Wait! Wait!" he shouted at them.

They stopped, considering him with dislike and distrust.

"Well, what do you want, anyhow?"

"I—I saw you going along—I wanted—I thought—p'r'aps you'd let me come with you. I'd like to come."

"Oh, yes, and spy things out and sneak on us."

"No—of course not! I wouldn't. I swear it!"

"You were too damn superior to come before."

"I know—I was a silly fool. I didn't realize. The fact is—it's—It's so lonely—I can't stand being alone any more. I can't! I can't!"

His voice was high and strained. It made them laugh.

"Well, we don't want any gentleman spoil-sports and pie-faces."

He came close to them. He winked. There was something horrible and pitiful about it—like a child copying an obscene gesture that it does not understand.

"I'm not a gentleman—or a pie-face. I'll prove it. I'll show you. Only I'm not going to be alone any more. I won't! Only let me come too. Look here—I've got some money—I'll stand treat—anything you like—the whole lot of you!"

They grinned back at him, their spite against him gratified, not disarmed. They were equals now—more than equals, for he was cringing to them.

"Well, you've changed your tune and no mistake!"

"Yes—I know. I've told you—I'm sorry."

The door of the secretive looking house had opened like a mouth and an evil breath struck into the clean air, carrying with it a hoarse murmur of voices—a woman's high, hysterical giggle—the scraping of a violin.

"Want to be one of us, eh?"

"Yes—that's it; not alone."

The red-faced soldier slapped him on the shoulder, blinking triumphantly.

"Well, come on then! Show what you can do, comrade!"

They pushed into the dirty passage, arm in arm, and the rest followed, laughing and nudging one another.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Store Improvements

FOR years it has been a common belief that the department-store clerk was an underpaid, undernourished little girl, heart weary and footsore. This impression has been fostered by numerous plays, movies, stories and various forms of socialistic publicity. Of course the welfare director had known this—known it to be far from the truth, as a general rule; but he had not stopped to think of the physical impression a clerk who was naturally pale would make in somber black. It pinched her features and took the blood from her lips.

A customer told the welfare director about another remark. "Your store looks like a wonderfully efficient funeral to me!" a woman had said. "I know it's a uniform, and all for the best; but all that black frightens me. It scares me!"

Further investigation proved that, despite other advantages, it did not fit into the decorations and color scheme of more than half a dozen departments. The all-black uniform was gradually eliminated, and to-day in this store a plain white wash waist, with a separate skirt, may be worn without the wearer being sent home for a change of apparel. As a result, there is a lack of background and of a certain measure of uniformity, dear to the heart of many uplifters of the poor little clerk; but there can be no question about the fact that this store is a brighter and more cheerful place in which to spend money. It is proving it every day.

The manager spent something like twenty thousand dollars in arranging a sort of arcade for men on the first floor of the house, with two separate entrances, just because the average man dislikes to promenade through a department store. Instead of the light green of the rest of the first floor, the color scheme is darker and the fixtures are of the darkest mahogany.

No female of the species will try to sell him a pink necktie when he craves a black, for there are no female clerks in the department. Two separate doors allow him to slip in for an extra collar or a new shirt without feeling that a thousand pairs of female eyes are following him—and for some reason finding him funny! If it is shoes or a suit, a private stairway, marked, by some expert in psychology, "Men Only!" leads him to the second floor. To-day there is more male trade in male apparel in this store than in any other two department stores in town.

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About four o'clock when the heat of the street is still beating in through the office window, what item of his early morning start will count most for a steady temper and a cheerful finish to the day? His Chalmers air-cooled underwear

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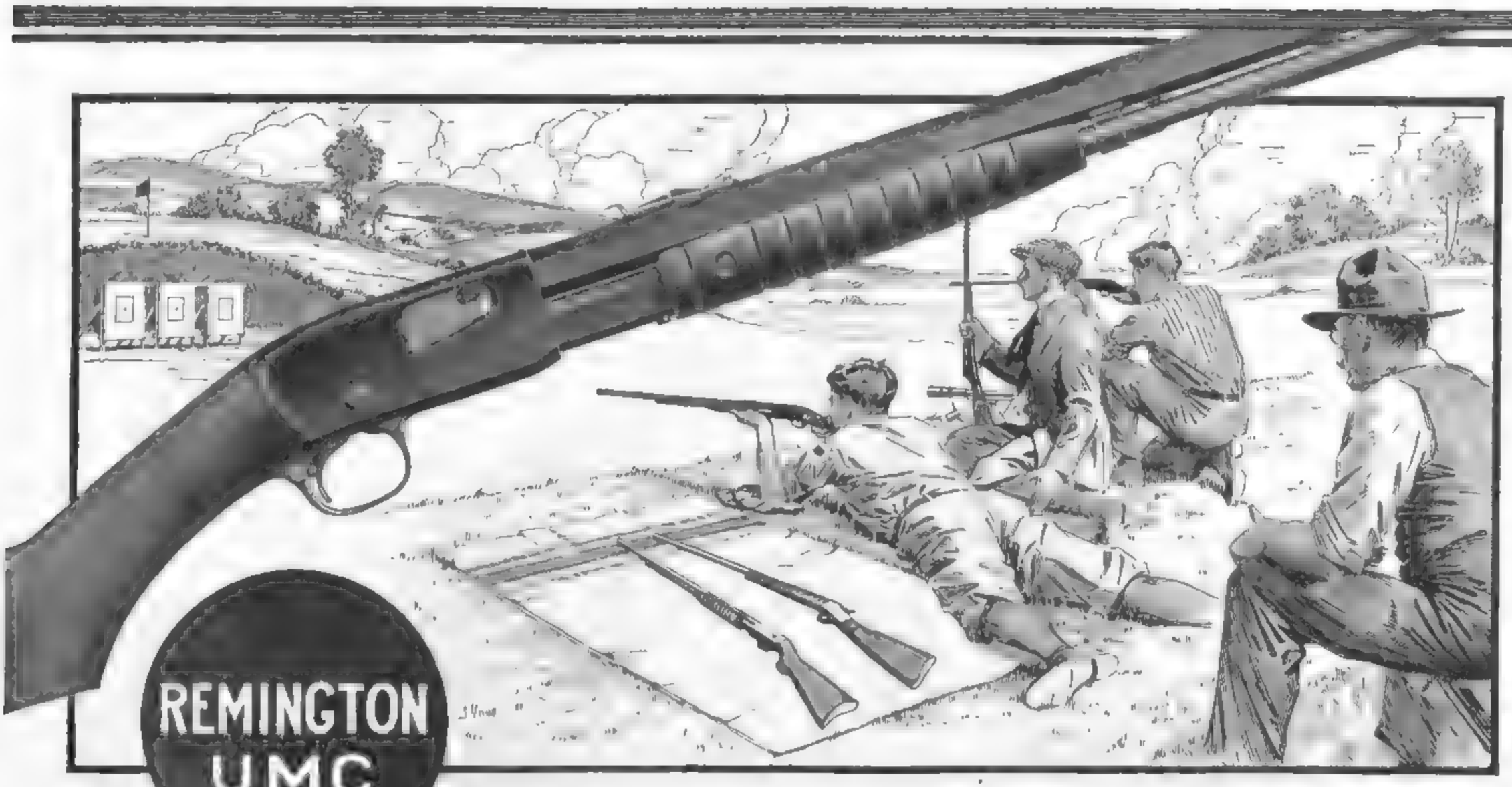


Official Government Honors Now Offered .22-Rifle Shooters

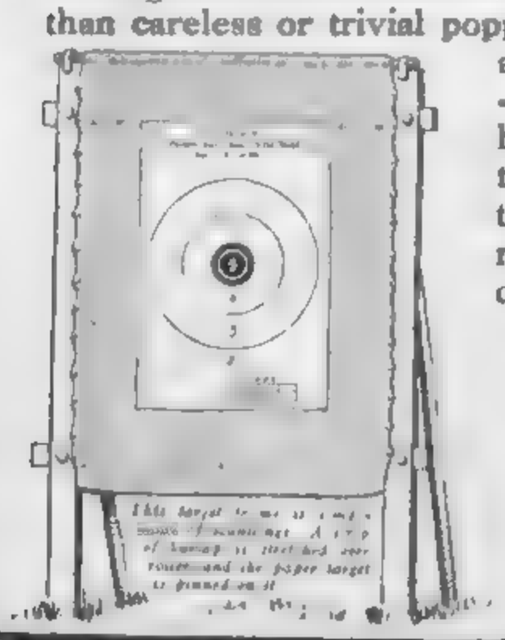
THE National Rifle Association has just officially announced the new *Small-Bore Course for outdoor shooting with the .22 caliber rifle.*

The new Small-Bore Course is open to every *civilian* American of 16 years and older, and those who qualify as Marksmen, Sharpshooters or Experts will be awarded the same high official decorations as the crack shots with the United States Military Rifle.

WHEN you first got your .22 rifle, you probably found a good bit of fun in just shooting at any chance target—a bit of paper stuck up on a tree, an old bottle, or a tin can by the roadside. But that kind of shooting soon loses interest.

Yet every man who shoots a rifle will tell you that rifle shooting under *right conditions* has all the outdoor "sports" beaten for interest as well as practical value.

RIGHT CONDITIONS! There is nothing that trained riflemen abominate more than careless or trivial popping around at any old mark—nothing that has done more to give people the feeling that rifle shooting is dangerous.



Under right conditions, rifle shooting is safer than baseball, football, swimming or doing stunts in the barn.

It is more to the point—a more valuable training of eye, nerve and hand.

And now this official offer of the *highest honors* for *rifle shooting* has made .22-rifle shooting more worth while than ever!

Remington UMC for Shooting Right

NOW for the practical questions—*How to do it?* and, *What will it cost?*

First, a group of ten or more should get together and appoint one of their number to write to the *National Rifle Association, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.,* for directions as to how to form a rifle club that can affiliate with the N. R. A.

Or, let him write to us, and we will send him a copy of our book, "How to Start Your Rifle Club" (new edition, revised and enlarged, including full instructions on the new Small-Bore Course). Then organize your Club, lay out your range and start shooting.

The range is a very simple matter—merely a strip of idle land somewhere that gives the maximum range of 150 yards, with an earthy hill or bank at the target end to stop the bullets.

THE all-important thing is that your shooting shall be *right.*

As to your Rifle and Ammunition—you can shoot the Small-Bore Course with *any* .22 rifle, *any* make of cartridges.

Your own matured judgment will unmistakably lead you to Remington UMC—the *modern arms and ammunition,* approved and adopted by the greatest body of seasoned shooters in the world today—

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The No. 12 N. R. A.—Fitted with sling and special sights; produced expressly for the most exacting target shooting.

The Autoloading .22—The finest practical application of the autoloading principle to the .22 caliber.

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GASSED

(Continued from Page 17)

destruction of the fabric, and on account of its being strongly caustic it would tend to burn the faces of the men it came in contact with. These difficulties were overcome by making the helmet of two layers of flannelette instead of one layer of flannel, and by mixing with the sodium phenate a large quantity of glycerin. This kept the fabric moist and prevented the caustic from exerting its corrosive action.

It was realized from the start that a smoke helmet containing free alkali would deteriorate considerably on exposure to air, and it was found advantageous to provide a breathing tube in the mask so that a man would breathe in through the helmet and out through an outlet valve; in this way the breath, which contains a lot of carbonic acid, would have no bad effect on the chemicals. The use of an outlet valve was also found to have the advantage of keeping the air purer inside the helmet and preventing the stuffy feeling which accompanied the older types of helmet.

This additional complication to the helmet was not looked upon favorably at first by the troops, but it was very quickly realized that only a little practice was required to make a man breathe quite normally in the way mentioned above, and that the advantages accruing from the alteration were very great indeed. We found that we could carry on for much longer stretches of time without being fagged out, and more exact trials by the scientists showed that a man's temperature, pulse and rate of breathing did not increase nearly so rapidly if he used an outlet valve as when breathing out and in through the same material. This is largely due to what is called "dead space," which means the volume of air in between the lungs and the atmosphere and in which the air is largely composed of breath exhaled from the lungs. The smaller this space the easier it is to breathe.

This principle of using an outlet valve has been retained in all the British respirators which have been invented since and is regarded as one of the very highest importance.

Renovating Helmets

Another thing which had to be taken care of was that the new helmets, which were called "tube" or "P" helmets, would gradually deteriorate on exposure to air, and would consequently have to be withdrawn from the troops in the line from time to time in order to redip them in chemicals and make them as effective as before. For this purpose large repair factories were started at the bases and were placed in charge of Englishwomen who were brought over for the purpose. These factories were organized with local labor, helped out by a little military personnel, and were capable of washing the helmets returned from the line, redipping them in new solution, and sending them back in good condition again.

This was no small job, as the smoke helmets which were sent in were generally filthy dirty, sometimes soaked in mud and sodden with water, and requiring very careful handling to be brought back into good condition. All sorts of things got back with these helmets to the repair stations, and it was not an uncommon thing for the satchels containing the helmets to be found to hold anything from a live hand grenade to the photograph of some girl, which had been stored there for safe keeping. Both then and later we always had considerable difficulty in preventing Tommy from using his helmet satchel, and later on his box respirator satchel, for these illicit purposes. He seemed to consider that if he had to carry another haversack he had a perfect right to put in it whatever he liked—rations, knives and forks, ammunition, private knickknacks of all kinds. This of course had to be stopped, owing to the damage these things might do to the respirator and the difficulty they might make in getting it out quickly.

During September and October, 1915, there were several scares as to the imminance of gas attacks by the Germans, and on one or two occasions it was definitely stated that the cylinders were actually in position in their trenches. This helped to hasten things up, and the factories in England and the repair stations in France kept themselves busy in producing the new type of helmet. A large number of them were actually issued to the troops by the time the Battle of Loos was started, and were consequently employed by our men when the first gas attacks were made, in September of that year.

It was these helmets which appeared in so many of the picture papers showing the charge of some British Territorial infantry through the gas cloud at the beginning of the battle, and there is no question about it that the men had a very fearsome appearance. With the hood over the head and the two big goggle eyes, and the outlet valve sticking out where the nose should be, it is small wonder that the Germans described them as "devils," and were so terrified as not to be able to put up much fight on the front where the particular charge was made.

The expected German gas attack was actually made on December 19, 1915, at about 5:15 A.M., just before "Stand to" in the morning, the venue being the north of the Ypres salient, from the canal bank at Boesinghe down to Wieltje, a distance of three miles. It was preceded by the appearance of parachute lights of an unusual kind and by a number of red rocket flares. Almost immediately afterward gas was smelt in the front trenches. In some cases a hissing sound made by the gas's leaving the cylinders was heard and was taken as a warning by the soldiers in the trenches. In other cases the noise seems to have been deadened by rifle fire. Taking it altogether, however, there was very little warning, as the wind was favorable and the gas traveled surprisingly quickly.

Gas Casualties Analyzed

There was absolutely no confusion, and the men put on their helmets at once and lined the parapets within a minute. Where the trenches were close together the men had some difficulty in getting on their helmets in time. This was particularly the case in listening posts where we had patrols out quite close to the German wire. In the support and reserve trenches the arrangements for spreading the warning were not so good as those in the front line, and a number of men were caught by the gas before they had their helmets on. Indeed in a number of cases, especially in batteries, the gas was smelt before the receipt of the warning.

The actual gas wave lasted only about half or three-quarters of an hour, but in some places the helmets had to be kept on for four hours, as the gas hung about in hollows and dugouts for a long time. This was particularly noticeable in the neighborhood of the canal. The cloud was felt as far back as Vlamertinghe, eighty-five hundred yards behind the line, and was still visible at this point. For at least three miles back behind the front line helmets had to be put on everywhere, and for six miles behind the line the smoke helmets were generally worn, some men who did not put them on at this distance being gassed.

The actual gas wave was accompanied by a heavy bombardment of the front line and of Ypres and the villages behind it, shrapnel and high-explosive shells and also tear shells being used, the latter shells being fired particularly against our artillery. This bombardment lasted throughout the day and most of the following night. Though our wire had been cut in many places by the artillery fire, the Germans made no serious infantry attack, and small patrols which left their trenches in a few places were immediately shot down, as our fellows were continually on the alert and had not suffered to any considerable degree.

Altogether a large number of troops were exposed to the gas, but, compared with its extent, the cloud caused only a small number of casualties. This was very satisfactory after our experiences of the spring. Men who were gassed but not killed were all subsequently questioned as to the reason for their being gassed, and in each case a definite reason was forthcoming. In no single instance was the fault laid at the door of the smoke helmet, which apparently had been quite capable of standing up to the highest concentrations in any part of the cloud.

Among the reasons given for the casualties were things like the following: Some men in the fire trenches did not get on their helmets quickly enough owing to the short distance between the trenches, lack of warning in the support line and insufficient

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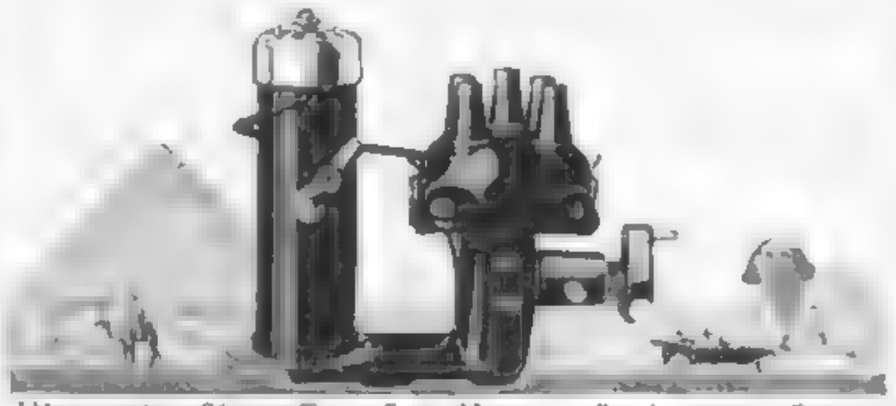

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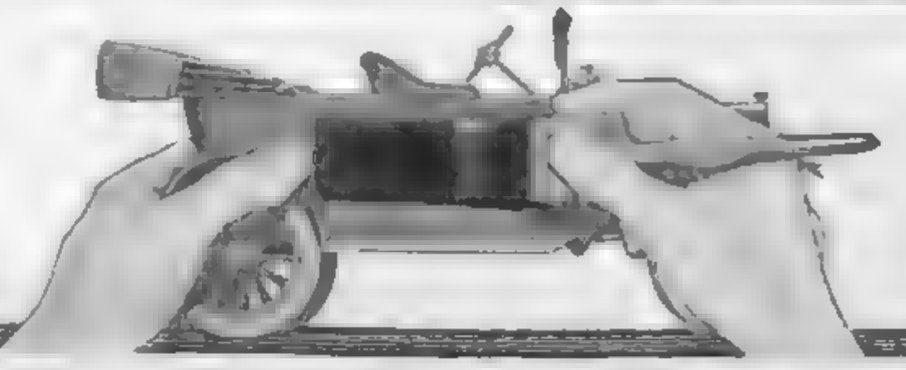

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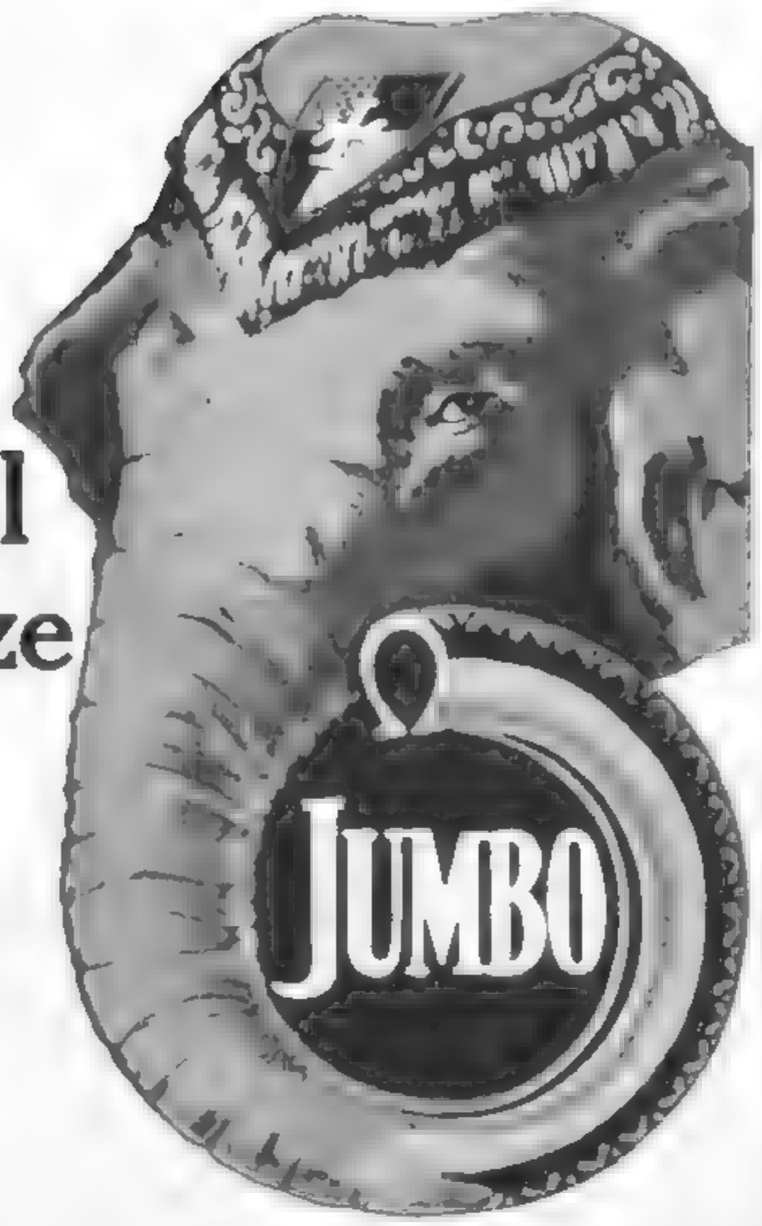

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practice. Some officers and men sleeping in dugouts did not have their helmets attached to them or they were caught away from their dugouts without helmets. Helmets in many cases were under the overcoats, which made it very difficult to get them and put them on quickly, as it was necessary to undo the overcoat, the top button of the jacket and the cardigan waistcoat before the helmet could be tucked in. One cause of casualties was that the "P" helmet smelt very strongly of carbolic, and a lot of men who had not had this explained to them thought that the peculiar smell was that of gas coming in and they took their helmets off with a view to replacing them with other helmets. This of course was fatal. One sergeant was gassed through his helmet's being holed by a bullet, though he himself was not wounded. In some cases wounded men tried to remove their helmets and were gassed in this way, and it was found necessary to watch men who were hit to prevent this.

In many ways this attack of the Germans was of the greatest importance, as it displayed all of the features on which the subsequent development of the gas cloud was based. These features were: Increased concentration; the use of new material; surprise. These three things are really the basis of all gas warfare, even at the present day, whether the attacks are made in the form of clouds or by the use of gas shells or other projectiles.

The increased concentration was obtained chiefly by the reduction in the time occupied by the attack. The first attack of all lasted about one hour and a half. The next attack lasted about three hours. The one in question lasted only thirty minutes, so that if the same amount of gas was used the concentration of the cloud must obviously have been increased six times over that of May twenty-fourth, as there is little doubt that the cylinders had been installed in approximately the same numbers—that is, one to a meter of front.

Probably the most important feature of the attack was the introduction of phosgene. Now there never was any actual chemical evidence of the presence of phosgene in the German gas clouds until some of their cylinders were captured by us when they retreated on the Somme in the beginning of 1917. But unfortunately the peculiar effects of phosgene on our men who were gassed were only too apparent. There were a large number of "delayed" cases—men who thought they were only slightly gassed but who became ill or even died several hours or sometimes a day or so later from heart failure, especially if they had taken any heavy exercise in between.

In these cases there was hardly any coughing. What was really wanted was rest, but this was not realized at the time, and many men walked to the dressing stations—sometimes a mile or more—through deep mud and became quite exhausted. One officer of the Durhams had been slightly gassed at the beginning of the attack but felt perfectly all right until about noon, when he became faint and exhausted, though not apparently seriously ill. After lying down he felt better, but in the evening got worse again, and in walking to the ambulance to go to the field dressing station he suddenly collapsed and died. This was fourteen hours after the attack.

The Prodigal Bulb

Another weighty piece of evidence as to the nature of the gas was given by the smell, which to trained observers was quite different from the typical chloride-of-lime smell of chlorine; and by the peculiar effects on the taste of tobacco to men who had smelt the gas. If you take a good smell of dilute phosgene and then smoke a cigarette the tobacco tastes like nothing on earth. Tommy's nearest description of the taste and smell is "moldy hay." This peculiar effect is quite typical of phosgene and is known as the "tobacco reaction."

In the hope of getting samples of the German gas clouds for analysis a large number of glass vacuum bulbs were distributed up and down the line, and selected men were taught how to use them. This was supposed to be done by nipping off the drawn-out end of the glass bulb, whereby the contaminated air would rush in. The end was then to be closed with a hollow stopper containing wax.

To get these samples was asking a great deal. Even when packed in special boxes glass bulbs are somewhat fragile things for trench life, and the wooden boxes made excellent kindling wood, which was always being sought for. The result is that when the cloud does come along the vacuum bulbs are often conspicuous only by their absence. Even if they are kept whole it is asking rather a lot of a man to take an accurate scientific sample during the excitement of a gas attack which is accompanied by a bombardment by explosive shells and gas shells.

For a long time none of the bulbs found their way back to the field laboratory. Eventually one did come, carefully packed in shavings and wadding. I happened to be present when it was brought in, and there was a good deal of excitement at the little prodigal's return. The bulb was taken out, but under it was found a leaf from a field-service note book, on which was written: "Danger. This bulb was found in a hedge. It seems to have been dropped from an aëroplane and probably contains cholera germs. Fortunately it has not been broken."

The "surprise effect," which was mentioned above as being the third fresh feature of this new-era gas-cloud attack, took the form of making the attack in the dark and at a time when men were least prepared that is, just before the morning "Stand to," the hour before dawn, when all troops in the trenches stand to arms. By making the attack at night, or at any rate in the dark, the boche achieved two objects: First of all, there were better wind conditions for an attack, because the night winds tend to flow down toward the earth and keep the gas cloud low-lying and thick, whereas in the day the sun warms the ground and produces so many upward currents of air that the cloud gets lifted up and dissipated; in the second place it was impossible to see the cloud when it was first liberated, and this reduced the means of detecting the attack to only two—the hissing noise of the gas escaping from the cylinders and the smell of the advanced parts of the cloud.

Improved Gas Alarms

Later on it was known that the best hours for all gas attacks, both cloud and shell bombardment, are in the night; and as a matter of fact practically all gas warfare is now carried out at night, but at that time the significance of this was not grasped, and many of our casualties were due to lack of preparedness, numbers of men being caught "on the hop" and overwhelmed.

Some most important steps in improving our protecting measures were taken as a result of the lessons learned from the attack; in fact, it may be taken that all measures in defense against gas have been learned from bitter experience, and to this extent the sufferings of the victims may be taken as having at any rate some compensating value. In such a new and strange and continually developing kind of warfare very little can be done by *a priori* argument. This fact we have always tried to impress on the men—that the gas warfare orders, sometimes apparently trivial and frequently wearisome and annoying, have all been made as the result of lessons learned from actual attacks.

Among the chief things that were done after the December nineteenth attack was the improvement of our system of alarms.

The bells and horns in the front line had been found quite insufficient, especially for warning people in the rear; and the telephone could not be depended on for this purpose owing to the possibilities of the wires being cut by shell fire. To protect them from being cut, all wires would have to be buried at least six feet deep in the ground, and this is practically impossible owing to the work involved.

It would consequently be fatal to depend on telephonic communication, especially as a gas attack is nearly always accompanied by a pretty heavy bombardment of rear lines. In one case I knew, during just such a bombardment the staff captain at a brigade headquarters was talking to one of the battalions when the whole telephone instrument seemed to burst into a sheet of flame in his hands, owing to a cut wire. The battalion concerned was isolated for more than an hour as a result, and anything might have happened in the meantime.

For these reasons it was decided to adopt for gas alarms sirens worked by compressed air, which would make a noise sufficiently loud and distinctive to be heard long distances away. The type of siren which was used has been kept in use ever since in continually increasing numbers and has proved

(Continued on Page 105)

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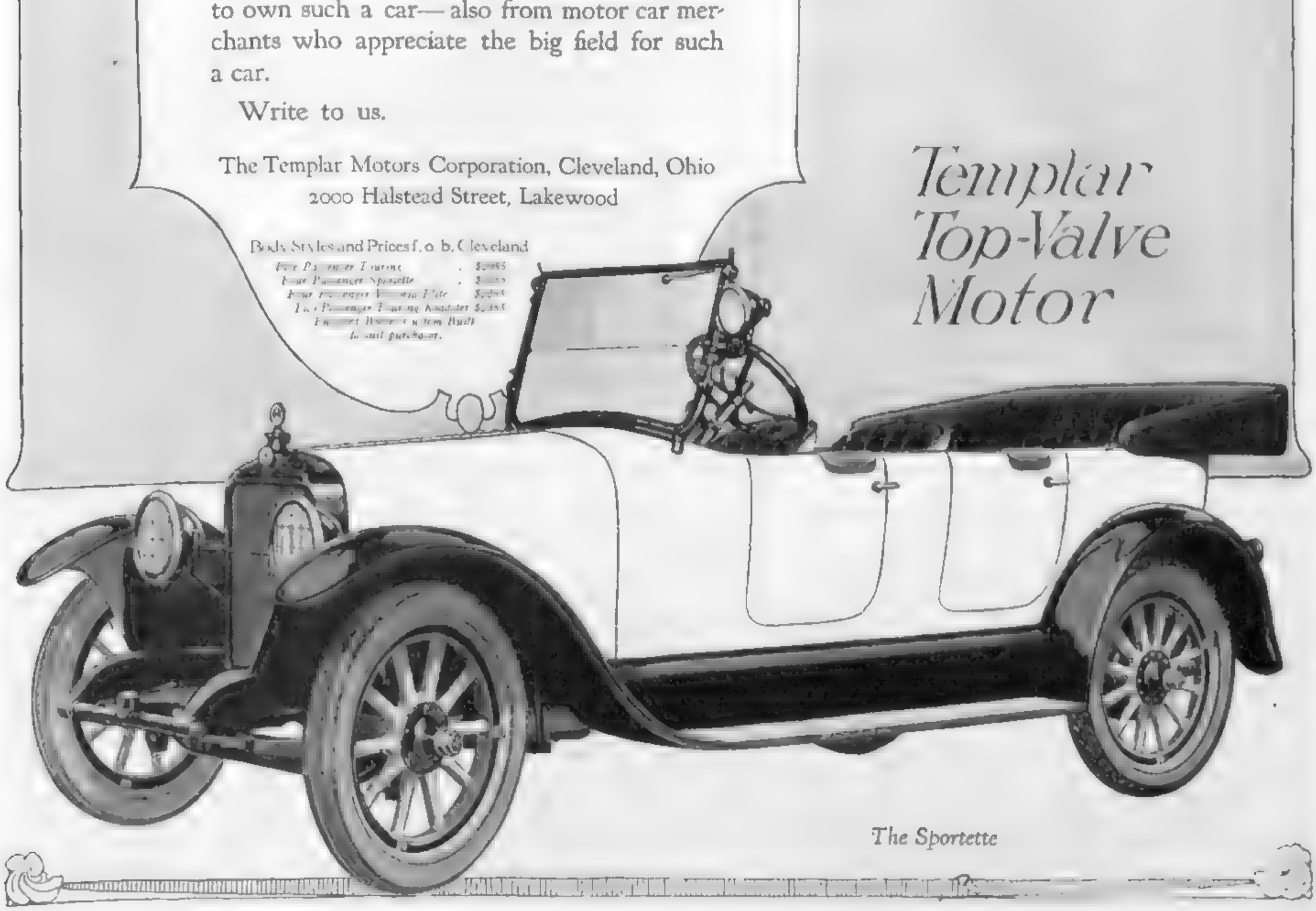

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(Continued from Page 102)

extraordinarily useful. It is known as the Strombos horn, and consists of the horn proper and two iron cylinders of compressed air charged to a pressure of one hundred and fifty atmospheres. Only one cylinder at a time is connected to the horn, the other being kept as a reserve.

The Strombos horns are mounted in the trenches in such a way as to protect them from shell splinters as far as possible. This is generally done by packing them round carefully with sandbags, only the mouth of the horn being displayed and pointing toward the rear. Every sentry must know how and when to sound the horn. All he has to do when he realizes that a gas attack is being made, or on receiving instructions from an officer to do so, is to loosen the tap on the cylinder one complete turn, when the horn will sound continuously for more than a minute. The noise is terrific and in an inclosed space or in a quiet region it is absolutely deafening. In the trenches, however, it is none too loud, and the distances between the horns in the front system of trenches are never more than four or five hundred yards. Farther back in the chain, toward the rear, the distances can be increased. Horns are now installed at battalion, brigade and divisional headquarters. By turning them on when the noise of those in front is heard it is possible to pass the alarm in an incredibly short space of time and thus forestall the cloud of gas to such an extent that every man in the support trenches or in rest billets or the villages behind the firing line is aware that an attack is in progress and gets ready to protect himself.

Naturally, things don't always work out exactly according to schedule. The horns are frequently damaged. In one place I was at, just this side of the canal, near Boesinghe a heavy German trench mortar wrecked three of our Strombos horns within a week, and another and less suitable position had to be found for the alarm. Then there are occasional false alarms. These sometimes arise from individual men "getting the wind up" from a bombardment by gas shell and thinking that a cloud attack is being made. Others I am afraid have been more in the nature of experiments "to see how it works." After all, it must be a great temptation to a sentry to be in charge of a Strombos horn and never have the pleasure of turning it on.

Tear-Gas Shells

False alarms are a great nuisance, however, and good arrangements have now been made to prevent their spreading. It is possible to avoid all the unnecessary disturbance to which troops are subjected by a false gas alarm. This disturbance is particularly objectionable in back areas where regiments returned from the trenches are in billets. When the alarm goes everybody has to turn out—probably in the middle of the night. Sentries wake the officers and men in all the billets; messengers have to be sent posthaste to outlying villages or farms with which there is no telephonic communication; respirators are hurriedly inspected and placed in the alert position; the gas-proof curtains of cellars and dugouts are adjusted; the officers move about in the darkness to see that all their men are accounted for and ready; everyone is in a state of expectancy—and then the word comes through that it is a false alarm, and the men go back, cursing, to their billets. Not only is an occurrence of this kind wearying to tired troops, but it has the old disadvantage of crying "Wolf, wolf!" when there is no wolf—the consequent determination on the part of the men not to take the next alarm so seriously.

Though it was not realized at the time, it is almost certain that the Germans started to use gas in shells almost simultaneously, and probably actually in the first attack, with the use of the poisonous gas clouds in the attacks of April and May, 1915. Many instances came to notice of men's eyes being strongly affected to such an extent that they could not keep them open. There seemed to be something in the air which made an unprotected man weep copiously if he tried to keep his eyes open, and of course if he closed them he could not see what he was doing.

These effects, and a peculiar smell which was noticed both during and after the gas-cloud attacks, gave rise to the belief that something like formaldehyde was being used by the Germans mixed with some chlorine gas. Others described the smell as being that of chloroform or ether, but nobody could say definitely what the material actually was. It was only after a number of blind shells had been obtained and examined that it was realized that the Germans were firing shells filled with liquid which had a powerful lachrymatory effect.

It does not appear certain whether the use of lachrymatory liquids for putting men out of action by making their eyes water is in itself contrary to The Hague Convention, as the vapors need not actually be poisonous. This was the case with the first German gas shells, as it was found that the liquid contained consisted only of a material known chemically as "xylyl bromide." The vapor of this liquid and of many similar substances has a most powerful effect on the eyes, like that of onions but much stronger. Except in very high concentrations it cannot be regarded as poisonous—at any rate not in the sense that chlorine is poisonous.

Examination of the German lachrymatory shells showed that the liquid was contained inside the shell in a sealed lead vessel so that the material should not come in contact with the steel of the shell, which it destroys gradually. Shells of this kind, though termed gas shells, are not really such, as the liquid has to be broken up into fine droplets by the explosive charge of the shell before the vapor can produce its effect. The liquid has no pressure of its own inside the shell and depends entirely on the bursting charge to get it distributed into the atmosphere.

Wartime Chemistry

The xylyl bromide used by the Germans was not pure, but contained a big proportion of benzyl bromide, showing that it had been made by the action of bromine on coal-tar light oil from which most of the toluene had been removed for the manufacture of the well-known high explosive, trinitrotoluene.

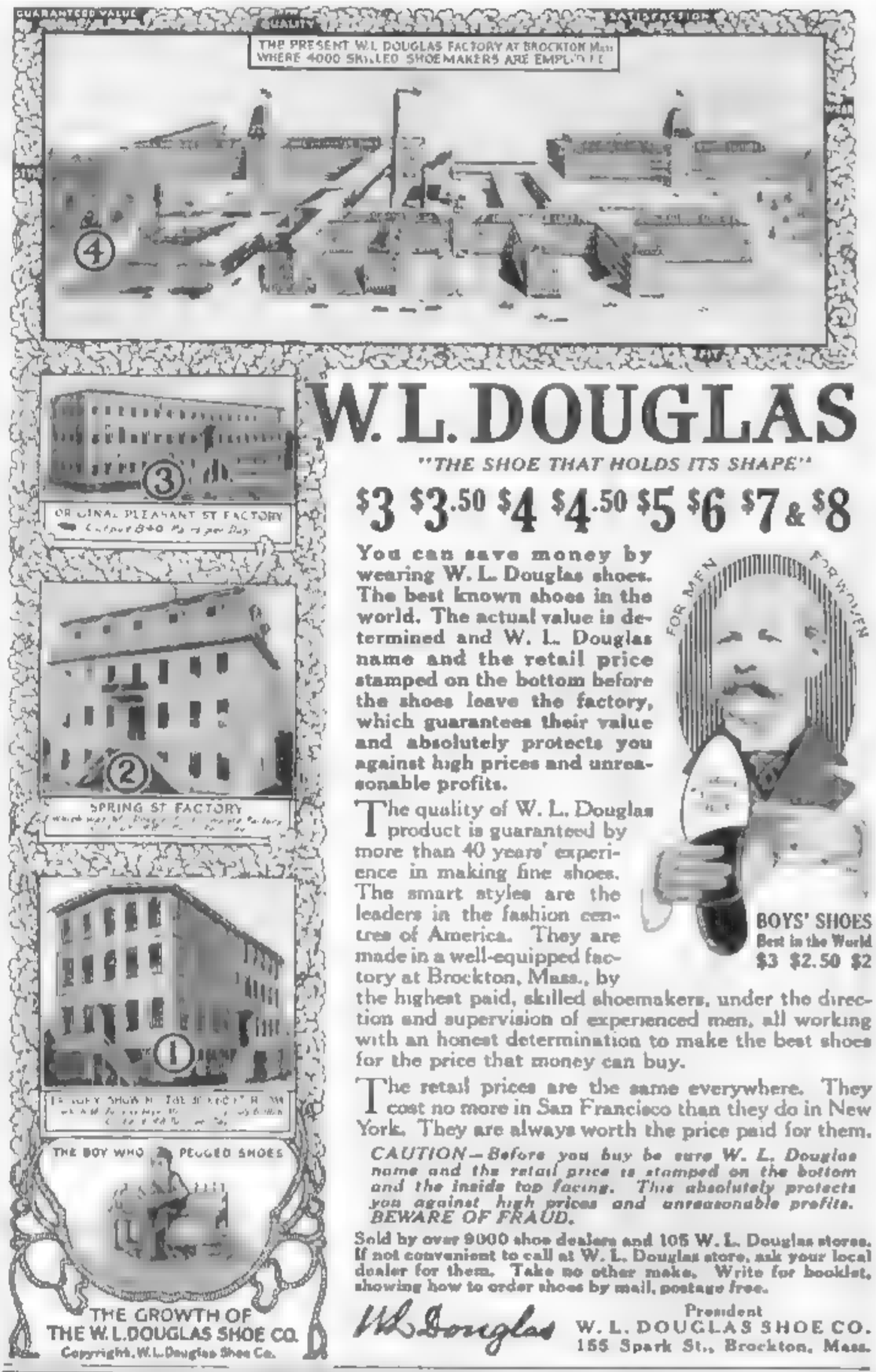
The effect of xylyl bromide on an unprotected man is instantaneous and remarkable. Even such small proportions as one volume of vapor diluted with one million volumes of air will at once make a man weep so copiously that he cannot possibly keep his eyes open.

Obviously a material of this kind has great military value, for though it does not put men out of action permanently by killing them it neutralizes their effectiveness to such an extent that for the time being they may be regarded as of no military importance. In strong concentrations the effect on the eyes is most powerful. I have walked into an area which was being bombarded with lachrymatory shells and suddenly got the effect just as if I had been hit in the face. Fortunately the lachrymation has no lasting effect on the eyes, and a man on getting into pure air very quickly recovers.

Throughout the spring and summer of 1915 these lachrymatory shells were used in considerable numbers, especially in the vicinity of Ypres, and at times the ramparts of that much bombarded town reeked of lachrymatory vapor and nobody could stay in certain spots for any length of time without having his eyes protected by specially constructed goggles or by wearing a gas helmet right over his head.

Taking it altogether we were not troubled nearly so much by this new type of gas as were the French, in the southern part of the line. In much the same way that the gas cloud was developed by the Germans against the English the gas shells were developed chiefly against the French, and very much larger numbers were employed against the French positions than we had to contend with during the first six months or so. Later on things were more equalized in this direction. Captured German documents and statements by prisoners showed us that the Germans were counting very considerably on the effect produced by the lachrymatory shell, and detailed instructions for their use in various circumstances were carefully laid down. The lachrymatory shell was known by the Germans as "T-Shell," and the xylyl bromide as "T-Stoff," and instructions were laid down for the use of this material. Another kind of shell was known as "K-Shell," which up to that time had not been used against us, or at any rate had not been recognized.

The T-Shell was particularly to be used against positions which it was not intended to occupy immediately, the reason for this being that T-Stoff hangs about for a long time. Some of the liquid is apt to be spread about the ground and gives off



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enough vapor to make the neighborhood of the shell hole uninhabitable for many hours, and in favorable condition—for the enemy—for several days. The K-Shell, on the other hand, was intended to be used against infantry positions and strong points which it was hoped to assault and capture within an hour or two of the bombardment or on areas which it was hoped to traverse during a big attack.

The advent of the lachrymatory T-Shell incommoded us considerably, but, as it was quickly realized that the gas was not poisonous, the Tommies were not much taken back, and the "tear shells," as they were quickly called, were not considered by the rank and file to have importance, which as a matter of fact they have; but at the same time we heard rather alarming stories of the effects of gas shells as used against the French.

It was rumored, for example, that in the Crown Prince's big advance in the Argonne, in the late spring of 1915, that such enormous numbers of gas shells had been used against the French positions that the infantry occupying them were not only put out of action by the effect on their eyes but that the amount of gas used was so large that the French soldiers were actually anæsthetized and were taken prisoners by the Germans while in an unconscious condition.

Whether this was true or whether it was exaggerated is not certain, though it is certainly true that the Crown Prince's advance was prefaced by a hurricane bombardment of gas shells, the tactical effect of which was considerable.

Stories of this kind, however, combined with the effects which we ourselves were experiencing, made us realize that protection against tear gas was essential, and for this purpose arrangements were made to supply every officer and man in the front line with a pair of antigas goggles. The earliest types of these goggles were very simple in construction, and we are told were copied from a French pattern. They consisted of a waterproof fabric lined with flannel containing a wire spring for the nose and fitted with celluloid eyepieces. By bending the wire to the shape of the nose it was possible to close the nostrils and at the same time give a reasonably good fit to the flannel on the face.

The Attack at Vermelles

In some cases the flannel was anointed with some kind of grease so as to make a still closer fit, in order to keep out small traces of gas which are quite sufficient to produce lachrymation. Later on we had a much better type of goggle backed with rubber sponge to make a tight fit to the face.

With the small numbers of gas shells used against us we had no experience of any effect on the lungs, and it was found also that the helmet form of respirator was enough to keep out, at any rate, low concentrations of the lachrymator; but we got a rude awakening when the boche began to use his tear shells in larger numbers. Such a case happened to us in the beginning of 1916, at the celebrated village of Vermelles, a little ruined town just behind the lines near Loos. The enemy tried out an attack on us over about a mile front for the purpose of bagging some of our trenches, and he attempted to keep reënforcements from coming up to counterattack him by putting down a tear-shell barrage through Vermelles and north and south of it over the roads on which our fellows would have to advance. He used thousands of his tear shells and the neighborhood absolutely stank of them. Fortunately, it was almost impossible to put down an effective standing barrage with gas, and our reserves got through on two roads that had not been blocked effectively. The boche attack was a fizzle, but Vermelles was a little private hell of its own for that day and most of the next forty-eight hours as well.

During and immediately after the bombardment, troops passing through the village wore both goggles and gas helmets, but the concentration of lachrymator was so great that many of our fellows were sick and actually vomited inside their helmets. If you can imagine men going up to a battle with these flannelette bags over their heads and then being sick inside them, you can realize that the boche was not particularly popular with us at the time.

Besides this, Vermelles was much used by troops in reserve and was full of cellars and dugouts occupied by the waiting infantry and also by signalers, headquarters of various kinds, and so on. The vapors—and some of the shells themselves, for that matter—got down into these cellars and made them almost uninhabitable for days, except in those cases where they had been properly protected by double lines of blankets hung at the entrances.

A Fine Tribute

About the same time in 1916 the enemy began making surprise bombardments with a new lachrymator and with the K-Shell mentioned previously, for the purpose of assisting in raids. Both of these gases rejoice in long names, the lachrymator being bromethylmethylketone, and the K-Shell gas monochlormethylchloroformate. These gases are much more poisonous and do not hang about as long as the old "T" tear gas.

One such raid in which they were used was carried out at a place called La Boiselle—afterward famous as a jumping-off point in the Somme Battle.

I was not in at the raid, but heard details of it afterward. The boche rained his gas shells into the selected area and at the same time prevented reënforcements from getting up by putting down a so-called box barrage with explosive shells round the trenches to be attacked.

Our men were taken completely by surprise. Many of them were badly gassed, all were temporarily blinded; and then after a short interval the boche came in. He timed his arrival so that most of the gas had disappeared. Then there was some very fierce fighting—so fierce that a number of our men died afterward because of the exertion following on the breathing of the K-gas.

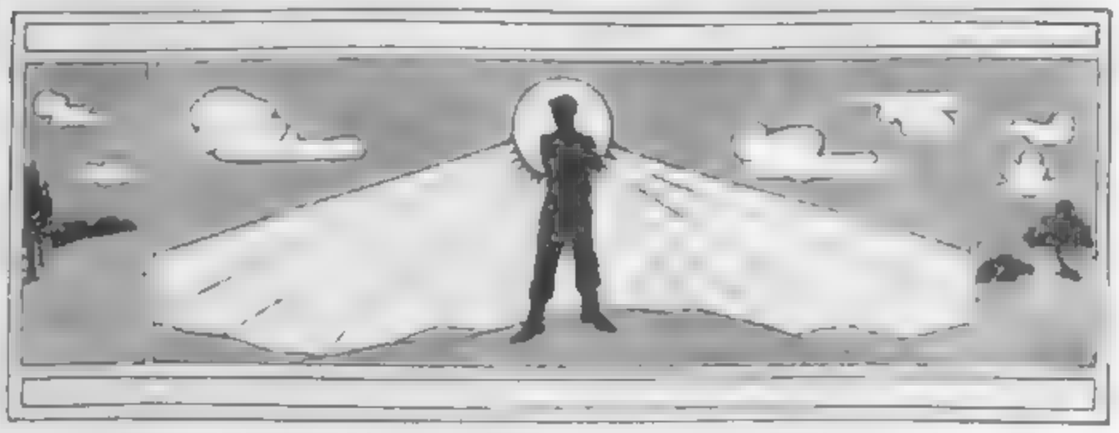
But gassed and blinded men, however brave, cannot fight successfully against others fresh and unaffected, and the enemy captured a number of prisoners and two Lewis guns.

Curiously enough, during the Somme Battle a few months later we did in properly the regiment which had carried out the raid and captured the official report of the commander of the raiding party. In this report he said: ". . . the men of the Royal Irish Rifles created a fine impression both as regards their physique and their mode of repelling an assault. Had it not been for the use of the gas shells it would have been impossible to clear the section of trench attacked."

Rather a fine tribute—and one thoroughly deserved!

Of course surprises of this kind cannot be pulled off twice, but occurrences like this and the bombardment at Vermelles let us see that the enemy intended to develop his gas-shell industry much more than we had anticipated, and our protective measures were taken in hand so as to meet future eventualities. In fact it was about this time that the box respirator was being hurriedly developed so as to protect us against any further devilment that Fritz might send along.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Major Auld. The third will appear in an early issue.



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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

(Continued from Page 9)

However, there are various general items that are of interest here, and these may be summarized as follows, leaving out suggestions concerning matters domestic to England and taking only the international economic and social phases of the program—that is, the suggestions and demands that have an international aspect:

The eight-hour day.

Out-of-work benefit, with onus on government to provide maintenance if it cannot provide a job.

Progressive elimination of the control of industry by private capital, individual or joint stock.

Scientific reorganization of the nation's industry on the basis of common ownership of the means of production; sharing of proceeds among all who participate in production in any capacity, and only among those.

Nationalization of railways, mines and production of electrical power; especially national ownership of railways, canals, posts, telephones, steamships and all other transportation—national service of communication and transport, with steadily increasing participation of workers in control and local management.

National ownership and operation of coal mines, and uniform price for household coal throughout nation.

Retention of private industries controlled by the nation during war period by the government. Democratic control of industry; centralization of the purchase of raw material; rationing of producers with the materials they require; maximum price fixing at factories for standardized products.

Progressively upward taxation of all incomes above requirements for family maintenance by a graduation ranging from one penny in the pound to nineteen shillings in the pound for great incomes.

Direct taxation of private fortunes during life and after death.

Special capital levy to pay off war loans.

Strict limitation of amounts that can be left by will, and reversal of the surplus to the state.

Application of these surpluses to the betterment of the condition of the people.

World policies as follows: An imperial council for Britain; no annexations; no indemnities; no economic war after the present war; no secret diplomacy; no leagues of nations but a universal league of nations with an international high court, an international legislature and an international court of mediation.

Labor Leaders' Views

The British Labor Party, which sets forth these objects, has no similar in the United States. It is a coordinate body in a way with the British labor unions, and at the present time has forty-two members of Parliament. England is unionized to a far greater extent than the United States. For example, about ninety per cent of the workers in the munition plants in England after the war began were union men, while in this country only ten per cent of munition workers were union men. Developments in England soon after the war began, where a truce was reached between the union men and the government, eliminated for a time the labor problem as to war production; and, as I write, steps are being taken in that direction in this country. Our first year of war work was marked by many labor disputes.

Of course when it comes to the strength of a political platform such as the British Labor platform, an organized political body with representatives in Parliament is in far stronger position than a collection of union men without political organization or representation. The only body comparable to the British Labor Party we have in this country is the American Federation of Labor—or the largest body, rather—and that is not a political organization *per se*. Recently, however, or since the war began, the American Federation of Labor has seen its leader, Mr. Gompers, taken into the higher war councils of the nation, and there has been a demand by the federation for consideration of "the rights and welfare of the men, women and children constituting the nations, rather than the governments of the nations." This, in a way, puts the Federation of Labor into politics in the world sense.

The American Federation of Labor has now a membership of 2,371,434 men and women holding cards in the organization. It is non-Socialist in its sympathies and has been nonpolitical as an organization, except in the sense of giving friendly support to certain political policies and candidates or being unfriendly in the same degree, according to its desires.

I have not found, in talking to labor leaders across the country or in talking to men concerned in similar problems, any concrete ideas as to post-war conditions or possible actions. Indeed, the attitude of the labor leaders is expressed in the language of the last annual report of the American Federation, which says: "Many of the problems of reconstruction cannot be worked out during the war, while feeling is so intense. With the coming of peace will come a different attitude of mind on the part of all. The situation and opportunities which peace will bring will be without precedent. It is of paramount importance that labor shall be free and unembarrassed in helping to shape the principles and agencies of the future. . . . The basis of reconstruction should be the trade-union movement of the various countries. We recommend that an international labor conference of representatives of the trades-union movements in all countries be held at the same time and place as the World Peace Congress, that labor may be in touch with plans under consideration and may have the benefit of information and counsel of those participating in the Congress."

The Mediation Commission

Inasmuch as the larger problems of this country or any other as relating to the reconstruction that must come rest on the relations between the employer and the employed, and the correlated phases of production and the control of productive elements, it will bring a better appreciation of the present labor situation, which is the basic situation, in this country, to refer to two recent movements toward a closer understanding and cooperation.

To begin, the National Industrial Conference Board, in a survey of labor conditions from April 6, 1917, when we entered the war, to October sixth of the same year, found that there had been more than three thousand strikes in that six months; that 283,400 workers were made idle by those strikes, and that there was a loss of 6,285,000 work days. Various causes for these strikes were ascribed, including the high cost of living, suspicions that employers were profiteering, inequalities between the wages of private plants and plants doing government work, and so on.

Later, the President's Mediation Commission, after completing a survey of labor conditions and unrest west of the Mississippi River, made a report in which it set forth this conclusion: "Modern large-scale industry has effectually destroyed the personal relations between employer and employee—the knowledge and coöperation that come from personal contact. It is therefore no longer possible to conduct industry with employees as individuals. Some form of collective relationship between management and men is indispensable."

And still later the conference composed of six representatives of labor, six representatives of capital, and former President Taft and Frank P. Walsh representing the public came to an agreement, which is in process of execution as I write, whereby there shall be no more strikes or lockouts during the war; which is in broad effect a replica of the agreement reached by the British labor unions and the government early in the war.

I cite these findings and determinations because they have a direct bearing on the future of this country after the war. The greatest reforms that will come will come in the regulation of all phases of production and the interdependent relation of the producers both as workers and employers—the manner in which the state will control the one and direct and foster the other. The general tendency of course is to confuse references to workers as meaning organized workers solely.

The attempt of the men who will do the thinking concerning the reconstruction in this country will be to utilize if possible those classes who may be of best service because of organization; and there is where

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Continued on Page 110

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organized labor will come in if directed in proper channels. It is far beside the mark to say that benefits to be derived will be exclusively organized-labor benefits or that propositions made will be organized-labor propositions entirely. The question is far broader than that.

What will come in this country will be a development of certain economic principles and a readjustment of certain social relations; and the reason these seem so closely allied with organized labor is because, mostly, the spokesmen of organized labor have given voice to the demands predicated on the conditions that are sure to be realigned. They are identified with the labor movement in a way, but they do not exclusively pertain to that movement and must not so pertain if there is any but a strictly limited class benefit to be derived.

Understanding conservatism to be the support of the existing order so far as may be, with such concessions to radicalism as are necessary, and only those—which must be the outcome of conditions of the future—the phase of this matter that is of concern to the American people is the discovery of the point to which our radicalism will attempt to proceed in the other direction in its economic, social and particularly its political demonstrations.

Of all the economic features of the British labor program, which I have introduced here merely for the purpose of showing the trend of radical thought in that country and not as a program for this country, the proposition that makes most for real democracy is this plan for the limitation of the amounts that may be left by will. Under our theory of government there is no need or excuse for demanding that great fortunes shall revert to the state, but there is a distinct necessity, if we are to preserve our democracy, that great fortunes shall not be perpetuated as vast aggregations of wealth with the undoubted power and tendencies toward undemocratic standards that go with inherited wealth, but shall be distributed so there shall not exist in this country these enormous bulwarks of money.

A million dollars at the outside is enough for any man to leave to any other man or woman; and the surplus to be devised by will should be distributed either in a manner directed by the state or merely under the adjuration that it must be distributed widely. This would prevent the building up of great family fortunes and the attendant money aristocracy that has done so much to create and foster discontent in this country. Add to this heavy inheritance taxes, and the reigning families of America would soon come down to where they belong, on a level with the rest of us; this flashy caste would be abolished and real democracy conserved.

A War Without Spoils

The other taxation features of the British program are British and not American, and need not be discussed here, but this fact is plain: The entry of the United States into the war and the consequent increase of burdens on the people, the necessities that have arisen and the present-day solution of them will furnish a taxation standard that will not be abandoned simply because the war has ended. It is the announced and invariable policy of this Government that there shall be no spoils of this war—no annexations, no indemnities, no loot. Therefore we shall bear our own burdens, and we shall have had experience of a manner of burden-bearing that will put the most of the financial packs on the backs of the men best able to bear them. It isn't likely that we shall lessen those burdens; the probabilities are that we shall increase them.

The question of taxation will be largely automatic, for such money needs as we shall have will be supplied, and the only place to get money is from those who have money. The interesting and important developments that will come will relate not to the taxation of wealth itself but to the handling of the sources of wealth, which are two: The raw sources and the artificial sources, closely interrelated, and the one dependent on the other. That is, coal is a raw source of wealth, and a coal-mining corporation an artificial source of wealth, but as the coal-mining corporation could not exist without the raw coal to be mined the handling of the raw source is the root of the problem.

There has long been a theoretical demand in this country for the government regulation at least, if not the government ownership, of the raw things—coal, iron, water power, timber, mines, oil and similar natural resources; and combined with this a demand for the government ownership—or direction and regulation among the less advanced—of the correlated industries of the country, especially of transportation and distribution in all their phases.

Under pressure of war necessity the Government has, after a manner, taken over the regulation of some of these products, notably coal and oil. Before the war there was a large conservation program for water power and forests, as well as an irrigation enterprise that was paternalistic in its functions and operations. It may be that governmental supervision, direction and regulation of the raw materials have not been so satisfactory in their war workings as might have been, but that does not alter the fact that there will be well-calculated attempts not only to retain such control governmentally over the raw products as shall be established, but to extend that control or supervision to them all—coal, iron, mines, water power, timber and so on. The British program provides for such control so far as Britain has anything in those lines to control, and also for the rationing of raw products to manufacturers so there may be an equality of production and a better situation for the worker.

The Halo Over Hand Workers

The situation in this country as to raw products is in some respects on all fours with the railroad situation. If the government supervision of raw things as at present existing or as it may be extended during the period of the war proves to be an advantage there will not be much objection, save among the private owners, to its continuance; but it must prove to be an advantage. The control of raw products merely because in theory such control is desirable will not be acceptable to our people, and it is lucky for all concerned that there is a present opportunity for demonstration as to just what the Government can do, with all its added war prerogatives, in the betterment of production and distribution conditions. If it doesn't work, no excuse or optimism that it may work in the future will allow of it.

Naturally all these things presuppose a readjustment of the relations between employer and employed. A great share of our labor troubles in this country has been due to the insistence of the employers on dealing with labor as individuals instead of collectively. The situations in England and in this country are not analogous, as I have shown. England is largely union. This country is not nearly so well organized, but in both countries among the workers—among many who do their working with their voices—there has grown up a disposition to regard the man who works with his hands as the primary person to be considered in a labor discussion.

They have put a halo about laboring with the hands, this being largely political and largely buncombe. The man who works with his hands is entitled to every consideration, every honor and every respect, but he isn't the mainspring in any enterprise in which he is engaged. The doctrine that all capital is produced by labor is suitable for a demand basis, suitable for a foundation for labor claims, but it overlooks the fact that no labor could be or would be employed without the development by one man or a few men of the idea that was the basis of the enterprise in which the labor is done. The man works in the steel mill, and his work is skilled and of great importance, but he would have no steel mill to work in if there had not been originally the idea in the mind of some other man of building a steel mill, the will to build it, the power to develop it and the brains to manage it. The various processes of labor in that steel mill are but the manufacturing end, the applied endeavor possible because the idea sprang into being.

The theoretical democratization of production is set forth in the British program, which demands "a genuinely scientific reorganization of the nation's industry, no longer deflected by individual profiteering, on the basis of common ownership of the means of production; the equitable sharing of the proceeds among all who participate in production in any capacity, and only among those; and the adoption in particular services and occupations of those systems and methods of administration and control that may be found in practice best to promote the public interest."

That plan harks back to the early economists, and its defect is that while labor demands all this participation in gains it says nothing about participation in losses, unless indeed there shall arise a situation wherein losses in business will be impossible.

There is no disposition on the part of any informed person to diminish the abuses to which labor has been subjected or to oppose any advantages that labor may be able to obtain, but it is doubtful whether such a plan would bring about the desired relief. One of the chief needs of our after-the-war period is a Federal incorporation law which shall make impossible the overcapitalization of corporations and business enterprises. Chief among the causes that have held down wages in this country has been the necessity of using proceeds of business to pay dividends on grossly exaggerated capitalization. A real Federal incorporation law would do away with this and be of more value to workers than such a plan as that suggested by the English Labor Party, provided of course there was combined with it a profit-sharing agreement such as many of our great employers now have in effect—a real profit-sharing basis and not a fake one.

What we may look for on the part of the radicals will be these attempts: Retention of many of the regulatory war measures; government control and regulation of all raw, direct sources of wealth; establishment of such new conditions of work as these innovations shall indicate; a far heavier impost on wealth and the vested interests; and readjustment of social conditions to meet the new situations.

There can be no protest, no criticism of any attempt to better the condition of any individual in the United States, nor of all individuals; and there will be none but helping hands in all stations of life; but there must be stern protest against the trying out of theories that are of no proven worth. We have enough half-baked, experimental processes going in this country now in the way of governmental and economic innovations, and the opportunity given us in this way to prove up on the value of some of those proposed changes should be the guide. If government control of railroads is an advantage, retain government control of railroads; but do not retain it merely for the sake of the policy unless it is a distinct advance over the old system; and so with all other radical plans and theories.

The First Thing to Do

If they are good we want them; if they are not good we do not want them just because it is a fetish on the part of a lot of people, not only in this country but elsewhere, that this war has irretrievably broken down the old order and that in consequence there must be a realignment of all the relations of man to man. The first thing to do is to win the war. The next thing to do is to apply what we have learned during the winning to our future conditions. The third thing is to preserve our American democracy, improving it if we can, but to preserve it, quite apart from the theories of men of other countries, and quite independent of the theories of our own men who are influenced by the socialism, the internationalism, the various other isms of foreign radicals. This is our country, and we should not be led away from the vital fact that it can only remain our country if we run it in our own way.

The sort of radicalism we need in this country is not imported radicalism but American radicalism; not radicalism based on the conditions or theories of any foreign citizens or countries but radicalism that shall meet our demands, satisfy our needs, suit our institutions, guard our prosperity and advance our interests. No sane man will deny that many of our institutions and many of our practices must be readjusted after the war to meet the new conditions arising; but it will not be a sane man who will urge or try to secure a readjustment that is not American to the core, uncomplicated and untainted by imported ideas, theories or conjectures. The vital time for America to be American is after this war is over.

Where They All Agree

The Aviator—

Building airplanes is one job where they're not sparing money these days.

Power, more power, still more power—with the least weight—that's what the plane builder's constantly working for. Whatever helps him get it, he quickly seizes upon, no matter what it costs.

Take this *Lynite* Piston, for instance. The only thing Curtiss, Hall-Scott and others who are using these pistons were concerned about was—will they do the job better? And they have.

Lynite Pistons not only reduce weight and increase power but they enable an engine to go five or six times as long without being torn down.

The Chauffeur—

Well, it was much the same, I guess, with the builders of that limousine I'm driving. It's quality first with them all the time.

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B&B Adhesive is a strong, firm tape, with an ever-sticky rubber coating on one side. So it is always ready to apply, and it needs no wetting.

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It seals fruit jars.

Mends Wood

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